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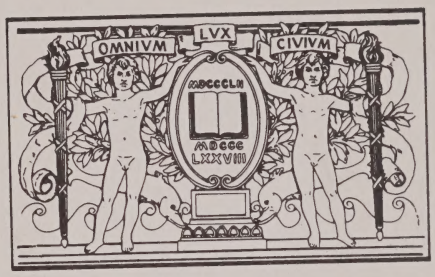

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN

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VOL. XLI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXVIII.

JULY, 1835.

ART. I. — *A Tour on the Prairies.*

The Crayon Miscellany, by the Author of the Sketch Book. No. 1.—*A Tour on the Prairies.* Philadelphia. 1835.

WE regard Washington Irving as the best living writer of English prose. Let those who doubt the correctness of this opinion name his superior. Let our brethren in England name the writer, whom they place before Washington Irving. He unites the various qualities of a perfect manner of writing; and so happily adjusted and balanced are they, that their separate marked existence disappears in their harmonious blending. His style is sprightly, pointed, easy, correct. and expressive, without being too studiously guarded against the opposite faults. It is without affectation, parade, or labor. If we were to characterize a manner, which owes much of its merit to the absence of any glaring characteristic, we should perhaps say, that it is, above the style of all other writers of the day, marked with an expressive elegance. Washington Irving never buries up the clearness and force of the meaning, under a heap of fine words; nor on the other hand does he think it necessary to be coarse, slovenly, or uncouth, in order to be emphatic.

At the present day, mere ordinary good writing is no great affair. The daily newspapers are filled with it. Every election brings out compositions, we will not say equal to those of Junius, but such as if, by any accident, they could be shuffled in, among the letters of the 'shadow of a great name,' with the requisite change of topics and dates, would furnish no easy means of detection, from internal evidence. For this reason, it is certainly no great praise, at the present day, to say of an author, that he writes well. But to accord to him, with any shew of justice, the praise of being the best writer of the time, is, for the same reason, a far higher tribute, than would be paid, in the same judgment, bestowed at any other period in the history of our language.

Did Mr. Irving's merit in this respect rest in the mere point of criticism, we should deem it a matter of less import, though by no means insignificant; for of all the fine arts, which is more admirable than fine writing? But we desire to make a national matter of our countryman's merit in this respect. Mr. Irving, before his long residence in Europe, was a popular and successful writer; and the style of his earliest productions has all the essential merits of those recently published. We do not say, that there has been no improvement; for what kind of a mind would it be, that should make no progress, in the art of its choice, during seventeen years of successful cultivation? But all the elements of Washington Irving's style are as visible in his contributions to the Salmagundi, and in Knickerbocker, as they are in his last work. We commend this to the worshipful company of tourists and critics in England, as a phenomenon worthy of consideration; not the ordinary rabble of tourists and critics, but your philosophical Captain Halls, and your Quarterly Reviewers of high education and high breeding. Captain Hall, who has been wrecked on the Loo-choo islands, where they speak a terribly corrupt Chinese, found the Americans harder to understand, than *any* people he had ever fallen in with! We pity the poor captain the fagging it will cost him, to work his way through this first number of the Crayon Sketches. If we had a spare copy of one of the miscellaneous tracts of Confucius, we would get it forwarded to the captain, as his *délassement*, from the labor of puzzling out this last specimen of Jonathan's *patois*. If, however, he has prepared himself, by a pretty diligent study of the Sketch Book and the Life of Columbus,

he may, in the course of the summer, master all but the hard places and the more outrageous Americanisms, which none but a native, fresh caught, could be expected to grapple with. The whole would furnish a pretty introduction to the study of Channing, Cooper, and Bryant, should the captain form the adventurous purpose of going to the bottom of the American language; — a purpose, however, which would need to be pursued with some caution, lest he should be betrayed, meantime, into forgetfulness of his mother tongue. We remember to have heard of an unfortunate professor at Leyden, who had actually studied himself out of the possession of any vernacular dialect. A native of Pomerania, he had been early transplanted to Holland. Being there wholly occupied with lecturing in the Latin language, he lost his German, without acquiring Dutch. At the end of thirty years, he could have held a very tolerable conversation with a Greek scholiast, and he spoke a Latin more exquisitely Ciceronian than that of Cicero himself, but could not have asked for a piece of bread and butter from the mother who bore him. Should Captain Hall take us at our word, and devote himself too exclusively to the American dialect, he might end in wholly dispossessing himself of that English undefiled, which forms the glory of the native citizen of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, the land of Cockayne and the land of cakes.

In bestowing upon Mr. Irving the praise of a perfect style of writing, it must not be understood, that we commend him, in a point of mere manner. To write as Mr. Irving writes, is not an affair, which rests in a dexterous use of words alone; at least not if we admit the popular, but unphilosophical distinction, between words and ideas. Mr. Irving writes well, because he thinks well; because his ideas are just, clear, and definite. He knows what he wants to say, and expresses it distinctly and intelligibly, because he so apprehends it. There is also no affectation in the writer, because there is none in the man. There is no pomp in his sentences, because there is no arrogance in his temper. There is no overloading with ornament, because with the eye of an artist, he sees when he has got enough; and he is sprightly and animated, because he catches his tints from nature, and dips his pencil in truth, which is always fresh and racy. No man contemplates, with greater tenderness than we do, the frailties of Dr. John-

son; none respects more the sound parts of his moral system; or admires more the vigor of the elephantine step, with which he sometimes tramples down insolent error and presumptuous sophistry. But let no young man, who wishes to learn to write well, study his style. Let him rather obey the precept, than follow the example of the venerable sage, whose vigorous judgment often broke out into candor, and give his days and nights, not to the volumes of the Rambler, but of the Spectator. And if he wishes to study a style, which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point, and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving.

Washington Irving has been much and justly commended in England and America, but full justice has not yet been done him. Compare him with any of the distinguished writers of his class of this generation, excepting Sir Walter Scott, and with almost any of what are called the English classics of any age. Compare him with Goldsmith, one of the canonized names of the British pantheon of letters; who touched every kind of writing, and adorned every kind, that he touched. In one or two departments, it is true, that of poetry and the drama, departments which Mr. Irving has not attempted and in which much of Goldsmith's merit lies, the comparison partly fails; but place their pretensions, in every other respect, side by side. Who would think of giving the miscellaneous writings of Goldsmith a preference over those of Irving, and who would name his historical compositions with the life of Columbus? If in the drama and in poetry Goldsmith should seem to have extended his province, greatly beyond that of Irving, the life of Columbus is a *chef d'œuvre* in a department, which Goldsmith can scarcely be said to have touched; for the trifles on Grecian and Roman history, which his poverty extorted from him, deserve to enter into comparison with Mr. Irving's great work, about as much as Eutropius deserves to be compared with Livy. Then how much wider Irving's range in that department, common to both, the painting of manners and character! From Mr. Irving we have the humors of contemporary politics and every-day life in America, — the traditionary peculiarities of the Dutch founders of New-York, — the nicest shades of the school of English manners of the last century, — the chivalry of the middle ages in Spain, — the glittering visions of Moorish Romance, — a large cycle

of sentimental creations founded on the invariable experience, — the pathetic sameness, — of the human heart, — and lastly, the whole unhackneyed freshness of the West, — life beyond the border, — a camp outside the frontier, — a hunt on buffalo ground, beyond which neither white nor Pawnee, man nor muse, can go. This is Mr. Irving's range, and in every part of it he is equally at home. When he writes the history of Columbus, you see him weighing doubtful facts, in the scales of a golden criticism. You behold him, laden with the manuscript treasures of well-searched archives, and disposing the heterogeneous materials, into a well-digested and instructive narration. Take down another of his volumes, and you find him in the parlor of an English country inn, of a rainy day, and you look out of the window with him upon the dripping, dreary desolation of the back-yard. Anon, he takes you into the ancestral hall of a baronet of the old school, and instructs you in the family traditions, of which the memorials adorn the walls and depend from the rafters. Before you are wearied with the curious lore, you are on the pursuit of Kidd the pirate, in the recesses of Long-Island; and by the next touch of the enchanter's wand, you are rapt into an enthusiastic reverie of the mystic East, within the crumbling walls of the Alhambra. You sigh to think you were not born six hundred years ago, that you could not have beheld those now deserted halls, as they once blazed in triumph, and rang with the mingled voices of oriental chivalry and song, when you find yourself once more borne across the Atlantic, whirled into the western wilderness, with a prairie wide as the ocean before you, and a dusky herd of buffaloes, like a crowded convoy of fleeing merchantmen, looming in the horizon and inviting you to the chace. This is literally *nullum fere genus scribendi non tigit nullum quod tetigit non ornvit.* Whether any thing like an equal range is to be found in the works of him, on whom the splendid compliment was first bestowed, it is not difficult to say.

To what class of compositions the present work belongs, we are hardly able to say. It can scarcely be called a book of travels, for there is too much painting of manners, and scenery, and too little statistics; — it is not a novel, for there is no story; and it is not a romance, for it is all true. It is a sort of sentimental journey, a romantic excursion, in which nearly all the elements of several different kinds of writing are

beautifully and gaily blended into a production almost *sui generis*. It is a creation of Mr. Irving's mind, not out of nothing, that is, as we have said, it is not a mere romance; but to shew how much has been done by the taste and genius of the writer, how little has been thrown into his hands, by the subject itself, we need only remark how differently the same topics are treated in Mr. Irving's chapters, and in the Journal of the expedition under Colonel Dodge, who, in the course of the year 1834, made an excursion, with his regiment of mounted dragoons, into the same region. Among Col. Dodge's interpreters and hunters we find our friend *Beatte*, who performs so important a part in Mr. Irving's train; and by the way, let us first see how differently the same individual figures in Lieutenant Wheelock's journal, and Geoffrey Crayon's tour: —

"Beatte a Frenchman, who has lived nearly all his life among the Osages, has charge of this band, and is celebrated for his skill as a hunter."

The personage thus very properly dismissed, with military brevity, by Lieutenant Wheelock, appears in the following guise, in Mr. Irving's pages.

"For our own parts, the Commissioner and myself were desirous, before setting out, to procure another attendant well versed in wood craft, who might serve us as a hunter; for our little Frenchman would have his hands full when in camp, in cooking, and on the march, in taking care of the pack-horses. Such a one presented himself, or rather was recommended to us, in Pierre Beatte, a half-breed of French and Osage parentage. We were assured that he was acquainted with all parts of the country, having traversed it in all directions, both in hunting and war parties; that he would be of use both as guide and interpreter, and that he was a first rate hunter.

"I confess I did not like his looks when he was first presented to me. He was lounging about, in an old hunting frock and metasses or leggins, of deer skin, soiled and greased, and almost japanned by constant use. He was apparently about thirty-six years of age, square and strongly built. His features were not bad, being shaped not unlike those of Napoleon, but sharpened up, with high Indian cheek bones. Perhaps the dusky greenish hue of his complexion, aided his resemblance to an old bronze bust I had seen of the Emperor. He had, however, a sullen, saturnine expression, set off by a slouched woollen hat, and elf locks that hung about his ears.

"Such was the appearance of the man, and his manners were equally unprepossessing. He was cold and laconic; made no promises or professions; stated the terms he required for the services of himself and his horse, which we thought rather high, but showed no disposition to abate them, nor any anxiety to secure our employ. He had altogether more of the red than the white man in his composition; and, as I had been taught to look upon all half-breeds with distrust, as an uncertain and faithless race, I would gladly have dispensed with the services of Pierre Beatte. We had no time, however, to look about for any one more to our taste, and had to make an arrangement with him on the spot. He then set about making his preparations for the journey, promising to join us at our evening's encampment."

The following example will show more forcibly, than any labored comments, how much Mr. Irving has made of his materials. In the journal just cited, we read,

"Camp Choctaw, July 13th. Passed through the last of the cross timbers, and entered the grand Prairie; marched at half past eight o'clock from camp Choctaw, west by north twenty-three miles, and encamped on a creek; highly beautiful country, tolerably well-watered; command impeded to day by sick men in litters; Indians, supposed to be Pawnees, were seen to day; *wild horses* in large herds; one of the Indian guides caught one of them; immense herds of buffalo; passed several springs of rock-oil. (petroleum.)"

Such is the matter-of-fact, the official skeleton of the wild horse of the Prairie; behold how the artist clothes it with sinews and flesh, and breathes into it the breath of life.

"We had encamped in a good neighborhood for game, as the reports of rifles in various directions speedily gave notice. One of our hunters soon returned with the meat of a doe, tied up in the skin, and slung across his shoulders. Another brought a fat buck across his horse. Two other deer were brought in, and a number of turkeys. All the game was thrown down in front of the captain's fire, to be portioned out among the various messes. The spits and camp kettles were soon in full employ, and throughout the evening there was a scene of hunters' feasting and profusion.

"We had been disappointed this day in our hopes of meeting with buffalo, but the sight of the wild horse had been a great novelty, and gave a turn to the conversation of the camp for the

evening. There were several anecdotes told of a famous grey horse, that has ranged the prairies of this neighbourhood for six or seven years, setting at nought every attempt of the hunters to capture him. They say he can pace and rack (or amble) faster than the fleetest horses can run. Equally marvellous accounts were given of a black horse on the Brasis, who grazed the prairies on that river's banks in the Texas. For years he outstripped all pursuit. His fame spread far and wide; offers were made for him to the amount of a thousand dollars; the boldest and most hard riding hunters tried incessantly to make prize of him, but in vain. At length he fell a victim to his gallantry, being decoyed under a tree by a tame mare, and a noose dropped over his head by a boy perched among the branches.

"The capture of the wild horse is one of the most favorite achievements of the prairie tribes; and, indeed, it is from this source that the Indian hunters chiefly supply themselves. The wild horses that range those vast grassy plains, extending from the Arkansas to the Spanish settlements, are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock, and are probably descended from horses that have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low but strong make, and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed, brought out by the Spanish discoverers.

"Some fanciful speculatists have seen in them descendants of the Arab stock, brought into Spain from Africa, and thence transferred to this country; and have pleased themselves with the idea, that their sires may have been of the pure coursers of the desert, that once bore Mahomet and his warlike disciples across the sandy plains of Arabia.

"The habits of the Arab seem to have come with the steed. The introduction of the horse on the boundless prairies of the Far West, changed the whole mode of living of their inhabitants. It gave them that facility of rapid motion, and of sudden and distant change of place, so dear to the roving propensities of man. Instead of lurking in the depths of gloomy forests, and patiently threading the mazes of a tangled wilderness on foot, like his brethren of the north, the Indian of the West is a rover of the plain; he leads a brighter and more sunshiny life; almost always on horseback, on vast flowery prairies and under cloudless skies.

"I was lying by the Captain's fire, late in the evening, listening to stories about those coursers of the prairies, and weaving speculations of my own, when there was a clamor of voices and a loud cheering at the other end of the camp; and word was passed that Beatte, the half-breed, had brought in a wild horse.

"In an instant every fire was deserted; the whole camp crowded to see the Indian and his prize. It was a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes, and a spirited yet gentle demeanor. He gazed about him with an air of mingled stupefaction and surprise, at the men, the horses, and the camp fires; while the Indian stood before him with folded arms, having hold of the other end of the cord which noosed his captive, and gazing on him with a most imperturbable aspect. Beatte, as I have before observed, has a greenish olive complexion, with a strongly marked countenance, not unlike the bronze casts of Napoleon; and as he stood before his captive horse, with folded arms and fixed aspect, he looked more like a statue than a man.

"If the horse, however, manifested the least restiveness, Beatte would immediately worry him with the lariat, jerking him first on one side, then on the other, so as almost to throw him on the ground; when he had thus rendered him passive, he would resume his statue-like attitude and gaze at him in silence.

"The whole scene was singularly wild; the tall grove, partially illumined by the flashing fires of the camp, the horses tethered here and there among the trees, the carcasses of deer hanging around, and in the midst of all, the wild huntsman and his wild horse, with an admiring throng of rangers almost as wild.

"In the eagerness of their excitement, several of the young rangers sought to get the horse by purchase or barter, and even offered extravagant terms; but Beatte declined all their offers. 'You give great price now;' said he, 'to-morrow you be sorry, and take back, and say, d—d Indian!'

"The young men importuned him with questions about the mode in which he took the horse, but his answers were dry and laconic; he evidently retained some pique at having been undervalued and sneered at by them; and at the same time looked down upon them with contempt as greenhorns, little versed in the noble science of woodcraft.

"Afterwards, however, when he was seated by our fire, I readily drew from him an account of his exploit; for, though taciturn among strangers, and little prone to boast of his actions, yet his taciturnity, like that of all Indians, had its times of relaxation.

"He informed me, that on leaving the camp, he had returned to the place where we had lost sight of the wild horse. Soon getting upon its track, he followed it to the banks of the river. Here, the prints being more distinct in the sand, he perceived that one of the hoofs was broken and defective, so he gave up the pursuit.

"As he was returning to the camp, he came upon a gang of six horses, which immediately made for the river. He pursued them across the stream, left his rifle on the river bank, and putting his horse to full speed, soon came up with the fugitives. He attempted to noose one of them, but the lariat hitched on one of his ears, and he shook it off. The horses dashed up a hill, he followed hard at their heels, when, of a sudden, he saw their tails whisking in the air, and they plunging down a precipice. It was too late to stop. He shut his eyes, held in his breath, and went over with them, — neck or nothing. The descent was between twenty and thirty feet, but they all came down safe upon a sandy bottom.

"He now succeeded in throwing his noose round a fine young horse. As he galloped alongside of him, the two horses passed each side of a sapling, and the end of the lariat was jerked out of his hand. He regained it, but an intervening tree obliged him again to let it go. Having once more caught it, and coming to a more open country, he was enabled to play the young horse with the line until he gradually checked and subdued him, so as to lead him to the place where he had left his rifle.

"He had another formidable difficulty in getting him across the river, where both horses stuck for a time in the mire, and Beatte was nearly unseated from his saddle by the force of the current and the struggles of his captive. After much toil and trouble, however, he got across the stream, and brought his prize safe into the camp.

"For the remainder of the evening, the camp remained in a high state of excitement; nothing was talked of but the capture of wild horses; every youngster of the troop was for this harum scarum kind of chase; every one promised himself to return from the campaign in triumph, bestriding one of these wild coursers of the prairies. Beatte had suddenly risen to great importance; he was the prime hunter, the hero of the day. Offers were made him by the best mounted rangers, to let him ride their horses in the chase, provided he would give them a share of the spoil. Beatte bore his honors in silence, and closed with none of the offers. Our stammering, chattering, gasconading little Frenchman, however, made up for his taciturnity, by vaunting as much upon the subject as if it were he that had caught the horse. Indeed he held forth so learnedly in the matter, and boasted so much of the many horses he had taken, that he began to be considered an oracle; and some of the youngsters were inclined to doubt whether he were not superior even to the taciturn Beatte.

"The excitement kept the camp awake later than usual. The hum of voices, interrupted by occasional peals of laughter, was

heard from the groups around the various fires, and the night was considerably advanced before all had sunk to sleep.

"With the morning dawn the excitement revived, and Beatte and his wild horse were again the gaze and talk of the camp. The captive had been tied all night to a tree among the other horses. He was again led forth by Beatte, by a long halter or lariat, and, on his manifesting the least restiveness, was, as before, jerked and worried into passive submission. He appeared to be gentle and docile by nature, and had a beautifully mild expression of the eye. In his strange and forlorn situation, the poor animal seemed to seek protection and companionship in the very horse that had aided to capture him.

"Seeing him thus gentle and tractable, Beatte, just as we were about to march, strapped a light pack upon his back, by way of giving him the first lesson in servitude. The native pride and independence of the animal took fire at this indignity He reared, and plunged, and kicked, and tried in every way to get rid of the degrading burthen. The Indian was too potent for him. At every paroxysm he renewed the discipline of the halter, until the poor animal, driven to despair, threw himself prostrate on the ground, and lay motionless, as if acknowledging himself vanquished. A stage hero, representing the despair of a captive prince, could not have played his part more dramatically. There was absolutely a moral grandeur in it.

"The imperturbable Beatte folded his arms, and stood for a time, looking down in silence upon his captive; until seeing him perfectly subdued, he nodded his head slowly, screwed his mouth into a sardonic smile of triumph, and, with a jerk of the halter, ordered him to rise. He obeyed, and from that time forward offered no resistance. During that day he bore his pack patiently, and was led by the halter; but in two days he followed voluntarily at large among the supernumerary horses of the troop.

"I could not but look with compassion upon this fine young animal, whose whole course of existence had been so suddenly reversed. From being a denizen of these vast pastures, ranging at will from plain to plain and mead to mead, cropping of every herb and flower, and drinking of every stream, he was suddenly reduced to perpetual and painful servitude, to pass his life under the harness and the curb, amid, perhaps, the din and dust and drudgery of cities. The transition in his lot was such as sometimes takes place in human affairs, and in the fortunes of towering individuals: — one day, a prince of the prairies, — the next day, a pack-horse!"

This scene alone is sufficient to show our readers, if perchance any of them need the information, that Washington

Irving possesses, in the highest degree, the gift of the poet, *the maker*. And delightful it is to reflect, as in a case like this, how little it imports to the man, to whom this divine gift is imparted, what materials he shall take in hand to employ it upon, or where he shall lay the scene of his creations. The time has been, when, baited and persecuted by the whole body of British critics, on the poverty of our national literature, (at a period too, when the people of America were diffusing the English civilization over the continent with a rapidity, absolutely unexampled in the annals of mankind; — doing, in two hundred years, more to extend the empire of mind, than had been done in the mother country, in two thousand,) we were all at our wits' ends, to assign causes for the want of that particular form of polite literature, which cannot subsist, but in the bosom of a dense and wealthy population, and in a highly artificial state of society. Among the causes, to which we were driven, it was one, that works of imagination could not be expected in a country, where there are no feudal castles; — no traditions of chivalry; — no moss-clad ruins: a sufficient reason, perhaps, why the imagination in America should not habitually dwell on pictures of this class; but no more. Many things in the state of society are necessary to form a flourishing school of polite literature; but the want of any one class of subjects, elsewhere existing, is never, we believe, one of them. We have great doubts whether, in the present state of things in Greenland, there could, by possibility, be any Coopers or Irvings, but it is not for want of topics. Either of these masters, if it were possible that he should be found there, would create a world upon the eternal glaciers, that encompass its shores, as gorgeous, as various, as full of action, as ever moved and acted in courts or castles. The power of the poet, (and these men, and those like them are all poets,) as the name imports, is that of creating; and, we may venture to subjoin, out of nothing: for there is no irreverence in comparing with the operations of the Great Allpowerful Intelligence, the action of those finite spirits, which he has pronounced himself to be his own image. They *create* the scene, which they set before us. It comes from within. It springs from beneath the wand of their genius. No matter how cold, and barren, and desolate the scene; — they fill it with life and motion; with interest and passion. They strike the desert rock and it flows with the full tide of fancy. A blasted oak in the wilderness, filled with a swarm of bees, drops with

a honey of sweet imagery more delicious than that, which nature's little chemists have elaborated. They people a bare and blasted heath with men, with phantoms, with the visions of kingdoms grasped, and won, and lost. The barren surface of the sea, ploughed by the solitary pirate, who knows his fellow beings, but as objects to be alternately shunned and assailed, is made the theatre of the most deep and stirring interest. The dens of trivial iniquity in crowded cities, — the awful crags of the desert, where the hermit has fixed his cell, — the modern or the ancient battle-field, — the heart of man, with or without tradition, — and lastly, as in the present case, the fresh, uninhabited, unexplored desert, — the hunting ground of the wild Indian, who slays the primeval beast of the forest, with an arrow, the primeval weapon, — these all, and we believe *equally*, serve the purpose of the man of genius. No matter how remote the region. With one bound of the imagination, he is there, and his reader with him, at once familiarized and at home. No matter how novel and uncouth the scenery, in a single chapter, it is like the village, where we were born. If the subject is low, it is raised into importance, by a magic infusion of mind; and though it belong to the dull routine of business, one touch of the creative wand invests it with significance and curiosity. The colloquy of Saxon swineherds is as full of poetry, as the headstrong chivalry of Richard, or the mysterious and lordly heroism of Saladin. This is the characteristic of the great masters, — of Shakspeare and Scott, — shared in greater or less degree, by every man of genius and taste. Subject, incident, character are all next to nothing except in their treatment: — or as they are the creation of the poet himself. Sir Walter confesses that he did not know, at the beginning of his stories, how he was to come out at the end. And how should he? Does the man who possesses the talent of enchaining the delighted circle, with the fascinations of his conversation, know, at the beginning of the evening, all, — any thing, — that he is to say during its continuance, to its close? — Does the gifted speaker foretell the happy flashes, that are to break in upon him, as he warms and rises with his subject? To suppose that the creative mind of man, cultivated to the skilful use of its capacities, and called into action by the strong sympathy of surrounding intellects looking to him for excitement, is to rest torpid in America, for want of ruined castles and crumbling abbeys, on which it may pour forth its eloquent meditations,

is to confound the understanding, with a single one of the occasions, on which its powers are to be exercised. For ourselves, we wish for nothing so ardently, as that the literature of the country should be the indigenous growth of the soil; indigenous in its topics, associations and spirit, — not for patriotic reasons merely, but on principles of art and taste. For though it is the prerogative of genius to give novelty to the tritest theme, to make the character of Julius Cæsar or Achilles as fresh as that of Napoleon, yet the thousand causes, which naturally guide the mind to the choice of a subject, (since subject there must be), point the American writer to his native land; and it is matter of study or conscious effort, if he goes elsewhere for his themes. We are proud of Mr. Irving's sketches of English life, proud of the gorgeous canvass upon which he has gathered in so much of the glowing imagery of Moorish times. We behold with delight his easy and triumphant march over these beaten fields; but we glow with rapture as we see him coming back from the Prairies, laden with the poetical treasures of the primitive wilderness, — rich with spoil from the uninhabited desert. We thank him for turning these poor barbarous *steppes* into classical land; — and joining his inspiration to that of Cooper, in breathing life and fire into a circle of imagery, which was not known before to exist, for the purposes of the imagination.

It cannot be necessary to attempt anything like what, in the technical language of criticism, would be deemed a review of Mr. Irving's work. It has already delighted all our readers; — We wish only, in this desultory notice, to utter the feelings of deep and grateful emotion, with which we have perused it. It is every thing we expected from Mr. Irving, and we are eager to express our acknowledgments to that meddlesome and intrusive public desire, to hear from him on this subject, which, contrary to his intention, extorted from him, as he tells us in his introduction, this sketch of his adventures in the West. The only portion of the little volume before us, which we have perused with any other feelings than those of the highest gratification, is the introduction.

"'As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away, like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in

life; what vicisitudes might occur in it — what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?' *

"Such were the dubious thoughts that passed like a shade across my mind many years since, as I lost sight of my native land, on my voyage to Europe. Yet, I had every reason for bright anticipations. I was buoyant with health, had enough of "the world's gear" for all my wants, was on my way to visit the fairest scenes of Europe, with the prospect of returning home in a couple of years, stored with recollections for the remainder of my life.

"The boding doubts, however, which had beclouded my mind at the moment of departure, threatened to prove prophetic. Years and years elapsed, yet I remained a voluntary exile from my home. Why did I so? — The question has often been asked; for once I will make a brief reply.

"It was my lot, almost on landing in Europe, to experience a reverse of fortune, which cast me down in spirit, and altered the whole tenor of my life. In the midst of perplexities and humiliations, I turned to my pen for solace and support. I had hitherto exercised it for amusement; I now looked to it as my main dependence, resolving, if successful, never to abandon it for any prospect of worldly gain, nor to return to my friends, until, by my literary exertions, I had placed myself above their pity, or assistance.

"Such are the main reasons that unexpectedly beguiled me into a long protracted absence. How and why that absence was thus protracted, would involve a story of baffled plans and deferred hopes, which led me on from month to month, and year to year, and left me where they found me; would involve, in short, the chequered story of my humble concerns and precarious feelings, — and I have a shrinking repugnance to such an exposure.

"Suffice it to say, that my path, which many are apt to think was a flowery one, was too often beset by thorns; and that at times when I was supposed beguiled by the pleasures and splendors of Europe, and 'treading the primrose path of dalliance,' I was in fact shut up from society, battling with cares and perplexities, and almost struggling for subsistence.

"In the mean time, my lengthened exile subjected me to painful doubts and surmises. Some, who really valued me, supposed

* Sketch Book, Vol. I.

that I was dazzled by the factitious splendors around me, and was leading a life of epicurean indulgence. Others, who knew me not, or chose to judge harshly, accused me of a want of affection for my native land; I met with imputations of the kind in the public papers, and I received anonymous letters, reiterating them, and basely endeavoring to persuade me that I had lost the good will of my countrymen.

"I should have treated these imputations with little regard, but they reached me in desponding moments, when other circumstances had produced a morbid state of feelings, and they sunk deeply in my mind. The literary undertakings in which I was engaged, and on which I depended for my maintenance, required a further absence from my country, yet I found that absence attributed to motives abhorrent to my feelings, and wounding to my pride.

"By degrees I was led to doubt the entire sentiment of my countrymen towards me. Perhaps I was rendered more sensitive on this head by the indulgent good will I had ever experienced from them. They had always cherished me beyond my deserts, excusing my many deficiencies, taking my humors and errors in good part, and exaggerating every merit. Their cordial kindness had in a manner become necessary to me. I was like a spoiled child, that could not bear the glance of an altered eye. I cared even less for their good opinion than their good will, and felt indignant at being elbowed into a position with respect to them, from which my soul revolted.

"I was repeatedly urged by those who knew the workings of my feelings, to lay them before my countrymen, and to repel the doubts that had been cast upon my patriotism. I declined to follow their advice. I have generally been content, in all matters relating to myself, to suffer the truth to work its own way to light. If the conduct and concerns of an individual are worthy of public attention, they will sooner or later be accurately known and appreciated; and it is that ultimate opinion that alone constitutes true reputation: all transient popularity is little worth struggling for.

"Beside, what was I asked to vindicate myself from, — a want of affection to my native country? I should as soon think of vindicating myself from the charge of a want of love to the mother that bore me! I could not reply to such an imputation; — my heart would swell in my throat, and keep me silent.

"Yet I will confess, that the arrow which had been planted in my heart, rankled and festered there. The corroding doubt that had been infused in my waking thoughts, affected my sleeping fancies. The return to my country, so long anticipated, became the constant subject of harassing dreams. I would fancy myself

arrived in my native city, but the place would be so changed that I could not recognise it. I would wander through strange streets, meet with strange faces, and find every thing strange around me: or, what was worse, I would meet with those I loved, with my kindred, and the companions of my youth, but they no longer knew me, or passed me by with neglect. I cannot tell how often I have awakened from such dreary dreams, and felt a sadness at heart for hours afterwards.

"At length the long anticipated moment arrived. I again saw the 'blue line of my native land' rising like a cloud in that horizon where, so many years before, I had seen it fade away. I again saw the bright city of my birth rising out of its beautiful bay; its multiplied fanes and spires, and its prolonged forest of masts proclaiming its augmented grandeur. My heart throbbed with pride and admiration as I gazed upon it, — I gloried in being its son.

"But how was the wanderer to be received, after such an absence? Was he to be taken, as a favored child, to its bosom; or repulsed as a stranger, and a changeling?

"My old doubts recurred as I stepped upon land. I could scarcely realize that I was indeed in my native city, among the haunts of my childhood. Might not this be another of those dreams that had so often beguiled me? There were circumstances enough to warrant such a surmise. I passed through places that ought to be familiar to me, but all were changed. Huge edifices and lofty piles had sprung up in the place of lowly tenements; the old landmarks of the city were gone; the very streets were altered.

"As I passed on, I looked wistfully in every face: not one was known to me, — not one! Yet I was in haunts where every visage was once familiar to me. I read the names over the doors: all were new. They were unassociated with any early recollection. The saddening conviction stole over my heart that I was a stranger in my own home! Alas! thought I, what had I to expect after such an absence!

"Let not the reader be mistaken. I have no doleful picture to draw; no sorrowful demand to make upon his sympathies. It has been the lot of many a wanderer, returning after a shorter lapse of years, to find the scenes of his youth gone to ruin and decay. If I had any thing to deplore, it was the improvement of my home. It had outgrown my recollection from its very prosperity, and strangers had crowded into it from every clime, to participate in its overflowing abundance. A little while was sufficient to reconcile me to a change, the result of prosperity. My friends, too, once clustered in neighboring contiguity, in a moderate community, now scattered widely asunder, over a splendid

metropolis, soon gathered together to welcome me; and never did wanderer, after such an absence, experience such a greeting. Then it was that every doubt vanished from my mind. Then it was that I felt I was indeed at home, — and that it was a home of the heart! I thanked my stars that I had been born among such friends; I thanked my stars, that had conducted me back to dwell among them while I had yet the capacity to enjoy their fellowship.

"It is the very reception I met with that has drawn from me these confessions. Had I experienced coldness or distrust, — had I been treated as an alien from the sympathies of my countrymen, I should have buried my wounded feelings in my bosom, and remained silent. But they have welcomed me home with their old indulgence; they have shown that, notwithstanding my long absence, and the doubts and suggestions to which it had given rise, they still believe and trust in me. And now, let them feel assured, that I am heart and soul among them.

"I make no boast of my patriotism; I can only say, that, as far as it goes, it is no blind attachment. I have sojourned in various countries; have been treated in them above my deserts; and the remembrance of them is grateful and pleasant to me. I have seen what is brightest and best in foreign lands, and have found, in every nation, enough to love and honor; yet, with all these recollections living in my imagination and kindling in my heart, I look round with delightful exultation upon my native land, and feel that, after all my ramblings about the world, I can be happiest at home."

Much as we respect these frank and manly confessions, it must, of course, cause a pang to every right feeling and right thinking American, to learn the reasons, which prolonged the residence of our distinguished countryman in Europe, and embittered some of the hours of the noble triumph he there enjoyed. We trust he will soon find, — that he has already found, — in the enthusiastic reception he has met with on his return, an indemnity, and more than an indemnity, for whatever has occurred during that period, to wound his feelings or to cloud his spirits. But, though the season of all these painful emotions is, we trust, for ever past, and Mr. Irving has already enjoyed the best atonement for their infliction, in the unanimous suffrages of his admiring countrymen, we would not have him overrate any supposed unkindness, which his absence in Europe may have produced. There was matter, in some aspects, to gratify his feelings, in the discontents, which occasionally escaped the press on that subject. His absence was felt and

deplored; and its real causes, as explained in the introduction to the present volume, being misunderstood, the impatience, with which his supposed expatriation was commented upon, was the measure of the value, which his countrymen attached to the possession among themselves, of a writer, who did honor to the country and the language.

Before closing our remarks, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of one or two more extracts, from this delightful volume. What can be more animated and exhilarating, than the Buffalo hunt?

"After proceeding about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged towards mid-day from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and to our infinite delight beheld 'the great Prairie,' stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the Main Canadian, and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our 'close dungeon of innumerous boughs.'

"From a rising ground Beatte pointed to the place where he and his comrades had killed the buffaloes; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant and to encamp there, for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troop defiled along the slope of the hill towards the camping ground, Beatte proposed to my messmates and myself, that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the prairie; traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit, we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beatte was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo hunting. He was mounted on his powerful half-wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle bow, and set off in pursuit; while we remained on a rising ground watching his manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of wood-land, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman; at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the

opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared to be trying to noose his prey; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

"While we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope, towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavored to get near them under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet three or four hundred yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labor heavily up hill; but it accelerates his descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. The Count, who had a double barrelled gun loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled one and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal, and fire at it while at full speed; whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier, cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game; but the moment he came nearly parallel, he would keep sheering off with ears forked, and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent; his tail is erect, and tufted and whisking about in the air, he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

"It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin, both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that in the gallop, the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about as if on a pivot, made a convulsive

spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo.

"Three or four bounds of the horse carried us out of the reach of the enemy; who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime the pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach he again set off full tilt, heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through brakes and ravines, while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter skelter to right and left across the waste.

"A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game, is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine, who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true, the prairies of the hunting ground are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains; and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter, checking him suddenly, when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to splash his way. In other parts there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them or springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken and cut up; the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunging down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent. At length we came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, leaving open jagged rocks; and forming a long glen bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled along the bottom; while I, seeing all further pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cliff, until he disappeared amidst the windings of the ravine.

Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here at first was some little difficulty. The ardor of the chase had betrayed me into a long, heedless gallop. I now

found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of landmarks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun; my only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would often lose sight of, where the ground was covered with parched herbage.

"To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie. The loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond. But here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far, far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool; sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air, while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me: and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude.

"After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself; we were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the Virtuoso, who, with spectacles on nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

"We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lowly farm house.

"We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated: otherwise, the pursuit might take us to such a distance as to render it impossible for us to find our way back before night-fall. Taking a wide circuit therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally, when we saw any of the herd desist from grazing. The wind

fortunately set from them, otherwise they might have scented us and have taken the alarm. In this way, we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping by degrees to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze, when suddenly a bull that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

"As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line; two or three bulls bringing up the rear, the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet, and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd; and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

"There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they bear their great bulk forwards, with an up and down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

"For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo, in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded, but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet, and more way-worn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L. who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double barrelled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its back bone, and brought it to the ground. He stopped and alighted to despatch his prey, when borrowing his gun which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd which was thundering along, pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it would not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

"Dismounting, I now fettered my horse to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate my victim. I am nothing of a

sportsman: I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game, and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

"To add to these after-qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. It would not do to leave him here to be torn piecemeal, while yet alive, by the wolves that had already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about, croaking dismally in the air. It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cool blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true; the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throe and expired.

"While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow sportsman, the Virtuoso; who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal, more experienced and hardened in the gentle art of "venerie," soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy."

We can find room but for one more extract. Mr. Wheelock, in his journal, says, "July 20th, Passed to-day what is called 'a dog village.' The prairie dog, or marmot, is an animal somewhat larger than a squirrel, with a head like that of a dog. They live in holes in the ground, about twenty paces apart from each other. Five or six miles were covered by the habitations of these little animals." Such is the unadorned indication of the facts upon which Washington Irving has constructed his "republic of Prairie dogs:"* a republic quite equal to that of

* It must be unnecessary to state, that in this allusion, and the similar allusions, in the preceding parts of this article, not the slightest disparagement is intended to the Journal of Lieutenant Wheelock; an unpretending official document, quite creditable to its author, and to which we hope to have it in our power, to devote a separate portion of our pages.

Plato or Sir Thomas More, and a description much more interesting, than any thing in Harrington.

"On returning from our expedition in quest of the young Count, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie dogs had been discovered on the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals, I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the Far West, about which travellers delight to tell marvellous tales, endowing him at times with something of the politic and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy, almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

"The prairie dog is an animal of the coney kind, and about the size of the rabbit. He is of a sprightly mercurial nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gambolling together in the open air. Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

"The prairie dogs are not permitted to remain sole and undisturbed inhabitants of their own homes. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them; but whether as invited guests or unwelcome intruders, is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind, and would seem to partake of the character of the hawk; for they are taller and more erect on their legs, more alert in their looks and rapid in their flight than ordinary owls, and do not confine their excursions to the night, but sally forth in broad day.

"Some say that they only inhabit cells which the prairie dogs have deserted, and suffered to go to ruin, in consequence of the death in them of some relative; for they would make out this

little animal to be endowed with keen sensibilities, that will not permit it to remain in the dwelling where it has witnessed the death of a friend. Other fanciful speculators represent the owl as a kind of housekeeper to the prairie dog; and, from having a note very similar, insinuate that it acts, in a manner, as family preceptor, and teaches the young litter to bark.

"As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been ascertained of the part he plays in this most interesting household; though he is considered as little better than a sycophant and sharper, that winds himself into the concerns of the honest, credulous little dog, and takes him in most sadly. Certain it is, if he acts as toad-eater, he occasionally solaces himself with more than the usual perquisites of his order; as he is now and then detected with one of the younger members of the family in his maw.

"Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the domestic economy of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation and burlesque remarks, among the hunters of the Far West.

"It was towards evening that I set out with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community in confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a look out. At sight of us, the picket guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

"We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and bye, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connexion, or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

"Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots, in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

"We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp! — there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meetings suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

"The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assemblage, and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic."

And now we take leave of our countryman for the present, bidding him pursue the happy path of his popularity, and enjoy his fame. Let him chase every cloud from his spirits, if a cloud still hovers over them. Let him repose in the pure sunshine of a well earned and unenvied renown. Europe admires, and America admires and loves him. Let him write on; he can write nothing which will not be eagerly anticipated and cordially welcomed; and we trust we may add, well paid. If it be not, it is a scandal to the country. If, in these times of overflowing prosperity; when princely fortunes are daily built up in the country; when, under our happy institutions, an energy and enterprise, elsewhere unexampled, are in a state of the intensest action, and are daily reaping a golden harvest, in all the fields of prosperous industry, if there is not, on all hands, the disposition, — the resolute and affectionate purpose, — to make the talents and accomplishments of a man, like Washington Irving, — who is an honor to his country, — the source of fortune to himself, then we shall deserve, that he once again leave us and forever. But we indulge no such sinister anticipation. We believe a better day is dawning on American letters; that our republican princes are beginning to understand, that of all sordid things sordid affluence is the meanest; and that the portion of their riches, which will bring in the most exuberant return of pleasure to their possessors, is the portion

devoted to a generous and discriminating patronage. The American father, who can afford it, and does not buy a copy of Mr. Irving's book, does not deserve that his sons should prefer his fireside to the bar-room; — the pure and chaste pleasures of a cultivated taste, to the gross indulgences of sense. He does not deserve that his daughters should prefer to pass their leisure hours in maidenly seclusion and the improvement of their minds, rather than to flaunt on the side-walks by day, and pursue by night an eternal round of tasteless dissipation.

We are not sure that the passage in the book, which we have read with greatest satisfaction is not that, in which we are promised its continuation.

ART. II. — *The American Almanac.*

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1835. Boston. 1835.

IT is surprising to see what a vast amount of talent the necessity of establishing measures of time has called into exertion. But the reason probably is, that all men, without exception, are personally interested in them. The common almanac, a work which is apt to be found in every dwelling in the land, lightly as it is regarded, has required an immense exertion of thought and investigation in successive ages, to bring it to its present perfection; and if any one traces the steps of discovery, from the first helpless attempts at dividing time, down to the wonderful results which are embodied for public and private use in such a work as the one before us, it will give him a profound impression of the reach of human power.

We might moralize on this subject if we would, — and we think that such reflections are, in general, taken most patiently when they come in the beginning of an article. Certainly nothing tends more to make men thoughtful, than the recollection, that these measures of time are the measures of mortal existence. We are to live for a certain time, — how long we do not know; but we do know that every year that passes is so much taken from that limited season; if wasted, it is lost, — forever lost. When we say that a year is passed, we mean not

merely that the earth has gone round the sun, and the moon has waxed and waned twelve times; not merely that spring, summer and autumn, have passed in beautiful succession, and that the dread majesty of winter is again over all: we mean something more impressive still; we mean that a hundredth part of the longest life is measured; that probably a much greater proportion of our life is gone with its account to join the eternal past. Glorious as the heavens are, we are not sure, that there is any association connected with them so sublime as the thought, that every revolution is winding up the thread of our lives.

It is said, in the account of the creation, that the heavenly bodies were intended to measure times, seasons, days and years. In most cases, they do furnish us with the measures by which we go. The earth's revolution on its axis furnishes the measure of a day. A week is measured by the quarterly changes of the moon; the measure of a month is suggested by the time which it takes the moon to go through its circle of changes; a year is measured by the earth's revolution in its orbit round the sun.

There are some divisions of time now in use, which are not measured by the heavenly bodies; such are the subdivisions of the day into minutes and hours. To begin with the minutes. It is evident that such a division could not have been in use in very ancient times, because there was nothing to measure it. There was no timepiece invented; the only thing of the kind known was the dial; but so far from measuring minutes, that invention could not measure hours; the hours measured by sun-dials were not of fixed length, but proportioned to the length of the day. The dial of ancient times must have been a very imperfect thing. Herodotus gives us to understand that the Chaldeans were the inventors, and it was doubtless from their country, that the memorable dial of Ahaz, mentioned in scripture, was brought. But so slowly was the invention improved, that at the time of the first Punic war, a dial was brought to Rome, and set up in the forum, which was made for a different latitude; and no one in the city seems to have known any good reason, why it should not keep as good time in that latitude, as in the one for which it was made. They easily discovered that it was of no use to them; but what was the matter with it, or how to mend it, no one was able to tell.

The clepsydra or water-clock was a later invention, and might have answered the purpose, if the ancients had known the laws that govern the motions of fluids. The hour was measured very much as it is in the hour-glass, by the time which it took a given quantity of water to drop from the upper glass into the one below. But, unluckily, they did not know that when there was much water it would run out faster than when there was little, so that, though it would serve like the hour-glass to measure a single hour, it could not measure equal successive hours, nor could it measure the parts of a single hour. The Persian clepsydra was different; a small metallic cup perforated at the bottom was placed on the surface of a larger vessel of water where it filled gradually and sunk at the expiration of the hour. The only important use to which these water-clocks were applied, was to determine the length of pleadings in court houses. To prevent the advocate from speaking too long, he was allowed so much time, measured by the water-clock, and if he could not get through his argument in the time assigned, so much the worse for his client. In puritanical times preachers kept an hour-glass on the pulpit cushion, for the same purpose, but they by no means regarded the hint which it gave them.

As for clocks, they are entirely modern; — they are inventions of the monks of the middle ages. When we read of clocks, however, in early times, we must not think of anything finished like our timepieces; they were probably such, as the wooden clock of a pedlar might have looked down upon with disdain. These things show, that in extreme antiquity, they could not be acquainted with minutes, for want of something to measure them. When they spoke of a moment, they called it the twinkling of an eye, or glance of an eye; but this, of course, was no measure of time.

Passing then to the hours; we are not to suppose, when we see the word *hour* in ancient writings, that it had the same meaning then which it has now. In the writings of Moses, it means simply the time when any thing happened or was to happen, — as in the expression of our Saviour, "My hour is not yet come." In Homer and Hesiod the *hours* were the seasons of the year. In mythology, the hours were considered as goddesses who presided over the seasons of the year. In the book of Daniel, the word hour is used, but it seems to mean a moment, and not an extended portion of time: nor do we know of any passage in the Old Testament, where the word is used to denote any measured portion of a day. In the

Apocryphal writings there are some; but those, compared with the books of the Old Testament, are quite modern writings.

How then, were the day and night divided? for there must have been some divisions, to answer the purposes of life. They had some, which answered their purpose in a general way. The night, in the Old Testament times, was divided into three equal parts, called the first watch, the second or middle watch, and the third or morning watch of the night. In the New Testament, the order is different, because then, the Jews had adopted in this, as in many other things, the practice of the Romans. They then divided the night into four watches,— sometimes called by number, first, second, third and fourth, sometimes by name, evening, night, cock-crowing and morning. These were names often applied to the whole watch, though they properly designated only the times when each watch began. These must have been loose and arbitrary divisions; thus they could not tell when it was midnight, if it was cloudy; they only knew it by observing the ascension of a star. Cock-crowing, too, depended entirely upon the discretion of the poultry. When our Saviour tells Peter that he will deny him before the cock crows, he means to say that he will do it very soon. The Paschal supper was not eaten till it was dark,— much time was taken up with its forms;— after it was over, he walked with his disciples out from the city to the mountain, — and this walk must have taken considerable time, judging from the instructions, preserved by St. John, which Jesus gave them upon the way. It must have been about midnight when he was arrested, and it was not half way from midnight to sunrise before the apostle denied him. Never was such a world of intensely interesting history, crowded into a few short hours.

The day, was like the night, divided into four equal parts, in very ancient times, loosely called the morning, the heat of the day, the midday and the evening: this division was in use in our Saviour's time, though they had then begun to divide the day into what were called the Babylonian hours. This earlier division is referred to in the law; the Paschal lamb must be slain between the two evenings; an expression which would be perplexing, if we did not know that the evening began at the middle of the afternoon, and the name evening was also given to the time when the sun had gone down; so that the command was to kill it at the latter part of the afternoon.

The Babylonian hours, which were in use in our Saviour's

time, were invented by the Chaldeans, who took the lead in astronomical discoveries and calculations. The day, between sunrise and sunset was divided into twelve equal parts: these, of course, were not of fixed length, but were longer or shorter, according to the length of the day. At the time of the equinox, when the sun rose and set at six, they would have been just equal to ours, — sixty minutes long; but if the sun should have risen at four and set at eight, the hours would have been as much longer in proportion as the day was longer, — they would have been eighty minutes long. In Palestine, however, the sun never rose earlier than five, nor later than seven. The third hour was the hour of morning prayer; if the sun rose at six, this would be at nine o'clock; but if it rose at four it would be at eight o'clock; and the time of evening prayer was also at the middle of the afternoon; the sixth hour, which was noon, never changed: but all other times varied with the length of the day. We read in the scripture of those who went up to the temple at the third hour to pray, — this being the time of public prayer; and our Saviour sat at the well of Sychar at the sixth hour, which was the meridian heat of the day. The one who came into the vineyard in the eleventh hour, came but just before sunset, — the time when every one was required by the law, to pay those who had been employed in his service that day. This division of the day into hours had its inconveniences, which are too obvious to be mentioned. They were doubtless felt;— but what was to be done? It is clear, as was just now mentioned in the case of minutes, that without timepieces, which they had not, hours of fixed and equal length could not possibly be measured by man.

The Jews did not follow the Chaldeans in their time of beginning the day; and this brings us to the divisions of time into days. These, in most latitudes, are measured sufficiently well for common purposes, by the earth's revolution on its axis, which exposes all parts of its surface in succession to the light of the sun. In high northern latitudes, however, this would not answer; the hours of a day which last six months, might hang heavy on their hands; and a night of equal length would be somewhat too long to spend in sleep, if they had any idea of ever waking. Even now, though any one would suppose that this portion of time was exactly measured by the heavens, we have in use three different kinds of day. The natural day is the time between sunrise and sunset. — The civil day, that which is observed in all legal trans-

actions, begins at midnight, — thus the Sabbath is regarded as beginning at twelve on Saturday night, and all legal movements are suspended till the next night at twelve. Then there is the astronomical day, — that which is used by astronomers and navigators, — it begins at noon, because that time can best be determined by observations, — and the hours are counted from one to twenty-four. The day, with the Jews, began at sunset; thus the Sabbath began at sunset on Friday evening. Friday was called the preparation for their Sabbath, because as nothing could be done on the Sabbath, all preparations were necessarily made on the day before. A calm, perfect and profound, prevailed in every habitation, from the moment when the sun went down; then, according to the beautiful ceremony of their religion, the Sabbath lamp was lighted in every dwelling, and burned till the next day's close.

In practical use, there is a slight perplexity attending the subject of time as measured by the sun. The days as measured by the sun are not equal throughout the year: this is because the earth has two motions, — while it turns on its axis, it moves also in its orbit round the sun. While it is turning once on its axis, it advances about one degree in its orbit: it must therefore turn so much more on its axis, before the sun can be at the meridian again. But the younger part of our readers will understand this better by an illustration; let a lamp represent the sun; now if any one turns round on the place where he stands, when he has turned exactly round, he shall be exactly facing it again. But suppose that when he is turning, he is at the same time moving to the right: in that case, when he has turned quite round, he will not be facing it; he must turn more before he will face it; — now the time of meridian is the time when the place on the earth where we are, is exactly facing the sun, — and owing to this motion in its orbit, the earth must sometimes turn more than quite round, and at others less than quite round, to bring us facing to the sun. But it always turns quite round in exactly twenty-four hours; — if it must turn more than quite round, it will take more than twenty-four hours, — if not quite round, it will take less than twenty-four hours; — and, accordingly, we find that the days, as measured by the meridian, are sometimes about a quarter of an hour longer, sometimes as much less than twenty-four hours.

Now if we measure time by the meridian, — if we take it

to be twelve when it is noon according to the sun, it is evident that we must alter our clocks every day. This will not do ; — and the course which men have adopted, is the old-fashioned way of splitting the difference between the longer and shorter days, and going by a clock which measures equal days throughout the year. The clock gives the average length of the hours, — mean time, as it is generally called. Four times in the year it will be twelve by the clock and by the meridian, at the same instant : but on every other day, the clock will differ from the sun.

Of the week there is not much to be said. It was doubtless suggested by the time which it takes the moon to pass through one of her quarterly changes, though not exactly. In the Scripture, the word applies not merely to days but to years, — thus Laban says to Jacob, " fulfil her week,"— meaning the seven years' term of service by which Jacob was to earn the hand of his daughter. So Daniel, in the celebrated prophecy of the seventy weeks, meant weeks of years, and was easily understood by the Jews.

This division of time has been in use from very early ages ; and it is a little singular that the days of the week have been named from the heavenly bodies by the ancient Chinese, Hindoos and Egyptians, as they were named by the moderns, — as we name them now. Sunday, as is well known, is named from the sun, as Saturday is from Saturn, — it being Saturn's day. Monday is so called from the moon ; the others retain the names to this day, which were given them by our Saxon fathers. Tuesday is so called from the Saxon name of the planet Mars ; Wednesday, from the Saxon name of Mercury ; Thursday, from the Saxon Jupiter, and Friday from the Saxon Venus. This shows how generally the heavenly bodies are regarded as presiding over the measures of time.

There is one singular form of expression in scripture which requires more attention than it has received ; — we will show what we mean by an example. It is said the disciples met after eight days, meaning a week after our Saviour's resurrection ; we should say after seven days ; but if the time mentioned took in the least portion of a day, they considered it as taking in the whole. Thus our Saviour is said to have been in the grave three days and three nights : according to our calculation, it was not so ; — for he died late on Friday afternoon, and rose early on Sunday morning : but according to the Jewish calcu-

lation, the statement was exact; for though he was not forty-eight hours in the grave, he was still in it a part of three days, — that is, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The law required that infants should be circumcised when they were eight days old, — and still it was done on the eighth day, when, according to our calculation, they were but seven days old. By them, the day of the birth, however little of it remained, was called the first day, and the day of circumcision, however little of it was spent, was reckoned the eighth day. This must be understood in the explanation of Herod's massacre. It is said that he slew them from two years old and under, — and it is often asked, why he should have made such a needless slaughter, to include a child but lately born, and why do not historians mention such a wide work of blood. But look at the peculiar calculation of the Jews. Suppose that our Saviour was born on the 25th of December, he would have been called one year old when that year closed, and on the 1st of January he would have been called two years old, because he had already seen a part of two years. This is a fact, however strangely it sounds. So that those born a very little time before Herod's murder, supposing a new year to have begun since they were born, would have been described as two years old; and those born on or after the new year's day, would have been included in the phrase "and under,"—"under," according to the time which he inquired of the wise men. Vile as he was, he did not probably wish to murder more than were necessary to secure the death of the lineal heir to the Jewish throne.

The greatest importance of this division of time into weeks, arises from its furnishing us with the Christian Sabbath; the Jewish Sabbath was on the seventh day of the week, — as the earliest Christians were Jews, they of course observed the day set apart by the Hebrew faith, and also another day, the first of the week, in remembrance of the resurrection of their Master. Jesus Christ taught his disciples, to respect the institutions of their former religion; — they did not therefore take the seventh day for their celebration, possibly, because it was already sanctified to a different sacred purpose; but there was no such objection to the first, which was also recommended to them by its being the day when the Saviour left the dead. How important this celebration is to religion, has been sometimes acknowledged by its enemies. The French revolutionists, when they wished to abolish Christianity, saw that it

could not be done while the Sabbath was regarded. They therefore undertook to alter the calendar, dividing the year into twelve months of thirty days each, and every month into three decades, or weeks of ten days each. This was made the civil reckoning by law, so that the Sabbath was no longer observed. But twelve years could not make the people forget the Sabbath, nor was the new computation of time acceptable, — and when Napoleon came to the head of affairs, he abolished the new practice, and enacted that the week should be reckoned as in other civilized lands.

And the reason why they could not make men forget the Sabbath, was, that the Sabbath was made for man; the nature of man requires a day of rest, and God has ordained what proportion of time is needed for the purpose. One seventh portion of time is the amount set apart for the purpose, and the experience of man has abundantly shown that the estimate is just. There is no doubt on the mind of any one, who is capable of judging, that men are better in every respect with it, than they could be without it, both as respects this world and the other. As respects this world, there is more work done, and far better done, — there is more prudence, thrift and prosperity of every kind than there could be, if the Sabbath were like any other day; and as for morality, and religious feeling, without the Sabbath, they would soon be lost. One thing is evident; — it is that none need the Sabbath, so much as those who violate it, and those who would make it like any other day.

The division of the year into months, is suggested by the changes of the moon. For the moon to pass through her regular circle of changes, crescent, full and waning, requires about twenty-nine days and a half. These changes of the moon are so obvious and striking, that it was very natural to employ the circle of changes or lunation as it is called, for one of the larger measures of time. Still, it has always occasioned much perplexity, arising from the fact, that a month measured by the moon, is not so long by a day, as a month measured by the sun. A month according to the sun, is the time which it takes the sun to pass through one of the signs of the zodiac, which is thirty days and a half nearly, — or to be accurate, is exactly one twelfth part of three hundred and sixty-five days five hours and forty-nine minutes, which is the length of the mean solar year. Twelve months therefore, according to the moon, do not

equal twelve months according to the sun, and of course do not make out an entire year.

The earliest months mentioned in the scriptures consisted of thirty days, all except the twelfth, which was made to consist of thirty-five days, in order to fill out the entire year. We say the twelfth, because the months were then numbered, and not known by names as they are now. But all this was afterwards altered. They gave names to the months, and measured them by the moon, while the year was necessarily measured by the earth's revolution round the sun. These lunar months consisted of twenty-nine days and a half, — or rather, in order to avoid the inconvenience of fractions, one month consisted of twenty-nine days, the next of thirty, and so on throughout the year. The new moon was the beginning of the month; the new moon determined the time of their celebrations, so that exactness in the time was of importance in a civil and religious point of view. They did not, however, probably from want of astronomical knowledge, go by the time when the moon is in conjunction with the sun; but by the time when it is first visible in the sky. The first appearance of the crescent was narrowly observed; if the sky was cloudy, the time was determined by authority in the temple; at night, beacon fires were kindled on the mount of Olives: this fire was immediately answered from the surrounding heights, where men were stationed on the watch; the signals rapidly spread, and in a few moments, all the hills in Judea were in a blaze. In Jerusalem, all the trumpets of the temple summoned the people to rejoice, and to celebrate the festival of the new moon. How much was thought of the season of the new moon, no reader of scripture will need to be informed.

But, as we have said, twelve of these lunar months do not make out the year. And here let me call your attention to the arrangement made by Moses, who was fully aware of the difficulty which would arise from thus measuring time by the moon. The difficulty may be explained in this way. Twelve lunar months make about three hundred and fifty-four days, while the year consists of three hundred sixty-five; — the lunar year therefore is eleven days less than the true year. Now, suppose that the passover should come one year on the twenty-first of March; according to the moon, the anniversary would come the next year on the tenth of March; the year after it would go back into February, — in a few years the passover would

come in January, — and thus we see, that, going by the moon, the festivals would go farther and farther back, till they travelled throughout the year. The difficulty was also felt in matters of common life. Suppose that a man had hired and paid for a field for three years ; according to this rule he would lose his third crop, the harvest being in the spring ; since the end of the third year would be thirty-three days earlier than the first, it would come in February, when the grain was not ripe, and as that third harvest was not ripe till the beginning of the fourth year, he must lose it, he having hired the field for but three.

Now, with their small amount of astronomical knowledge, the only remedy they could devise for this difficulty, was to add a thirteenth month to the third year, and Moses so arranged it, that this must be done. Some may say, why did he not tell them at once to go by the sun, which would have saved all this trouble. This, however, would be like the suggestion of a certain princess, who was told that the poor were dying for want of bread ; astonishing ! said she, why don't they eat pastry ? The reason was, that they could not get it, — and the reason why Moses did not go by the sun was, that nobody knew the exact length of the solar year. His only remedy was to add this thirteenth month when it became necessary, and the way in which he did it, shows his far-sighted wisdom. Instead of leaving it to the discretion of the priests to add it when it became necessary, he provided that it should of necessity be done. The first moon of the year, answering nearly to our April, was the harvest moon of Palestine. Moses called it the ear-moon, and required that on the sixteenth day of it, at the time of full moon, ripe ears of barley should be offered as first fruits to God. By reason of the lunar year being only three hundred and fifty-four days, this full moon would come eleven days earlier next year, and twenty-two days earlier the year after ; and then, evidently, the harvest would not be ripe, so that the offering could not be made. When this was the case, they were not to call that moon the first of a new year : it was to be considered as the thirteenth month of the old year ; they were to wait for the next moon, when the harvest would be ripe, and that was to be regarded as the ear-moon and first of a new year. The great advantage of this arrangement was, that there was no need of going to astronomers to know when this odd month must be added ;

every husbandman could tell whether the harvest would be ripe or not, by the middle of the moon; and if not, he needed no public authority to tell him that that moon was the thirteenth of the old year, and not the first of the new. Where there is no such arrangement, there is perpetual confusion. In Turkey, at the present day, where they go by the moon without adding such a month, the festivals travel back every anniversary till they go quite through the year.

Some ancient nations, being aware of this difficulty, made attempts to measure the year by the sun: but they fell on this very stumbling block, — ignorance of the exact length of the solar year. They called it three hundred and sixty-five days; which was not correct, for the true year is about six hours longer, which in four years would amount to a day. The Egyptians are an example. They went by the heliacal rising of the dog-star, — that is, the time when, after having been so near the sun as to be lost in its light, it first rises so much earlier than the sun that its light can be seen in the sky. They supposed that the dog-star, after having been thus lost in the light of the sun, would re-appear at precisely the same time every year. But they found that the heliacal risings of this brilliant star, were advancing at the rate of a day in four years; which, in the course of a century, would make a serious derangement of dates and calculations. We do not know when the year was first known to be six hours more than three hundred and sixty-five days in length. Plato is said to have learned it from the Egyptians, — but if they knew it, they do not seem to have known how to apply their knowledge, so as to remedy the trouble which arose from the unequal length of the years. This shows the wisdom of Moses in supplying a practical remedy for a defect, which there was not science enough in the world to repair.

We think that even a child may be made to comprehend what this difficulty is. It made precisely the same difficulty in the year, which a clock going too fast would make in a day. But what would the person who had the management of such a clock, do with it? Probably, if he found it was an hour too fast, he would have the wit to put it back, and make it go through another hour before he would consider the given hour as come. This is just what Moses did: when he found that the Passover was coming a month too soon, he put the calen-

dar back, and made it go through another month, before he called it the beginning of the new year.

Attempts were made by some ancient nations, to divide the difference between the lunar and solar years: some of these attempts may be traced among the Egyptians. Thus, the lunar year being three hundred and fifty-four days, and the solar three hundred and sixty-five, they considered the year as consisting of three hundred and sixty days, — to make no mention of fractions. This luni-solar year was more than five days longer than the lunar year, and as much shorter than the year as measured by the sun. But this was too fast; — and if the new year came five days and a half earlier every year than in the last, the months must soon cease to correspond to the seasons, and in less than a half a century, the winter months must change places with those of summer. Professor Playfair remarked, that this fact would explain a difficult passage in Herodotus; the historian said that, in the time of the ancient Egyptian kings, the sun had twice risen in the place where it had formerly set, and twice set where it had formerly risen. By this he supposes it was meant, that the sun had gone twice through all the signs of the ecliptic; and that the sun had risen and set twice in every day and month of the year. This was eagerly seized by those who are for discrediting the sacred history, to prove that the earth is much older than the account of Moses makes it: but all this might have happened in the short space of one hundred and thirty-eight years; since, in that period, there would be a difference of about two years between the lunar and solar year.

Without saying more of the perplexities of the ancients, we will now proceed to give some account of the first effectual attempt made to correct the calendar. It was done under the orders of Julius Cæsar, — by far the most accomplished and intellectual of the class of conquerors to which he belongs. His victories do no lasting honor to his name: but this enterprise secures him the everlasting gratitude of mankind. We do not mean to say that he did this by his own calculations: he called to his aid the best astronomers that the age afforded. Sosigenes is celebrated as the most eminent of this number; he saw in the outset, that nothing could be effected, without ascertaining, as nearly as possible, the length of the solar year. Accordingly, having ascertained, as he thought, that the earth revolved round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days

and six hours, he settled it as a principle, that the months must be so arranged as to fill up three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, that being the length of the year, without regard to the moon.

The first thing to be done was, to bring back the equinox to its proper place in March; in order to do this, he *put the clock forward;* he made the year then passing go through two more months than usual, — because the festivals then came two months too soon. The year of fourteen months was called the year of confusion. But beside restoring the equinox to its place, it was necessary to provide for the extra six hours, and as these hours amounted to a day in every four years, he inserted a day in every fourth year, making three hundred and sixty-six, the same which we now call a leap year. This was done when Cæsar was appointed dictator and sovereign pontiff, about forty-five years before the coming of our Lord. This is substantially the same with the calendar now in use. It made the average length of the years three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, instead of three hundred and sixty-five days as they were before. The extra day was added in February, as it is now. He called it the bissextile; we call it the leap year. The reason why it is so called is this. Because it leaps that year a day more than in a common year: for example, this year, the 1st of March will be Saturday; next year it will be Sunday; but the year after it will leap over Monday and begin on Tuesday, Monday being taken into February to make out the twenty-nine days for the month, and three hundred and sixty-six for the year.

But with all the pains bestowed at that time upon the calendar, it was not quite correct. Before the time of Cæsar, the year had been too short; he lengthened it by adding six hours; but this was leaning on the other side, and making it a little too long; for the true year wants eleven minutes and ten seconds of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. This, to be sure, is not much, and the error would occasion no inconvenience for many years. It amounted only to a day in one hundred and thirty years, and the calendar of Cæsar was in use more than fifteen hundred years before it was even detected. At length, in the time of Gregory XIII, a Pope of the sixteenth century, it was ascertained by the festivals of the church, that there was some error in the computation of time. On looking into the subject, it was found that, whereas the cal-

endar placed the vernal equinox on the 21st of March, it actually took place on the 10th, so that the seasons and festivals had gone ten days from the place which the calendar assigned them. The difficulty experienced by the church was this. Easter was to be celebrated on the first full moon after the spring equinox ; the calendar placed the equinox on the 21st of March: it really took place on the 10th ; now suppose the moon was full on the 20th, what day should they observe ? The 20th was before the equinox by the calendar, and yet after it in reality ; if they went by the calendar they must wait for the next full moon, and yet this on the 20th, being after the equinox, was the real anniversary of the Passover and of Easter. This was a serious thing to a church, which attached so much importance to its anniversaries and celebrations.

But something must be done. And, whereas, on former occasions, they had been obliged to add some days to make out the year, or, as we should say, *to put the clock forward*, now they were obliged to put it back ; that is, they were obliged to strike out some days to bring back the equinox to the 21st of March, where it belonged. The Pope, accordingly, gave orders that ten days should be struck out in October, 1582 ; that the next day after the 4th, should be not the 5th, but the 15th, — a change which was immediately made in all Roman Catholic countries, though not without sore misgivings on the part of some of them, at seeing the head of the church cutting off so many days from the term of their natural lives. In Protestant countries, the new style, as it was called, was not readily adopted ; it seemed like a simple and necessary reform: still, they thought that since it proceeded from the Catholics, it was a suspicious movement, and the less they had to do with it the better ; they accordingly stood out against it in rejoicing ignorance, and with so much perseverance, that it was not till the middle of the last century, that Protestant countries generally adopted the Gregorian calendar.

In England and this country, of course, the new style was not adopted till 1752. In Russia,and other countries where the Greek church prevails, the new style was not adopted till 1830, — only four years ago. Dr. Johnson gives an account of the sensation produced by the act of Parliament for effecting the change. The young people were all delighted at the

thought of killing so much time as eleven days, for it was necessary to strike out one more in the century before; they also thought that it would be a beautiful thing to have a year, which public authority ordained should be a year of confusion. But older people did not like the idea of having a year with such an ominous name: moreover, they did not see what right Parliament had to strike out eleven days, as if Providence could not regulate that matter without their helping hand. The greatest outcry was made by certain ancient women, who said that their lives were full short enough without having eleven days struck off, and that to strike out a Sabbath from the year, seemed to them the most unrighteous thing that ever was done in a Christian country.

The Pope, or rather the men of science whom, like Cæsar, he relied on in the whole movement, not only restored the seasons to their place, but provided against a recurrence of the difficulty. The method was ingenious and effectual. The excess was a day in one hundred and thirty years. He therefore ordained that in three centuries out of four, the last year should be a common year, and not a leap year. Thus, 1600 was a leap year, having three hundred and sixty-six days; but 1700, 1800, and 1900 are common years, having but three hundred and sixty-five. This arrangement disposes of one day in about one hundred and thirty years, and brings the calendar nearly to perfection. We say nearly, for though there is a slight variation, it will only amount to a day in three thousand, years and that need not give us much concern: it can be attended to as well in the year 4835. According to the Gregorian or new style, the year begins on the 1st of January. This was the time fixed by Cæsar for new year's day, because it is the time when the earth is nearest to the sun. But it was not generally regarded. Some have commenced the year on the 25th of December, the supposed anniversary of our Saviour's birth; others have commenced it on the 25th of March, and this was the time established by law in the reign of Henry VIII, and generally observed afterwards as new year's day, till the change of style in 1752. In the dates of events in history, there is some perplexity, unless we remember this fact: thus we read of a President of Harvard College, that he presided at commencement in July, and died in January of the same year; a thing which would not now be easily done. But then, when the old style was in use, Jan-

uary was one of the last months of the old year, instead of being as it is now, the first month of the new.

But we must not dismiss the subject, till we have said something of the still larger divisions of time, called epochs or eras, of which the Christian era, which computes the years from the birth of our Lord, is one. This is the only one with which we have much concern; but in speaking of this, we are obliged to say a few words of the cycles, or circles of years, which were in use before the years were reckoned from our Saviour's birth.

The first was the solar cycle, and it was formed in this way. Suppose the sun entered the sign Aquarius in January, on Wednesday the 21st, at one o'clock in the day. It will not again enter the same sign on the same day of the month, the same day of the week, and at the same hour of the day, in less than twenty-eight years; twenty-eight years, therefore was called the cycle or circle, through which the sun must pass before he comes back to the place whence he started. In using this they said that such a year was the first, second, third, of the solar cycle; and so on to the twenty-eighth, when they began again. There was also a lunar cycle, which was thus formed. Suppose that the moon should be at the full on Wednesday, the 28th of January, at one o'clock in the day. It would not be full again on the same day of the month, the same day of the week, and at the same hour of the day, under nineteen years: this, therefore, was called the lunar cycle, which brings back the moon to the place whence she started. This was called the golden number, because it was found so valuable in ancient times, for regulating festivals which depended on the moon. There was another smaller cycle, called the Roman Indiction, — a period of fifteen years, which was in use only to determine the time for paying certain periodical taxes.

But these cycles were so short as to be inconvenient; in order to get a larger period, which might save the trouble of counting the years over and over again, these cycles were multiplied together, and the product was a cycle of 7980 years, which was called the Julian period. This is assumed to have had its commencement before the creation of the world, since there has been no time since, when the three cycles could have begun together.

There was no attempt made to reckon the years from the time of our Saviour's birth, till the year 527, when Dionysius

Exiguus, a Roman abbot, suggested that this reverence ought to be paid to the Saviour of the world. He therefore began so to date the years, and assumed that the first year of the Christian era was the 4714th of the Julian period. There is no historical record, by which the nativity can be precisely ascertained; he therefore decided what year it was by such indications as he could gather from comparing the sacred history with that of profane historians. But those were times in which much less was known concerning these points than in the present age; and a mistake was then made in fixing the time of our Saviour's birth which has never since been corrected.

The manner in which this mistake was brought to light is a fine illustration of the advantages of science. Who would suppose that astronomy could have pointed out an error in chronology? and yet so it was. Dionysius fixed the 1st year of Christ in the 4714th of the Julian period. But Josephus mentions that during Herod's last illness there was a remarkable eclipse of the moon. On consulting astronomical tables, we are enabled to ascertain the date of that eclipse to the day and hour; we find that it took place in the 4710th year of the Julian period, on the 13th of March, three hours past midnight at Jerusalem. Now we know that our Saviour was born before Herod died; so that he must have been born at least four years earlier than that which was fixed upon as the first of the Christian era. He must have been born sometime before the death of Herod, since his parents took him into Egypt to save him from that tyrant's malice, and kept him there till Herod died. So that astronomy makes it perfectly clear that our Saviour was born at least four, possibly five years earlier than the time assigned by the nativity; and if the Christian era had been correctly determined, the present year would be 1839 or 40, possibly 41. The reason why the mistake, though universally admitted, never has been corrected, is, that we cannot fix the precise year, in the first place, and in the second, the error has prevailed for 1200 years through the dates of all histories, so that much confusion would be made in chronology without any correspondent gain.

How perplexing this whole subject sometimes is, appears from a controversy which raged at the beginning of this century, and has lately been revived in the New-York papers. The great question was, did the year 1800 belong to the 18th or

19th century? Many intelligent men maintained that it belonged to the 19th; and this shows how easily men are bewildered in such speculations. If any one had come to pay them 1800 dollars in parcels of a hundred each, we strongly suspect that they would have claimed the hundredth of the eighteenth parcel as well as the hundredth of all the rest: why not say that ninety-nine years made the first century as well as that 1799 years made eighteen centuries? the ninety-ninth year of a century is not the last: the hundredth is the last.

The American Almanac has now been published for several years, and is probably familiarly known to our readers, if not actually in their hands. Its most important department is understood to be in the hands of Mr. Paine, whose observations command the entire confidence of those most interested in the subject; — no ordinary honor, — since this is a field in which no one can arrive at eminence without really deserving it. In addition to these observation the Almanac furnishes a vast amount of information on various subjects of immediate and public interest; it supplies a treasury to which any one can resort for those facts, which are in constant demand, and yet have never before been made easily accessible, to those who have not libraries within their reach. It is fast taking the place of those lighter publications of the kind, which have so long been in general use, simply for the want of better. We have no doubt that it will prosper; it is now very extensively circulated and every coming year will add to its success.

Art. III. — *Memoirs of Casanova.*

Memoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, écrits par lui-même. 10 vols. 12mo. Bruxelles. 1833.

This work is a narrative, written by himself, of the adventures of the author, who flourished in the latter part of the last century, and seems from his own shewing to have belonged to the respectable class of *Chevaliers d'Industrie.* The details are not in all cases of the most edifying character, and

we should hesitate about the propriety of noticing the book, if we thought that our account of it would give it any additional circulation. But as there are probably not three copies in the country, there is very little chance of its being, in any event, extensively read. Though fitted, on the whole, if generally circulated, to do more harm than good, it presents a curious, and to the philosophic reader, not uninstructive picture of the state of society in Europe, at the period immediately preceding the French Revolution. It also contains some passages of great interest, of which, as far as our limits may permit, we propose to give a translation.

Although the work was originally written in French, the author was not a native of France, but was born at Venice, in a family of Spanish extraction and respectable standing. The other members of it in several preceding generations seem, however, by his account of them, to have been, like himself, more remarkable for talents and enterprise than for a strict observance of the old-fashioned rules of morality. The seat of the family in Spain was Saragossa. Don Jacob Casanova, one of our hero's ancestors, was private secretary to the king, Saragossa being at that time the capital of the independent kingdom of Aragon. In the year 1428, Don Jacob carried off from her convent Donna Anna Palafox, a nun, the day after she had taken the veil. She was probably of the family of the present distinguished general of that name. Don Jacob went with his prize to Rome, where his uncle Don Juan held the high employment of Master of the Palace to the Pope, and, by his influence at court, relieved the lady from her vows and legalized the union. Don Juan, the only offspring of this marriage that reached maturity, having killed in a duel an officer of the king of Naples, was obliged to quit Rome, and took refuge with his wife and her infant son, Mark Antony, at Como. He afterwards accompanied Columbus on his voyage to America, where he died in 1493. His son, Mark Antony, was secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and a good poet, but was compelled in his turn to quit Rome, where he had given offence by a violent satire against the Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Pope Clement VII. This prelate, on his accession to the sacred tiara, forgave Mark Antony, and recalled him to Rome, but when the city was sacked by the imperial army, under the Constable de Bourbon, in 1526, he lost every thing. He afterwards died of the plague. Vale-

rian, in his work on the misfortunes of learned men, mentions him as one of the striking examples of the truth which he intended to illustrate. James, a posthumous son of Mark Antony, was a colonel in the army of Henry IV, king of France, and died in France at a very advanced age. He left a son of the same name, who established himself at Parma, and was the immediate progenitor of the author of the work before us, who was born in 1725. Before that time, however, the social position of the family had somewhat changed. Our hero's parents were actors at Venice: he had two brothers of some distinction as painters; one of them was director of the Academy of Painting, at Dresden.

Our author was intended for the church, and for some time wore the dress of an abbé. Not feeling a strong vocation for the ecclesiastical profession, he, after a while, abandoned it, and took the title of the Chevalier de Seingalt. The order of knighthood to which he belonged seems, however, as we remarked before, to have been substantially that of the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. He passed his life in travelling from city to city, living in great splendor, principally on the product of his skill in gaming, although he was at times employed in different ways by several of the governments. He also numbered among his other ways and means the art of predicting future events by the aid of a familiar spirit, to whom he gave the name of Paralis, and who made answer through the intervention of cards and numbers, in a way not particularly explained, to any question which our author thought proper to propose. His success in this kind of necromancy seems to have given him a complete ascendency over the minds of certain very respectable old ladies, in France and Italy, who placed the contents of their strong boxes entirely at the discretion of him and his familiar. His fine person and engaging manners were equally successful with the younger part of the fairer portion of the creation, and a large part of the book is occupied by a narrative, in much freer language than suits the taste of the present day, of his adventures of gallantry. His achievements in the line of fortune-telling, attracted at one time the attention of the Inquisition, and he was confined by order of that tribunal in the prison called the Leads,—*les Plombs*,—it being the attic story immediately under the leaden roof of the ducal palace at Venice. The character and situation of this prison-house have lately been rendered familiar

to the public by the work of Silvio Pellico, who was also confined in it. Casanova's apartment was immediately above the hall where the tribunal of the inquisition held its sessions. After a confinement of more than a year he succeeded, in a way that certainly does infinite credit to his address, perseverance, and physical power, in making his escape. He published at the time an account of his imprisonment and escape, which is incorporated in the present work, and forms one of the most amusing passages. Casanova combined with his other qualities a strong taste and aptitude for literature, but has not, we believe, left any work of value.

It is not our purpose to follow our author through the long career of his adventures. Having given our readers a general idea of his character and history, we proceed to lay before them some of the most entertaining passages in the work before us. In his travels about Europe he more than once visited Voltaire at Ferney; and gives the following account of the conversation at one of these visits.

"After dinner we went to see Voltaire, who was rising from table as we entered. He was surrounded by a sort of court of ladies and gentlemen, which made my introduction rather a formal one. After being presented, I said to him: M. de Voltaire, this is one of the happiest days of my life. I have been for twenty years your pupil, and I am truly delighted with the opportunity of paying my respects to my master.

"Sir,' said he, in reply, 'after you have been my pupil for twenty years more I hope you will begin to think of paying me for my tuition.'

"Certainly,' said I, 'if you will promise me to wait so long.'

"Voltaire's sally produced a laugh at my expense, but I paid no attention to it, and waited for an occasion to take my revenge. Soon after, he addressed me again, remarking 'that as I was from Venice I was probably acquainted with Count Algarotti.'

"'I know him,' said I, 'not however because I am from Venice, for seven eighths of my excellent countrymen are entirely ignorant of his existence.'

"'I should have said that you probably knew him as a man of letters.'

"'I know him because I passed two months with him at Padua seven years ago. What particularly attracted my attention about him was the admiration which he professed for M. de Voltaire.'

"'This was flattering to me, but it is not necessary for him to be the admirer of any one in order to obtain the admiration of all.'

"'If he had not begun by admiring, Algarotti would never have obtained reputation. As an admirer of Newton he undertook to teach the ladies to talk about light.'

"'Did he succeed?'

"'Not so well as Fontenelle in his plurality of worlds: — still, to a certain extent, he has succeeded.'

"'That is true. If you see him at Bologne I beg you to tell him that I am waiting for his letters on Russia. He can address them to my banker, Bianchi, at Milan, who will transmit them to me.'

"'I shall do it with pleasure, if I see him.'

"'I am told that the Italians are not satisfied with his style.'

"'Assuredly they are not: his language is full of gallicisms; his style is contemptible.'

"'You do not think then, that the use of French idioms renders your language more beautiful?'

"'On the contrary, they render it insupportable, as the French would be interlarded with German or Italian forms, even though Voltaire himself were the writer.'

"'You are right. Every language must be written with purity. Even Livy has been criticised: it has been said that his Latin had a savour of *Patavinity*.'

"'When I was studying Latin the Abbé Lazzarini, my instructor, told me he preferred Livy to Sallust.'

"'What, the Abbé Lazzarini, author of the tragedy of the *Young Ulysses?* You must have been very young then: I should have been glad to have known him. I was well acquainted with the Abbé Conti, who had been the friend of Newton, and whose tragedies embrace the whole Roman history.'

"'I also knew and admired him. I was very young, but I thought myself happy in being admitted into the society of these great men. It seems to me but as yesterday, although so many years have since passed.'

"'May I ask you to what branch of literature you are devoted?'

"'To none in particular: — I may, perhaps, hereafter make a selection: in the mean time I read as much as I can and make observations as I travel, on men and manners.'

"'That is the true way to know them, but the book is after all, too large. You get what you want more easily by reading history.'

"'No doubt, if one could depend upon it: the misfortune is that history is tiresome and after all not to be trusted: in travelling you are amused as well as instructed. Horace, whom I know by heart, is my guide-book for all parts of the world.'

"'Algarotti also knew Horace by heart. You must certainly be fond of poetry.'

"'Passionately.'

"'Have you written many sonnets?'

"'Ten or twelve that I think pretty good, and perhaps two or three thousand more that I have never looked at a second time.'

"'Sonnets are all the rage in Italy.'

"'Yes, if you can properly call rage the disposition to clothe a happy thought in an harmonious form, that may render it effective. A sonnet is difficult because you are limited to exactly fourteen verses, let the subject be what it will.'

"'It is a sort of bed of Procrustes, and that is the reason why there are so few good ones. In French we have not one, but that is the fault of our language.'

"'And also of your character: you believe that a thought a little expanded loses all its force and brilliancy.'

"'Is not that your opinion?'

"'Pardon me,—that depends entirely upon what the thought is. A *bon mot* for example is not sufficient to fill up a sonnet, whether in French or Italian, it will only make an epigram.'

"'Which of the Italian poets do you prefer?'

"'Ariosto: I cannot perhaps properly say that I prefer him to the others, because he is the only one that I like.'

"'You are of course familiar with the others?'

"'I think I have read them all, but they all sink into nothing by the side of Ariosto. At fifteen years old I had read what you have written against him, and I then said that when you had read him you would retract it all.'

"'I am indebted to you for believing that I had not read him. The truth is, however, that I had read him, but I was very young, knew the language imperfectly and was prejudiced against him by some of the Italian scholars, who preferred Tasso. Under these circumstances I unfortunately published opinions respecting him which I thought my own, but which were in fact only an echo of the prepossessions of others. I now worship Ariosto.'

"'Ah! M. de Voltaire! you give me great pleasure by saying so. But will you not excommunicate the book in which you ridicule this great poet?'

"'What good would that do? My works are all excommunicated? I will give, however, a proof of my conversion.'

"Voltaire then began to recite two long passages of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth cantos, in which the poet relates the conversations of Astolfo with the apostle St. John, and he did it without a single omission or mistake. He afterwards pointed out their beauties with singular sagacity and correctness of taste. The ablest Italian commentator could not have done it with more propriety. I listened to him with the greatest attention, scarcely breathing, and hoping to hear him make some mistake, but I lost my labor. When he had done I turned to the company and ex-

claimed that I was more than surprised and that I should inform all Italy of my just admiration. And I, replied Voltaire, shall inform all Europe of the reparation that I owe to the memory of the greatest genius that she has produced.

"'The next day Voltaire gave me a translation that he had made of the stanza of Ariosto, beginning with this line:

'Quindi avvien que tra principi e signori.

"It is as follows: —

'Les papes, les Césars, appaisant leur querelle,
Jurent sur l'Evangile une paix éternelle;
Vous les voyez l'un de l'autre ennemis,
C'était pour se tromper qu'ils s'étoient réunis;
Nul serment n'est gardé, nul accord n'est sincère,
Quand la bouche a parlé, le coeur dit le contraire,
Du ciel qu'ils attestaient ils bravaient le courroux,
L'intérêt est le Dieu qui les gouverne tous.'

"After Voltaire had finished his recitation, which was loudly applauded by all the company, although none of them understood Italian, his niece Madame Denis asked me if I thought the passage which her uncle had just repeated, one of the finest in the poem.

"'I do,' replied I, 'but I prefer the thirty-six last stanzas of the twenty-third canto, in which the poet describes the madness of Orlando.'

'Perhaps,' said Madame Denis, casting a sidelong look at her uncle, 'you will have the goodness to recite them to us.'

"'Willingly, Madame,' said I, 'if you would like to hear them.'

"'Then you have taken the trouble to commit them to memory,' said Voltaire.

"'Say rather the pleasure,' said I, 'for it has given me no trouble. Since the age of sixteen I have never passed a year without reading the Orlando two or three times over: it is my passion, and I have got it naturally by heart without taking any pains to do so. I know the whole, excepting the genealogical and historical details, which fatigue the mind without engaging the feelings. Of Horace I can repeat every verse, notwithstanding the prosaic character of some of the epistles, which are far from being equal to those of Boileau.'

"'Boileau,' said Voltaire, 'is a little too much of a courtier: as to Horace, I can easily conceive of your knowing him by heart, but Ariosto's forty long cantos are rather too much.'

"'Fifty-one, if you please, M. de Voltaire,' said I. The great man said nothing more, and Madame Denis called for the recital of the thirty-six stanzas.

"I then began in a firm tone, but not in the monotonous manner, with which the French are so justly reproached by the Ital-

ians. The French would declaim better than any other people if they were not embarrassed by their rhymes, for they know how to express more correctly what they feel. They have not the impassioned and monotonous tone of my countrymen, nor the sentimental and extravagant manner of the Germans, nor yet the tedious drawl of the English. They give to every sentence the tone and the sound of voice which agree best with the nature of the sentiment to be expressed, but the constant return of the same sounds deprives them of some of their advantages. I recited the beautiful verses of Ariosto, like a fine measured prose, accompanying it with gestures, looks and modulations of voice according to the sentiment which I wished to convey to the audience. I found it difficult to refrain from tears, and the company were all in the same state. At length, when I came to the stanza—

'Poiche allargare il freno al dolor puote,
Che resta solo senza altrui rispetto,
Giu dagli occhi rigando per le gote
Spargo un fiume de lacrime sul petto,'

the stream burst forth, and the company at the same time began to sob. Voltaire and Madame Denis threw their arms round my neck; but I proceeded, without permitting them to interrupt me, through the stanzas which describe Orlando's madness. In reciting them, I exchanged the plaintive and mournful tone for a violent one, corresponding with the actions of the hero, who is represented as tearing up rocks and trees with the power and fury of a tempest or a volcano.

"When I had finished, I received, with a serious air, the congratulations of the whole company. 'Horace is right,' said Voltaire, 'and I always said so. The secret of making others weep is to weep yourself; but the tears must be real, and in order to shed them the feelings must be deeply moved. I thank you, sir, said he, embracing me, and I promise you that I will recite the same verses to-morrow and shed tears, as you have done.' He kept his word.

"It is surprising, said Madame Denis, that the Orlando was not placed upon the list of prohibited books.

"'Instead of that,' said Voltaire, 'Leo X. excommunicated in advance, any one who should venture to condemn it. The two great families of Este and Medicis were interested in sustaining Ariosto. Without their protection the single verse upon the grant of Rome by Constantine to Pope Sylvester, which as the poet says, *puzza forte*, (smells very strong,) would have been sufficient of itself to condemn the whole poem.'

"'I think,' said I, 'that the verse which excited the greatest trouble was the one in which Ariosto calls in question the resurrection. In speaking of the hermit who wished to prevent Rodo-

mont from getting possession of Isabella, the widow of Zerbino, he represents the African as so completely tired out with his preaching, that he finally seizes him and hurls him to a great distance against a rock, where, says the poet, he will remain senseless, perhaps till the day of judgment, *che al novissimo di forse fia desto.* This *forse*, 'perhaps,' which the poet may have inserted merely as a figure of rhetoric, or for the purpose of filling up the verse created a great excitement, which would doubtless have amused Ariosto very much if he had had time to pay attention to it.'

"The next day Charles Fox came to visit me, with two Englishmen whom I had seen at Voltaire's. We afterwards dined at the Delices, and had with us, among other guests, the Duke de Villars. Voltaire put forth all the resources of his brilliant and fertile imagination, and completely charmed us, notwithstanding his occasional caustic remarks upon persons present. He lived very handsomely and at great expense, — a rare thing with poets, who are not often favorites of Plutus. He was at this time sixty years old, and had an income of one hundred thousand francs. It has been said that he enriched himself by cheating the booksellers, but the truth is, that he was often cheated by them. He made his fortune in other ways, and often gave away his manuscripts on condition only that they should be published and circulated. While I was with him he made a present in this way of his pretty tale, *The Princess of Babylon*, which he wrote in three days."

The most amusing passage in the work, as we before remarked, is the one which describes the author's imprisonment in the Leads, and his escape. It is given in great detail, and occupies half of one of the volumes. It was published at the time as a separate work, and would now be read with great interest in a translation. Within the narrow limits that remain to us, we can only give a very general outline of the narrative, and an extract from the close.

At day-light, on the 25th of July, 1755, our author was roused from sleep by a visit from an officer of the Inquisition who entered his bedchamber, accompanied by forty soldiers, and took him away to prison. No warrant was exhibited, nor does it appear from the account, that he was ever brought to trial or even examined. The officer who arrested him inquired for certain books treating of astrology and necromancy, which he had in his possession, and he was led by this circumstance to suppose that he was charged with dealing in these forbidden arts, but this charge he considered as a mere cover for private malignity of some description. He was conveyed forthwith

in a gondola to the quay of the prison, and thence over the famous *Bridge of Sighs* into the Ducal Palace, and up to the Leads where he was locked up by a jailor in a cell, of which he gives the following description.

"The jailor made me a sign to enter, which I did by stooping very low and after locking me in, he asked me through a grated hole in the door, what I would have to eat. I told him that I had not yet made up my mind, and he then left me, locking several doors after him with great care. The opening in the door was two feet square, and was grated with six iron bars an inch thick. There was a window in the outer room, which would have rendered my cell tolerably light had there not been a large beam between it and the grate. My cell was about twelve feet square and five and a half high, with a little alcove on one side, intended for a bed, but there was neither bed, table nor chair in it, nor any other furniture but a single bench fixed to the wall. On that I placed my silk mantle, my elegant coat, and my hat, which was embroidered with point lace and ornamented with a white *plumet.* I then went to the door and looked through the grated opening into the next room, where a number of overgrown rats were walking very much at their ease about the floor. I hastily closed the grate and remained for eight hours leaning on my elbows upon the casement in a sort of reverie."

Our author finally fell asleep, but was roused after a few hours, and on recovering his senses met with an adventure which would do no discredit to the sombre records of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

"The midnight bell roused me from sleep. I could hardly believe that I had passed three hours without suffering any uneasiness. I was lying on my left side, and without changing my position I extended my right arm to take a handkerchief, which I recollected that I had placed there. Great God! What was my horror when on feeling about for it my hand encountered another hand as cold as ice! Terror electrified me in every limb, and my hair stood erect upon my head. Never in my life did I experience such a fit of terror, nor could I have supposed that I was susceptible of it to such a degree. I passed three or four minutes in a state of annihilation, not only without moving, but, I may say, without venturing even to think. Recovering myself I finally thought that the cold hand which I had encountered might perhaps be merely an effect of imagination, and in this hope I again extended my arm in the same direction. Again I met the same icy hand. Shuddering with horror I now sent forth a wild shriek, and throwing off the hand drew back my own arm. When I had

had a little time for reflection I concluded that while I was asleep a dead body must have been brought in and deposited by my side, for I was sure that there was none there before. It is probably, said I to myself, the body of some wretch who has been strangled, and they wish in this way to prepare me for the fate that awaits me. This reflection exasperated me, and the terror that I had felt gave way to rage. A third time I extended my arm towards the icy hand and seized it firmly in order to assure myself fully of the atrocious act. I then attempted to rise. When I came to lean upon my left elbow I discovered that the hand of ice was no other than my own left hand, which had been pressed between my body and the floor so long that it had become entirely insensible."

Within these melancholy walls the cheering sound of *Habeas Corpus* was never heard, and the poor prisoner is compelled to drag out the weary months and years, until the spontaneous action of justice, the intercession of friends, or death, puts an end to his misery. Our author relates in great detail his manner of passing his time, and the adventures of two or three persons who were successively put into the cell with him. Into these, we of course, cannot enter. He for a long time flattered himself that he should be released at the close of the political year, when the members of the Tribunal of the Inquisition were changed; but this period passed over without any such result, and he then began to think very seriously of making his escape. He had been permitted occasionally to quit his cell and walk in the adjoining rooms, and had there found an iron bolt a foot and a half long and an inch thick, which with infinite labor and the help of a fragment of marble obtained in the same way, he succeeded in fashioning into a sort of spontoon, which was ultimately the instrument of his deliverance. He also provided himself by the use of great address, and, as it would seem by the connivance of the jailor, with a lamp, which enabled him to carry on his operations during the night. Thus prepared he set to work and began to make an opening in the floor of his cell, which, as we have remarked, was situated immediately above the hall where the Inquisition held their sittings.

"As soon as I found myself alone, I went to work with great activity. I was anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, that I might not be interrupted by the introduction of another companion. I began by removing the bed; and having lighted the

lamp, I threw myself on the floor with the spontoon in my hand, and a napkin near it, to receive the pieces of wood which I should chip off. My object was to make an opening through the floor with the point of my instrument. The chips were at first not longer than grains of wheat; but they soon increased in size. The boards, which I undertook to cut through, were of larch, and sixteen inches wide. I began at a place where two of them touched each other; and as there was no iron work in the way, my labors were easy enough. After working six hours, I tied up my napkin and put it aside, in order to empty it the next day behind the heap of papers in the adjoining room. The chips formed a mass five or six times as large as the hole from which they were taken, and which was about ten inches broad, with an inclination of thirty degrees. I now brought back the bed to its former place, and the next day, in emptying my napkin, I assured myself that the fragments would not be perceived.

"The following day, I cut through the first board, which was two inches thick, and found another under it, which I supposed to be of the same dimensions. I now redoubled my efforts, and in three weeks I had penetrated the three boards which composed the floor. Here, however, I thought myself at a stand, for under the last board I found a composition of pieces of marble, known at Venice under the name of *terrazzo marmorin.* This is the usual flooring in the great Venetian houses, and is even preferred to the handsomest *parquets.* I was struck with consternation when I found that my instrument would not enter this composition. This accident had nearly discouraged me; but I then recollected that Livy describes Hannibal, in his passage over the Alps, as breaking through rocks, after softening them with *vinegar.* I had some doubts whether the word translated *vinegar*, does not really mean an *axe;* but I nevertheless poured into the opening that I had made, a bottle of vinegar that I had with me; and whether it was from the effect of this, or whether I wrought the next day with more vigor, after a night's rest, I found that there was no great difficulty in pulverizing, with the point of my spontoon, the cement that united the pieces of marble. In four days I had pierced this mosaic, without at all injuring the point of my instrument. Under the pavement I found another board, as I expected, and I was satisfied that this must be the last. I attacked it with some difficulty, for the opening being now ten inches deep, I had but little room to manage my instrument. I implored, a thousand times, the mercy of God. Free thinkers, who deny the utility of prayer, are greatly deceived. I know, by my own experience, that after prayer, I always found myself more vigorous; and whether the increase

of strength be the immediate gift of God, or the mere effect of augmented confidence, it is, in either case, equally useful.

"On the 25th of June, the day on which the Republic of Venice celebrates the appearance of St. Mark, under the form of a winged lion, in the ducal palace, as I was laboring, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with my lamp lighted by my side, stretched upon my face, on the floor, stripped to the skin, and dripping with perspiration, I suddenly heard, with unspeakable terror, the rumbling of the bolt of the outer door. What a terrible moment! I at once extinguished the lamp; and, leaving my instrument in the hole, and throwing in the napkin, with the chips above it, I replaced the bed as well as I could, and threw myself upon it, more dead than alive, at the instant when the jailer opened the door of my cell. Had he entered two seconds sooner, he would have surprised me. He was about to tread upon my body, when I prevented him, by a loud cry, which made him start back. 'Good God! Sir,' said he, 'your cell is like a furnace; rise, and give thanks to God, who has sent you excellent company.'"

The purpose of this unseasonable visit was to introduce another prisoner into the cell, whose presence interrupted our author's labors for several weeks. The new comer is at length withdrawn, and the narrative proceeds as follows:

"I now resumed my work, and pursued it perseveringly, until on the 23d of August, I brought it to a close. In cutting through the last plank, I proceeded with great circumspection, and, on reaching the lower surface, I made a small puncture, through which I expected to see the Inquisitors' Hall. On putting my eye to the puncture, I in fact saw the Hall, but I also saw, at the side of my opening, a perpendicular surface of eight inches. This was the side of one of the beams which supported the ceiling, and it passed, as I had feared might be the case, under a part of my excavation. I was consequently obliged to extend the opening on the opposite side, which occasioned a good deal of delay, and I wrought with the constant terror that the spaces between the beams might not be wide enough to permit me to pass. After extending my excavation, I found, by looking through a puncture, that Providence had blessed my labors. I then carefully closed the two punctures, lest a ray of light from my lamp, or something falling through them into the Hall, should betray me.

"Having thus completed my arrangement, I fixed on the eve of the festival of St. Augustin, as the time for my escape, because I knew that on account of that festival the great council would be in session, and that there would be no one in the Bussola, an apartment through which I was to pass out of the Hall. That

festival was to happen on the 27th. On the 25th an event occurred, which defeated, for the time, all my hopes. Precisely at noon, on that day, I heard the bolts withdrawn, and the jailer, putting in his head through the grate, cried out, in a joyous tone, 'I congratulate you on the good news that I have to bring you.' I thought, at first, that he must have come to announce my release from confinement, and I shuddered at the thought that the discovery of my preparations for escape would probably lead to a revocation of the pardon. He entered, however, and told me to follow him.

"'Wait till I have dressed me,' said I.

"'Never mind,' said he, 'you are only going from this wretched cell into another and a much pleasanter one, with two windows in it, from which you may have a view of half Venice; a cell in which you can stand upright.'

"I could hear no more. I felt myself fainting. 'Give me some vinegar,' said I, 'and go and tell the secretary that I humbly thank the tribunal for this favor, but that I beg of them to let me remain where I am.'

"'Nonsense!' replied the keeper, 'you make me laugh. We are taking you out of purgatory, and putting you into a little paradise, and you refuse to go. Come, come, you must obey. I will give you my arm, and will order your effects to be brought after you.'

"Seeing that opposition would be of no use, I arose to comply, and was greatly relieved when I found that the servant was directed to bring up my arm chair. My spontoon, which I had secreted in it, was thus to follow me, and hope with it. How delighted should I have been, could I have also carried away my *beautiful hole*, upon which I had wasted so much labor! I can truly say, that when I left this horrible place, my whole heart remained behind."

Such was the result of our author's first attempt at escape. The jailer was afraid to inform the tribunal lest he should be supposed himself to have connived at it, and Casanova found himself no worse off than before. No sooner was he settled in his new quarters than he began to meditate new projects, and these were facilitated by the communication which he succeeded in opening with another prisoner. He was permitted by the jailer to exchange books with a monk occupying the next cell, named Balbi, and the books which they sent each other were made the vehicle of a written correspondence. In carrying on this correspondence our author employed as a pen his little finger nail, which he had permitted to grow out and brought to a

point, and used mulberry juice for ink. As every part of his own cell was now daily examined by the jailer he determined to commence operations in that of his correspondent, and succeeded in conveying the spontoon to him in the open back of a large bible. With this potent machine Balbi was to make an opening in the ceiling of his own cell, and having thus got into the apartment above, to cut through the partition wall, and finally make an opening from above in the ceiling of the cell of Casanova. When they had both in this way got from their cells into the apartment over them, which was immediately under the roof of the building, they were to effect their escape by getting out upon the roof and then taking their chance of what might occur. This plan, desperate as it may appear, finally succeeded, although it was obstructed by various interruptions, one of which, as in the former case, was occasioned by the introduction of another prisoner into our author's cell. The details of the manner in which this and all the other difficulties were obviated, are given in a very particular and entertaining manner. Immediately on receiving the spontoon Balbi began to work, concealing what he did as he advanced, by hanging his room with engravings, one of which was made to cover the opening. While the affair was in progress our author took occasion to enlighten himself as to its probable results by a sort of divination formerly in use, under the name of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which consisted in opening Virgil at random, and taking the first verse on the top of the page as an oracle. Our author, having no Virgil, employed his favorite Ariosto, and proceeded in the following manner.

"I wrote down a question, addressed to my supposed familiar spirit, inquiring of him in what canto of Ariosto I should find the prediction of the day of my escape. This question I turned into numbers, from which I extracted an answer according to certain rules which I was in the habit of employing in telling fortunes. The canto indicated was the ninth. Proceeding in the same way I obtained the seventh and first as the numbers of the stanza and verse. I now took the poem and turning to the passage indicated found the following verse.

'Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.'

"Between the close of October and the beginning of November." It is not a little singular that it was precisely at midnight on the last day of October, as the reader will presently see, that he effected his escape. As he did not enter his new cell till

the 25th of August, he certainly deserved great credit for the rapidity with which he brought his labors to a successful close. On getting into the garret above and reconnoitering the roof, which was covered with tiles, and over them with leaden plates, he found that he could easily make an opening through both with the invaluable spontoon. He then returned to his cell and employed four hours in converting his sheets, coverlets, mattresses and straw bed into ropes, of which he made a hundred fathom. Having thus completed all the preliminary operations, he commenced his labors, which he describes in the following manner.

"I succeeded without assistance in making an opening in the roof twice as large as I wanted and reached the leaden plate. I could not raise this alone, because it was riveted down, but with the aid of Balbi and the vigorous use of the spontoon I detached it and turning over a part of it, made an ample aperture. On putting my head through this aperture I saw with pain that there was a bright moon-light. This made it necessary to wait till about midnight, when the moon would have gone down. On a fine moonlight night the whole fashionable world of Venice is in the habit of walking in the square of St. Mark. Under these circumstances the shadows that we should have cast, had we gone out upon the roof, would undoubtedly have been noticed at once, and would have attracted the attention of the officers of the Holy Inquisition. After midnight we should have, at this season of short days, about seven hours before us, which would be amply sufficient for the purpose. We accordingly returned to the cell and passed three hours in conversation. After the moon had gone down, we divided the effects we had to carry between us, and proceeded to the opening, through which, in the language of Dante, we went out to look at the stars.

'E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.'

"We wore jackets and trowsers, with hats on our heads. I went out first and Balbi followed. Sustaining myself on my hands and knees, I lifted up successively the edges of the plates of lead with the point of my spontoon, and then taking hold of them with my four fingers, raised myself gradually to the ridge-pole of the roof. The monk supported himself by grasping my waistband, and I was obliged to draw him up with me, and this over a very steep ascent, rendered slippery by a thick mist. When we had got about half way up the monk begged me to stop, saying that he had lost one of his parcels and hoped that it had not got below the gutter. My first impulse was to give him a kick and send him after his parcel, but thanks to Providence I had discretion

enough to contain myself, and it was well for me that I had, for I could not have escaped alone. I asked him whether it contained our cords. He replied that it was a manuscript which he had found in the garret over the cells, and which he thought would sell for something handsome. I then told him that he had better bear the loss with patience, for that a single step backwards might be fatal to us. The poor monk groaned in the spirit, and still hanging on upon my waistband, followed me up.

"After getting with much difficulty over fifteen or sixteen leaden plates, we reached the ridge-pole and placed ourselves astride upon it. We had behind us the little island of St. George the Elder, and before us at two hundred paces distance the numerous cupolas of the church of St. Mark, which makes a part of the Doge's palace. I now began to relieve myself of my parcels, and invited my companion to do the same. He placed his bundle of ropes under him as well as he could, but in endeavoring to lay aside his hat he lost his hold of it, and it rolled from plate to plate into the gutter, where it followed the other parcel into the canal. My poor comrade was a good deal distressed. 'A bad sign this!' said he; 'here I am at the outset, without my hat, besides losing my curious account of the festivals of Venice.' Being now in rather better humor, I quietly told him that these two accidents were not extraordinary, and ought not to be viewed as bad omens. 'Let them rather teach you,' said I, 'to be prudent, and to recollect that we are under the protection of Providence. If your hat had gone to the left instead of the right we should have been ruined. It would have fallen into the court instead of the canal, and would infallibly have given an alarm, which would have led to our apprehension.'

"After passing several minutes in looking to the right and left, I told the monk to remain where he was, until my return, and I pushed myself forward without any difficulty, upon the ridge-pole. I employed about an hour, in going, in this way, over the whole roof, and carefully observed every part of it; but I could see nothing upon any of the sides to which I could fasten the end of a rope. It was necessary, therefore, to abandon the idea of descending into the canal, or the palace court; and there was nothing on the top of the church, between the domes, that seemed to favor our purpose. If we crossed this church, and attempted to get up the roof of the Canonica, the ascent would be so steep as to be almost impracticable; and, though I was disposed to be bold, I wished to avoid the least imprudence.

"It was, however, necessary to decide upon something, and I finally fixed my eyes upon an upright window in the roof, on the side of the canal, and about two thirds of the way down towards the gutter. It was at such a distance from the place where we

came out, that it probably did not open upon the garret of our cells, but upon some other, belonging to an apartment in the palace, which would be open at daylight. I was quite confident that the servants in attendance, even those of the Doge's family, would assist our escape, out of hatred to the Inquisition, had they even supposed us to be the greatest criminals. Under this impression, I determined to examine the front of the window, and sliding gently down, I soon found myself astride, upon the top of its little roof. I then took hold of the sides with both hands, and advancing my head, I could see and feel a small grate, behind which was a window, glazed with diamond panes of glass, set in lead. The window presented no obstacle; but the grate, small as it was, seemed to be an invincible difficulty, for without a file I did not see how I could possibly remove it; and as I had nothing but my spontoon, I was greatly disappointed, and began to lose courage, when a slight accident restored my spirits.

"Dear reader! if you will but imagine yourself, for a moment, in my position; if you will but recollect the torments to which I had been subjected for fifteen months, and the danger to which I was now exposed, upon a roof of lead, where the slightest false movement would have deprived me of life; if you will reflect that I had only a few hours to overcome all the difficulties that might occur to prevent my escape, and that if I failed I should suffer an increase of severity from the horrible tribunal which had me in its power: if, I say, you will consider these things, you will not, I trust, however philosophically disposed you may be, think the worse of me for the candid confession that I am about to make, especially when you take into view the natural tendency of adversity and distress to weaken the mind. I must own, then, should it even injure me in your opinion, that the circumstance to which I allude, as having exercised a cheering influence upon my spirits, was the sound of the clock of St. Mark, which just then struck twelve. It reminded me at once of the oracle which I had obtained from my favorite Ariosto: *Tra il fin d' Ottobre e il capo di Novembre.* And it seemed to be a sort of speaking talisman, which commanded me to act, and promised me success. I resumed my work, and, on examining the grate again, I found that by inserting the point of my spontoon between it and the casement, I could, perhaps, remove it entirely. After a quarter of an hour's labor, I succeeded in this, and taking out the grate entire, I placed it on the roof by the side of the window. I then found no difficulty in breaking the glass, although I wounded one of my hands in the operation.

"I now returned to the top of the roof, and made my way to the place where I had left my companion. I found him in a great rage, and he abused me outrageously for leaving him so long

alone, saying, that he had been upon the point of returning to the cell. I asked him what he thought had become of me? 'I thought,' said he, 'that you must have fallen from the roof.'

"'And is this the way in which you express your pleasure at seeing me again?'

"'What have you been doing all this time?'

"'Follow me,' said I, 'and you shall see.'

"We then resumed our parcels, and proceeded towards the window; when we had reached the point above it, I gave Balbi a full account of what I had done, and consulted him upon the best means of getting into the window. It was easy enough for one, as by means of the cord he could be let down by the other; but I did not see what could be done for the second, as there was no way of fastening the cord to the window. By entering, and letting myself fall, I might break my arms and legs, and I did not like to venture without knowing the distance from the window to the floor. I communicated these reflections to Balbi in a tone of the most friendly interest. His reply was, 'take care of me first, and when I am fairly in, you will have time enough to think of yourself.'

"I confess that I was tempted for a moment on hearing this answer, to plunge my spontoon into his breast. I restrained myself however, and did not utter a word of reproach, but proceeded at once as he suggested, to take care of him. Undoing my parcel of cord, I tied one end firmly round his body, and making him lie down upon his breast, with his feet downwards, I lowered him to the top of the window. When he was there I directed him to get in and hold on by the sides of the casement, which he did. I then descended, myself, to the top of the window, as I had done before, and placing myself astride on the top, I grasped the cord firmly, and told the monk to let himself down. When he reached the floor he detached the rope, and upon drawing it up, I found that the distance was more than fifty feet. This was too far to think of leaping. The monk, who now thought himself safe, after passing two hours of mortal terror in a position that was certainly not very satisfactory, called out to me to throw him the rope, and that he would take care of it. It will be readily believed that I did not follow this wise counsel.

"Not knowing what to do, and waiting for some new thought, I returned to the top of the roof and I now remarked a dome, which I had not yet examined. Upon approaching it, I found a flat terrace covered with lead, before a window, which was fastened with two bolts. The terrace was undergoing some repair, and I found here a tub filled with mortar, a trowel, and a ladder, which I thought might be long enough to enable me to descend into the garret, where I had left my companion. I accordingly tied the

end of my rope to the first round, and dragged the ladder to the window. It was about twelve fathom long, and the difficulty was to get it in, in doing which I found so many obstacles, that I regretted not having the assistance of the monk.

"I had let down the ladder into such a position that one of its ends touched the window, and the other extended about one third of its length over the gutter. I now descended to the top of the window, and drawing up the ladder, fastened the rope to the eighth round, after which I let it down again, and then attempted to introduce the end next me into the window. I found, however, after getting in a few rounds, that the end struck against the roof on the inside, and that there was no way of introducing it any further without raising the lower end. I might have placed the ladder across the window, and by fastening the rope to one of the rounds, have let myself down without danger, but the ladder would then have remained on the spot, and would have furnished the means of discovering our retreat, perhaps before we had quitted it. Determined not to lose by any imprudent act, the fruit of so much labor, I sought for some way of introducing the whole ladder, and having no one to assist me, I resolved to descend, myself, to the cornice, and see if I could effect it. This I did, but with so much danger, that without a sort of miracle, I could not have escaped with my life. Holding my spontoon, I let myself down gently to the cornice by the side of the ladder. I lay upon my breast and rested the ends of my feet upon the side of the marble gutter. In this position I had strength enough to raise the ladder half a foot, and, pushing it forward, I had the satisfaction to see it enter the window to the length of a foot. This considerably diminished the weight. I had now only to push it in two feet more by raising it to that height, and I was certain that it would enter. In order to effect this, I attempted to rise upon my knees, but the effort which I made to do this made me slip, and I found my lower extremities thrown over the edge of the roof, upon which I now supported myself upon my elbows and breast.

"At the recollection of that moment I still shudder, and it would be impossible to describe it in all its horror. The natural instinct of self-preservation made me instantaneously use all the strength I had in my arms and body to stop my descent, and I hardly know by what miracle it was, that I succeeded. I had nothing to fear as to the ladder, for in the unfortunate effort which I had just made, I had pushed it in three feet, and thus rendered it immovable. I now perceived that if I could raise my right leg, so as to place the knee upon the gutter, and then the other in the same way, I should be out of danger; but I had not yet reached the end of my troubles. The effort that I made to raise my leg occasioned such a violent muscular contraction that it brought on

a cramp, which deprived me for a moment of the use of the limb. I retained my self-possession, and having often experienced that the best remedy for an accidental cramp is to remain entirely motionless, I applied it in the present instance. What a fearful interval! In about two minutes I renewed my attempt, and gradually placed myself on both knees upon the gutter. When I had taken breath I carefully raised the ladder to the proper height, and then returning to the window with the help of my spontoon in the same way in which I first ascended the roof, I pushed it in to the full length. My companion received the end of it in his arms, and, after throwing down the rope and our parcels, I descended myself without any difficulty. We then proceeded to reconnoitre our position.

"At one end of the room we found a large door composed of iron bars. This was no very good sign, but when I placed my hand on a latch in the middle it yielded and the door opened. We then made the tour of the next room, and crossing it encountered a table and some chairs. We also found some windows and opened one of them, from which we could see nothing but domes and perpendicular walls. Not knowing where we were, I could not think of letting myself down outside, and having closed the window again, we returned to the place where we had left our parcels. Being now completely exhausted, I threw myself upon the floor, and placing a parcel of ropes under my head, fell asleep. Had death itself been the immediate consequence I could not have held out longer. I slept about three hours and a half, when the monk roused me, but with difficulty. He could not conceive how I could sleep in the situation in which we were. This was, however, not at all surprising. For the two days preceding, my agitation had prevented me from taking either food or rest, and the efforts which I had just made were enough of themselves to exhaust the strength of any man. Sleep, however, recruited me entirely, and I found on waking, that we had now light enough to proceed with assurance.

"As soon as I had cast my eyes around, I said to the monk that this room was no part of the prisons and that we could easily make our escape. We took the direction opposite to the iron door and found another. I felt about it till I put my finger upon the key-hole, and introducing the end of my spontoon, I soon opened the door. This conducted us into another chamber out of which we passed through another door that was not locked, into a gallery covered with pigeon-holes filled with papers. These were the public archives. At the end of this gallery we found a little stone staircase, which we descended, and then a second, at the bottom of which a glass door opened into the ducal chancery. I opened one of the windows of this room and might easily have let myself

down, but not knowing where I should fall, I did not like to take the risk. I went to the door of the chancery and attempted to unlock it with the point of my spontoon, but finding this impossible I proceeded to cut an opening through it with that instrument. The monk, who aided me as well as he could, was alarmed at the noise I made, which might have been heard at a considerable distance. I felt the danger myself, but it was inevitable.

"In half an hour I had made an opening which was sufficiently large, and it was well that it was, for it could not have been made larger without the aid of a saw. It was rather a difficult and painful business to get through, for the sides of the hole were filled with sharp points that tore both clothes and flesh. We succeeded however, though not without several severe wounds. When I had got through, I collected our parcels, and descending two staircases, opened, without much trouble, the door which leads into the principal passage from the exterior of the building. The outer door which closes this entrance was locked, and I saw at once, that I could not think of forcing it. I therefore sat down quietly and resigned myself to my fate, advising the monk to do the same. 'My work is done,' said I. 'It remains for Providence or fortune to do the rest. I know not whether the domestics will come here to sweep to-day or to-morrow, both being great festivals. If any one comes I shall make my escape as soon as I see the door open; if not, I shall stay here, and if I die with hunger, so much the worse.' The monk was furious; he called me madman, deceiver and liar, but I paid no attention to him. At this time the clock struck six, and I found that one hour had passed since I awoke in the garret.

"I now proceeded to change my clothes, and with my laced hat and rich dress must have had at this time of day and under the circumstances, very much the appearance of a rake who had been carried in a drunken frolic to the watch-house. In this costume I went to a window and was seen there by some of the idlers in the court, who went and gave notice to the porter. I regretted, on reflection, that I had gone to the window, from a fear that I might have betrayed myself, but the effect proved to be good. The porter, hearing that a gentleman in full dress was seen at the window, supposed that he had accidentally locked in somebody the night before, and came to open the outer door. I was seated near the monk, listening to his stupid abuse, when the rattling of the keys struck my ears. I rose immediately, and looking through a crevice, I saw a single man with a wig on and without a hat, who was slowly mounting the steps, with a large bunch of keys in his hand. I told the monk in a very serious tone not to open his mouth, and to follow me. I held the spontoon in my right hand, under my coat, and placed myself near the door,

in such a position that I could go out as soon as it should open. I devoutly prayed that the porter might not attempt to stop me, for if he had I was determined to despatch him.

"At length the door opened. On seeing me the porter stood aghast, but without stopping to explain the matter, I sprang out at once, followed by the monk. Without appearing to run, but walking as fast as I could, I went down the magnificent steps, called the giant's stair, and proceeded directly to the royal gate of the palace, and thence across the square to the quay. My object was to escape as soon as possible from the territory of the Most Serene Republic, and going on board the first gondola I saw, I gave directions to the boatman to row me to Fusina."

After clearing the palace, our author found but little difficulty in effecting his escape, although he was placed once or twice in rather a hazardous position, by his own imprudence and that of his comrade. He succeeded, not without some trouble, in ridding himself of this personage, and being still in the Venetian territory, he threw himself, alone and on foot, into some of the by-roads, in order to avoid observation. Being entirely exhausted, as night drew on, he sought hospitality in the nearest house, which proved, singularly enough, to be that of one of the principal police-officers, who with his whole suite, were actually out at the time in pursuit of the fugitive. A good night's rest restored his strength, and in two or three days more he found himself in safety beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Most Serene Republic. He then repaired to Paris, where he was well received by Cardinal de Bernis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom he had known as Ambassador at Venice, and who procured him an appointment under government.

We shall not pursue any further the detail of our author's adventures, which are in general of a wholly private character, and, as we have said before, not always particularly edifying. The narrative of his escape from the prisons of the Inquisition, which we have here presented to our readers in an abridged form, is not only interesting in itself, but may lead to some useful reflections. Accustomed as we are in this country, to a state of things in which Liberty and Law walk hand in hand, we are not, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the advantages we enjoy. Our system, like every other, has its bright and dark sides, and it is the infirmity of human nature, to underrate the value of good things in possession, and to exaggerate their real or supposed inconveniences.

——"It so falls out
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we reck the value: then we feel
The virtue that possession could not give us
While it was ours."

When we see the tranquillity of private life, and the sanctity of private character invaded in the struggles of contending parties, we are apt to believe for the moment, — especially, if our own party happen to be in the minority, — that all this toil and trouble are but much ado about nothing, and that the State is better off under the quiet sway of arbitrary government. A review, in detail, of some of the cases of outrage on personal rights, which are continually occurring in such governments, is well fitted to remove these impressions, and to bring home to our minds, under a clear and lively point of view, the blessings of liberty. The inconveniences of which we complain, are in a great measure ideal. The politician who sees his favorite candidate defeated, or witnesses the success of a measure which he deems injurious, exclaims in the first agony of disappointment, that rather than be so governed, he would prefer the aristocracy of Venice, Inquisition and all. A night's rest, however, generally takes off the edge of his trouble, and the next day he goes about his business with as good a heart as before. But there is nothing imaginary in a visit from a company of forty archers, who enter your bedchamber before you are up in the morning, and carry you off to a wretched dungeon, where your only *habeas corpus* must be an iron tool of your own forging, and where, if you do not happen to possess the extraordinary strength, energy and resource that distinguished our author, you may remain for the rest of your life, without knowing the cause of your confinement. The constant repetition of similar, or still more revolting cases, of the violation of private right by the old governments of Europe, was among the causes that operated most strongly in bringing on the revolutionary movements of the last century, and we may add, most clearly justified them. The leading champion of liberty in the National Assembly of France, Count de Mirabeau, had been seventeen times imprisoned by the arbitrary process of a *lettre de cachet*, — that is,—upon a mere order of the government, without being heard in his defence, or even informed of his crime. Is it wonder-

ful, that when he and others who were similarly situated, had found an opportunity of telling their story to the people, the foundations of the Bastile began to totter? We are not blind to the inconveniences, abuses and dangers of our political system, but while it gives us a permanent national peace, instead of the wars that constantly desolate Europe, and complete security for person and property, instead of the Bastiles, the bow-strings, — the Leads, — the Siberias, and the star-chambers of the Old World, we shall not seriously quarrel with it, although it should bring out occasionally an ill-tempered essay in the newspapers, or even elect, at times, the wrong man for President.

ART. IV. — *Machiavelli.*

1. *Opere di Niccolò Machiavelli, Cittadino e Segretario Florentino. X. Vol.* Italia. 1826.
2. *Machiavel, son génie et ses Erreurs, XI. Tom.* Par A. F. ARTAUD. Paris. 1833.

NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence, on the fifth of May, fourteen hundred and sixty-nine, of an ancient and noble family.* His father, Bernardo Machiavelli, traced back his ancestry to the middle of the ninth century, where it became mingled with the race of the ancient Marquesses of Tuscany. His mother was descended from the Counts of Borgo Nuovo of Fucecchio, whose name may be found in the annals of Tuscany, as early as the tenth century. The honor of both families had been supported by a long line of republican dignitaries, and a right to some employment in the service of the state, had become almost hereditary in them. It is probable that the attention of Niccolò, was also directed to a similar line of duty, and that his early habits and tastes were carefully formed for public life. But the meagre and indistinct records, that have been preserved of his youth, throw but a feeble light upon his early history; and all that can be

* The greater part of Machiavelli's history is contained in his familiar letters and official despatches. The most voluminous of his biographers, M. Artaud, has been contented with translating or condensing them. But they still open a rich and noble field, which, with the additions and illustrations that careful research might derive from other sources, would yield an enviable harvest to the diligent historian.

gathered from his own writings, consists of a few brief allusions to his dependence and poverty.*

The disadvantages of this situation must have been compensated, in part, by the peculiar prosperity that was enjoyed at Florence, during the most important portion of this period. He was born in the last year of the mild administration of Piero de'Medici, and the various tumults and struggles, occasioned by the party, that sought to prevent the succession of Giuliano and Lorenzo, had terminated in the unsuccessful conspiracy of the "Pazzi," before he had completed his tenth year. The remainder of his youth was passed under the popular government of Lorenzo the Magnificent, one of those rare and brilliant epochs, in which the genius of the prince encourages the development of mind, while his power is still too feeble to allow him to restrict its freedom. Thus all the influence which can be attributed to a general and elevated taste for literature, when combined with the highest degree of mental activity, may be justly supposed to have acted upon the early character of Machiavelli, and to have concurred, with his natural disposition, in forming those prompt and energetic habits of thought, by which he was so much distinguished during the whole of his career. At the same time, the brilliant festivals and splendid games, with which Lorenzo endeavored to divert the active minds of his fellow-citizens, from too closely observing the course and tendencies of his government, cherished in Machiavelli the fondness for gayer amusements, which served, in his graver years, as a relaxation from public duty, and, during the cloudy decline of life, consoled and cheered the weary moments of languid inaction.

But the first years of his manhood were hardly passed, when the death of Lorenzo de'Medici, at the most critical moment of his country's fortunes, again exposed Florence as a prey to internal jealousies, and an aim for foreign ambition. The noble qualities of Lorenzo were soon forgotten under the puerile administration of his son, and even the wisdom and judgment which had given solidity to his own power, contributed, by contrast, to diminish the authority of his imprudent successor. The rapid invasion of Charles VIII., with the long continued woes, that it drew down, not only upon the devoted object of his ambition, but upon the whole

* Nacqui povero, ed imparai primo a stentare che a godere. Lett. al Vettori. Opere, Vol. X. p. 99.

of Italy, and the promptitude with which the Florentines seized this occasion of throwing off their wearisome yoke; the timid and vacillating conduct of Piero de'Medici; his cowardly abandonment of the interest and dignity of his country, are facts with which every reader of Italian history is familiar. If our readers, therefore, will carry back their minds to the state of Florence, at this period, both in its internal and its external relations, they will readily perceive that Machiavelli could not have commenced his political career, at a moment that imposed more arduous duties, or required a greater share of energy and skill. *

His first essay in political life, was made under the direction of Marcello di Virgillio, about the year 1494: but the commencement of his active career must be carried forward nearly five years, to the 19th of June, 1498. This is the date of his first public employment, and some idea may be formed, either of his popularity or of his promise, from the circumstance of his having been chosen from among four competitors, to the office of Chancellor of the second Chancery of the Signoria. During the course of the following month, he received from the "Ten of Liberty and Peace," the appointment which has preserved for him, with posterity, the title of "Secretary of the Florentine Republic."

He seems to have considered this office as a school of practical politics. The intimate relations that subsisted between Florence and the principal powers of Europe, required in its government a greater degree of activity than we should be prepared to expect from so small a state, and gave rise also to many delicate questions that called for the greatest prudence and sagacity in all those to whom the arrangement of them was entrusted. Machiavelli was employed on many of these occasions, † and the rapid development of his political genius

* A satisfactory account of Florence from this period until the death of Machiavelli, may be found in Pignotti, Storia della Toscana, Lib. V, or in Guicciardini, though with more detail of the general history of Italy. Of the Florentine historians of this period, Nardi is the most esteemed.

† He was employed in twenty-three foreign embassies, among which were four to the court of France, and two to the Emperor. In addition to these duties, he was charged, on various occasions, with private missions, within the state, and others of still greater importance to the armies of the republic.

No part of Machiavelli's political career has given rise to so much misrepresentation, as his embassy to the Duke Valentino, on the occasion of his rupture with Vitellozzo, Oliverotto and the Orsini. The reader who confines his examination of this period to the narrations of Roscoe and some

may be easily traced in his extensive correspondence with the heads of his government. The numerous letters of which it is composed, may be justly classed among the most instructive portions of his writings. Embracing an extensive range of topics, and prepared in various and widely different situations, they are marked with all the peculiarities which distinguish the character of the author. His political judgment seems gradually to extend from simple and faithful description, to skilful details and sagacious conjectures. As he advances in the practice of his duties, his descriptions acquire greater force, and we meet, from time to time, brief and powerful generalizations, that discover the increasing vigor and range of his thought. Circumstances, events, characters, assume a new life

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other modern historians, will be led to concur in the darkest views of the character of Machiavelli. An attentive perusal of the original documents, will lead to a very different conclusion. The perilous situation of the Florentine republic exerted, at this moment, a peculiar influence upon her policy; and the friendship of Borgia and of Alexander, instead of forming a question of general interest or of probable advantage, could easily decide the destruction or preservation of the state. It was under such circumstances that Machiavelli was despatched to the court of Borgia. The history of his embassy is fully detailed in his official correspondence; but the master-piece of treachery, by which Borgia secured his vengeance upon greater villains than himself, is also related in a separate letter, which, originally either formed a part of the despatches, or was prepared, like the other historical fragments, to be interwoven in the continuation of the Florentine Histories. That Machiavelli, far from assisting to devise the treachery of Borgia, had no knowledge of his intentions with regard to Vitellozzo and his associates, is evident from the whole course of his letters. It appears from these, that the Duke never confided his plans even to his favorite counsellors: that his probable conduct was, on this occasion, a subject of general conjecture: Machiavelli gives his own, and inclines to suspect the seeming reconciliation of Borgia and his enemies. It appears also that Borgia, instead of seeking the advice of Machiavelli, never admitted him to an audience except when new despatches from Florence rendered it impossible to refuse, and the conversation at these interviews is fully related. V. the Leg. al Duca Valent, particularly from the letter of the 23d of October, to the end of the Legation.

They who blame him for not having returned immediately upon the discovery of Borgia's crime, apart from the new principle which they establish for ambassadors, fall into two errors: they forget that he had repeatedly solicited a recall, and been ordered to remain, — V. pp. 189. 192. 231, of Leg. al D. Val. Opp. Vol. VIII; secondly, that the state of roads and country rendered all passing difficult and dangerous, — some of his own despatches were lost, — pp. 274. 286. There was no possibility of his escaping to Florence. For general accounts, v. Guiccard. Vol. III, p. 78, ed. of Pisa, 1819. The note at the bottom should be compared with Roscoe, Leo X., V. I, pp. 446. 454. Every sincere admirer of Roscoe, — and we are proud to be classed in the number, — must regret the facility, with which, in all that relates to Machiavelli, he has abandoned his usual course of careful thought and original investigation.

Ginguené's observations should be compared with his own embassy at Turin. — V. Botta Storia d'Italia, del 1789, Lib. XV.

under his pen, and the scenes and interests of the age, with all the doubts and hopes and anxious conjectures, which agitated hearts that have long been cold, seem to return like the cares and feelings of the present. It was in the exercise of these, more, perhaps, than in that of any of his other duties, that he acquired the art of selecting from the mass of mingled events, the particular facts that gave form and feature to history.

The confidence and favor, with which Machiavelli was viewed by his government, are evident from the free recourse that was had to his services upon all important occasions. Scarcely was he returned from one embassy, when he was directed to prepare for another, and the most important negotiations with foreign powers were followed by difficult and confidential commissions within the territories of the republic. During the whole course of his public life, his duties required a constant state of activity and preparation, that would have exhausted the energies of any common mind. It was only while within the walls of Florence, that his situation seems to have been ill adapted to his character. But even there he found a compensation, and the familiar knowledge that he acquired of the nature and relations of the government, and of its adaptation to the character of the people, prepared his mind for the clear and vigorous views of the Florentine histories. Society, also, had many charms for his hours of occasional leisure, and poetry, "filled up each languid pause with the finer joys" of a rich and classic imagination.

In this succession of active duties, fourteen years of his life passed rapidly away; and although he never advanced so far as to acquire any direct share in the conduct of the public councils, his sagacity and judgment were constantly employed in all important emergencies and difficult negotiations. But at length, a new storm began to gather above the devoted walls of Florence, and the timid and vacillating policy of a single chief,* again drew down upon his country and himself the ruin that firmness and energy might have easily averted. The government, by which Machiavelli had been employed, was overthrown by the arms of Spain, and the family of the Medici, like the Bourbons of our own days, returned to their native walls, under the protection of a foreign ally.

No sooner was the new government firmly established, than

* Piero Soderini, who had been made Gonfaloniere for life.

it commenced the usual train of persecutions against the partizans of the old. Three decrees were passed against Machiavelli, within the course of ten days. By the two first he was deprived of office, and condemned to a year's banishment from the Florentine territory: but the third, as if proceeding upon maturer deliberation, or procured under the influence of more friendly feelings, exchanged the sentence of banishment to a simple prohibition from entering the "Public Palace." Fear and suspicion followed the secretary into his retirement, and his faithful adherence to the republic was considered as a proof of hatred against her new rulers. Notwithstanding his thorough knowledge of the character of his enemies, he knew not how to adapt himself to his change of situation. He had studied the movements of government too long, to withdraw his eyes, at once, from this favorite subject of contemplation, and he continued his observations with the same boldness and freedom, that he had indulged during his own public career. * The jealous apprehensions of government, which a more guarded line of conduct might have easily allayed, were strengthened by this ill-timed and imprudent boldness; and when, in the course of the following year, an extensive conspiracy was accidentally discovered, he was immediately arrested as a fitting object of suspicion. The torture was, at that period, indiscriminately employed in all cases of arrest, and the conviction, that a free and open course of justice would have failed to procure, was often wrung from the agonized confessions of an innocent victim. Six † shocks of the cord were inflicted upon Machiavelli, with fruitless cruelty, and not a word escaped him in the bitterness of his agony, that could be wrested into a confession of guilt, or serve as an accusation against others. Unable to convict him, they could still torment; and accordingly, buried in the depths of a loathsome dungeon, his lacerated body closely bound with chains, and his mind distracted by the cries of misery and of degradation, that reached him from every side, he was left to the long torture of solitude and suspense. Here, also, his fortitude remained unshaken, and his noble power of patient endurance

* Even after his imprisonment, he writes thus to his friend, Francesco Vettori: Pure se io vi potessi parlare, non potrei fare che io non vi empiessi il capo di castellucci, perchè la fortuna ha fatto che non sapendo ragionare nè dell'arte della seta, nè dell'arte della lana, nè de' guadagni, nè della perdite, e mi conviene ragionare dello stato, e mi bisogna botarmi di star cheto, o ragionar di questo. — Opp. Vol. X, p. 102.

† Con sei tratti di fune in sulle spalle, &c. Sonn. a Giuliano de'Medici.

baffled the snares of his adversaries, and wearied their malignity. Even the sonnets, which he addressed to Giuliano de' Medici, for the avowed purpose of exciting his interest, breathe an elevated and independent tone, and contain a degree of humorous expostulation and description, which could not have proceeded from a mind broken or humbled by misfortune. The friends, whose affection he had gained, during the days of his prosperity, gave, in these moments of trial, the surest testimony to his worth and their own sincerity; and several lucky circumstances combining to favor their exertions, he was restored to freedom, after a short but rigorous confinement. *

It was not, however, to return to his favorite occupations, that Machiavelli issued from his dungeon. A long course of bitter trial still awaited him; poverty, with its anxious schemes and depressing cares, the excitements of hope, the bitterness of repeated disappointment, and, more than all, the restless movements of a mind that nature had formed for constant exertion, and long habit had rendered incapable of repose. But the resources that his fortune denied, were, in part, supplied by his own exertions. Anxious to open a way of return to public life, on which he depended not only for enjoyment, but for the means of support, he composed and presented to Lorenzo de'Medici, the "Treatise of the Prince," in which he had endeavored to embody the results of his observations upon the governments of his own times, and of his study of the political doctrines of the ancients. † The object for which he

* It will not be uninteresting to observe the manner in which Machiavelli speaks of these events, for it shews, both how he prized his Roman fortitude, and that the simplicity with which he relates the remarkable events of history, was a part of his character.

To F. Vettori, he writes: Io sono uscito di prigione con letizia universale di questa città. Nè vi replicherò la lunga istoria di questa mia disgrazia; ma vi dirò solo che la sorte ha fatto ogni cosa per farmi questa ingiuria, pure per grazia di Dio ella è passata. Spero non c'incorrere più, si perchè sarò più caùto, si perchè i tempi saranno più liberali e non tanto sospettosi. — Opp. Vol. X, p. 97. In another letter: E quanto al volgere il viso alla fortuna, voglio che abbiate di questi miei affari questo piacere che gli ho portati tanto francamente che io stesso mene voglio bene e parmi essere da più che non credetti. — p. 99. To a friend who complained of his long silence: A che ti rispondo, che io ho avuto dopō la tua partita tante brighe che non è maraviglia che io non ti abbia scritto anzi è piuttosto miracolo che io sia vivo, perchè mi è suto tolto l'ufizio e sono stato per perdere la vita, la quale Idio e l'innocenza mia mi ha salvata; tutti gli altri mali e di prigione ed'altro ho sopportato, pure io sto con la grazia di Dio bene e mi vengo vivendo come io posso, &c. — p. 121, ubi sup.

† This long disputed fact is placed beyond all doubt by a letter to F. Vettori, which was unknown to the early editors. — V. Op. V. X, p. 149. It is also published in Pignotti, Stor. della Tosc. V. Vol. p. 269. In all but the latest editions of Machiavelli, it is wanting.

had written failed, but a nobler end was obtained. He had commenced the train of thought, which was to lead him to the discovery of so many important truths, and his active mind could not rest on the threshold of the temple that it had opened. Step by step he was led on to a more attentive examination of his principles, new truths were discovered, some erroneous views were brought out in their true light by wider application and more exact comparison, and the undertaking which had originated in a strong desire for public life, became the chief source of his enjoyments, and was continued with regular and progressive improvement until the last moment of his existence.

These studies, however, were not sufficient to furnish constant occupation for a spirit like his, and the intervals of severe labor were partly filled up with the composition of his comedies, his translations, and various lighter pieces, both in prose and in verse. But many moments still remained, which, for a mind that sought relief in a variation of duties, rather than in actual repose, were wearisome blanks in existence. In such moments his spirit seemed to break, and his fortitude to forsake him, and it is impossible to read his expressions of passionate discontent, * — complaints that had never been suffered to escape him in prison and in torture, — without feeling how much easier it is to meet the most violent persecutions of the world, than to support the long trial of ingratitude and neglect.

At length, the gradual progress of his literary reputation began to prepare the way for a return to public life. His correspondence with Vettori, the Florentine ambassador at Rome, had been communicated to Leo X., and that Pontiff, a liberal if not a judicious patron of learning, had, from time to time, encouraged the solitary labors of Machiavelli, by various marks of his favor and his regard. He caused him to be consulted upon many important questions, and drew from him, through the medium of Vettori, many admirable views concerning the most interesting events of the period. At last, throwing aside the veil under which he had covered his communications with Machiavelli, the Pope invited him to prepare a plan for the government of Florence. This was shortly followed by a mission,† of but little moment in itself, but of great importance to

* See, for example, pp. 171. 196, Vol. X.

† His correspondence with Guicciardini, during this mission, presents a very amusing picture of these grave historians. V. M. Op. Vol. X, pp. 199, to 207, inclusive.

him, as an earnest of a recall to his favorite occupations. But another blow seemed to await him at the first revival of his hopes, and before any fixed establishment had assured him of the permanence of his restoration to favor, Leo X. was suddenly cut off in the prime of his career. Thus deprived of a protector, who, although slow to grant him confidence, had been ready to acknowledge his merit, Machiavelli remained for a short time in the greatest uncertainty. Another mission, however, of a more important nature, was soon confided to him by one of the principal corporations of the city, and while engaged at Venice in the negotiations for its fulfilment, he received the welcome tidings that his name had been once more inserted among those of the citizens that were held eligible to office.

The successor of Leo did not long continue to enjoy his dignity; and upon his death, the Cardinal de'Medici was elevated to the papal chair, with the title of Clement VII. In him Machiavelli found a firm and constant protector, and the most important portion of his political career now opened before him. The experience of his early life had been matured by a long course of study, and he returned to the field of his youthful exploits, with a skill perfected by assiduous labor, and an influence strengthened and extended by the splendor of his literary reputation.* It is not, without regret, that we pass over the details of this period; for the profound judgment, the quick perception, the thorough knowledge of human nature, which distinguish the character of Machiavelli, appear in his later negotiations united with an unvarying boldness of purpose and energy of mind, which shew how well he was formed by nature to govern the mighty movements, which fortune had condemned him simply to contemplate and record. Melancholy, however, was the scene on which he was employed: war and unbridled barbarity without, the horrors of a destructive pestilence, with terror and contention within. But the fulness of these calamities was hidden from his view, and before the half of his dark anticipations had been realized, he sunk a prey to the united efforts of disease, exhaustion, and grief, on the 22d of June, 1527.

None of the works of Machiavelli were printed during his life; but the copies which had been prepared for the use of

* —— Che vedi quanto onore fa a me un poco di virtù che io ho. Lett. al figlio. Op. Vol. X, p. 257.

his friends, or of the patrons to whom particular portions were dedicated, had been freely circulated in manuscript both in Florence and in Rome. Within a few years, however, after his death, all his larger works were printed, and obtaining extensive circulation, soon gave rise to that violent controversy which has been continued, with very little increase of judgment, or diminution of virulence, during the course of three centuries. * The first to commence this warfare against the supposed doctrines of Machiavelli, was the celebrated Cardinal Pole, who, in his conversation and in his writings, assailed with great vehemence the principles of the "Prince." This attack was followed, in a few years, by a violent dissertation of the Bishop Caterino Politi. A French protestant, Innocent Gentiletto, next entered the lists, and undertook, in an extensive latin treatise, to refute one by one the obnoxious doctrines. The warfare, thus commenced, was continued with a virulence of which it is difficult to find the parallel; and men of every class and of opposite principles, princes and their subjects, statesmen and theologians, the blindest partizans of absolute power and the most enthusiastic champions of freedom of opinion, have united in the reproach, and confirmed the condemnation.

Amid the violence of controversy there is little room for the cool decisions of judgment. The contest for truth can hardly be carried on without awakening the pride of human reason; and no sooner does this feeling become excited on either side, than the antagonists, like foes, at the decisive moment of battle, lose every other sentiment in the eager desire of success. Thus, in the Machiavellian controversy, what was first advanced as a sincere opinion, was at last maintained as a point of character. Each successive writer readily adopted the assertions of his party, and enlarged them with comments and deductions of his own. Detached sentences, idle rumors, the vile inventions of party spirit, usurped the place of historical documents, until the mass of falsehood and calumny became accumulated to a degree that almost baffled the honest exertions of patient research.

It was impossible, however, that some should not be found among the higher intellects of every age, who were able to un-

*A very able sketch of this controversy, may be found in the learned preface to the edition of Machiavelli, to which we have referred above. A full and satisfactory history is given in the second volume of Artaud, p. 287, and seq.

derstand and appreciate the genius of Machiavelli. By some many of his views have been silently adopted, without any acknowledgment of the source from which they were drawn; others have been contented with a passing comment, while a few have boldly advanced into the arena, and warmly engaged in the defence both of his writings and of his character. But unfortunately for the success of these last, they seem to have thought it necessary for his vindication, that some mystic reason should be assigned for the composition of the Prince, and have thus been led to form contradictory and improbable theories, which they have supported with all the force of argument and the zeal of controversy. Some have discovered in the Prince a bold and faithful picture of a tyrant, prepared, not to guide the steps of a monarch, but to enlighten the minds of his subjects. * To others it has seemed a cunning and deep laid snare, coolly formed for the destruction of the Medici. While a few, struck with the evident discordance between some parts of the Prince and the other works of Machiavelli, and exaggerating the satirical cast of particular portions of his writings, have supposed him to have been a disappointed spirit, whose pictures of life were shaded with the darkness of his own misanthropy.

All these opinions seem equally extravagant, and have, indeed, little foundation either in the character of Machiavelli, or in the common principles of human nature. A picture prepared for the people, would hardly have been consigned to the custody of a single individual, and least of all to that of him who would have the most to apprehend from its publicity. A long life devoted to some single and distant object, with views extending into futurity, — toils and snares, prepared to act at some far off and uncertain period, — these may be found more easily in the dreams of romance than in the sober annals of actual history. The last theory, — the supposition that his works contain a satirical picture of life, — although grounded by its advocates upon his character and the cast of some of his writings, is fully refuted by the general features of both. Rarely, indeed, will it be found, that skilful and subtle theories can be applied to the motives of human action.

* Rousseau,—Cont. Soc. Oeuv. Tom. V. p. 204. D'Alembert seems to have thought the same form of apology necessary, in order to explain some parts of the Spirit of Laws, Vol. Anal. de l'Esp. des Lois pour servir de suite à l'éloge de Mons. de Montesq. Oeuv. Tom. I, p. 104.

But, at last, the moment arrived which was to furnish a surer guide to his real views, and the defence was to proceed from the best interpreter of the feelings and motives of every man, — his own correspondence. The diligence and zeal which have always characterized the scholars of Italy, had never been directed to an examination of the manuscripts of Machiavelli, and, as if the ingratitude that embittered his life had not sufficed, the only pieces which could afford a full refutation of the calumnies of his enemies, were suffered to moulder in neglect, while dusty *codices*, and even whole libraries, were searched to discover a new reading, or establish a disputed passage in the Decameron. The first of his inedited essays that was brought to light, was a small dialogue upon the Italian language, which was published by Giovanni Bottari, in 1730. After an interval of thirty years, the discourse addressed to Leo X. upon the government of Florence, with several letters of great interest and importance, were discovered in the Gaddian library, and published in the city of Lucca. Other discoveries soon followed, and shortly after the publications at Lucca, his official despatches to the Florentine government were recovered, and his important services as a faithful and confidential ambassador of the Republic, were, for the first time, established upon full and incontrovertible documents. These writings, so important to the character of their author, and so interesting in a country where literary curiosity is carried to an extent that can hardly be conceived in America, excited the attention of the Florentine literati to the highest degree, and gave rise to a careful preparation of a new edition of his works. This was partly accomplished in 1782; but new discoveries in the following years led to a more exact collection by the same editors, and it was not until the commencement of the present century, that the presses of Italy began to multiply fuller and more correct editions of the works of their greatest philosopher.

Nothing could be more striking than the new aspect in which Machiavelli now appeared; the dark coloring with which calumny had surrounded him, has passed away; he comes before us as the dignified and faithful ambassador of his country, the innocent and unbending victim of arbitrary power, the versatile genius, who, by the energies of his own mind, reopened the path, which an unrelenting destiny had closed be-

fore him. We seem to have met with some familiar friend, who brings us into the privacy of his domestic life, and while he amuses our curiosity with characteristic anecdotes, discovers at every step the excellence of his heart and the fervor of his affections.

But one of the most important consequences which result from these discoveries, is the view which they give of the writings of Machiavelli, as a series of connected studies, and of principles progressively formed, illustrated and corrected.* Conjecture and theory concerning the motives which guided him are thus rendered comparatively useless, and the question becomes reduced to a simple examination of the final principles in which all his labors were terminated. The Prince then resumes its place as the earliest and most imperfect result of his studies, while the Discourses and Florentine Histories, in which he has retracted the greater part of what was false in the Prince, become the true standards of his character and of his principles. For, if what has once seemed truth, may be rejected by deeper and maturer thought, and the memory be freed from the stain which the promulgation of error has left behind; if the mind, when reposing on the higher places of the temple, may look back upon the pathway, which it has trodden in its upward progress, and correct the false and erroneous views, which it formed, while its vision was bounded by mists and obscured by darkness, then is it from his ultimate conclusions alone, that the character and principles of a writer should be judged.

A full justification, therefore, of the character of Machiavelli would require an extensive examination and accurate analysis of all his writings. The limits, however, of the present article will only admit of an imperfect sketch of his three principal works.

The first in order of time, is the treatise, which commentators and editors have distinguished by the improper title of the Prince, but which was indiscriminately called by its author, *A Treatise of monarchical governments, — of Princes,* or simply *of the Prince.*† His object in this treatise, was

* Artaud has been the first to perceive this connection.

† Disputes concerning titles are seldom worthy of much attention, — but the editors seem, in this instance, to have adopted the title which favored most the idea so strongly supported by some, that this work was designed as a model for tyrants. Vide Artaud.

to describe the nature and resources of some of the common forms of absolute monarchy, in the same manner in which he afterwards described in the Discourses the character of republican governments. The commencement of the work shews with sufficient precision, the point of view under which he proposed to consider his subject.

He divides monarchies into different classes, according to the nature of their origin. Some are hereditary, — others the fruit of conquest. Here, also, we find a new division, for the conquered territory may be an addition to an original patrimony, or it may be the first step of an ambitious leader towards absolute power. In every case, the conquest is the effect either of arms, of fortune, or of individual talent, as the people over whom it is made have been accustomed to a free or to a monarchical government.

From these original distinctions arise peculiar relations between the prince and the subject, which, in turn, require from the prince peculiar modes of government, varying in difficulty according to the origin of his power.

Having thus explained the ground of his classification, he enters into a full examination of the distinctions that he has made; he explains the nature and degree of the difficulties against which princes have to contend, in each situation; he shews how they may be avoided, or in what manner they may best be overcome, and illustrates his observations by clear and animated sketches, from ancient and modern history.

He next examines with equal fulness of detail, the modes of offence and defence, which are common to these different forms of government. He, here, first assumes as an undeniable truth, that good laws and good arms are the principal foundations of every state, and then proceeding to explain the nature of the different kinds of troops, he describes in powerful language the destruction that inevitably follows all reliance upon mercenary or auxiliary power. Few men of the present day will deny the justness of his conclusions, or refuse their admiration to the warmth with which he traces the destructive progress of the power of the *condottieri*, and the abandonment of a citizen soldiery; but every reader that is familiar with the military history of Italy, will perceive that in these chapters, Machiavelli was contending against one of the strongest prejudices of his age.

The remainder of the work, with the exception of a few

pages, is devoted to an examination of some of the personal qualities of a prince. True morality will unhesitatingly condemn two of the principles that he admits, — dissimulation and a disregard of faith, when its observance is opposed to the true interests of the state; but the practice of every government, not only in ancient but in modern times, and even in our own golden period of moral profession, presents a striking commentary upon the text of Machiavelli. Most of the other principles of these chapters are above all reproach. A prince should be economical, for economy not only contributes to his means of success, but preserves him from the necessity of becoming the oppressor of his subjects. He should be severely just, for although rigid justice is often mistaken for cruelty, it is still the surest path to mercy. If compelled to choose between the fear and the love of his subjects, he should guard against their hatred, by a cautious observance of their rights, and by never departing from the laws of the strictest justice; but, in all cases, he should constantly remember, that the love of the people is the only protection of the ruler. He should preserve respect for religion, should cultivate boldness and decision of character, — should studiously avoid the corruptions of flattery, and labor to secure the free advice of wise and experienced counsellors. Enterprise and industry should be encouraged; the development of genius should be promoted by a wise distribution of rewards and privileges; and, finally, by the institution of public festivals and games, the ruler should endeavor to diffuse throughout his dominions, a spirit of gaiety and contentment.

The Discourses on the first Decade of Livy, which followed the composition of the Prince, after the interval of a year, were written, partly in order to develop the author's views concerning some principles of republican government, and partly in compliance with the request of his friends, Buondelmonti and Buccellai, in the latter of whose gardens they are said to have been recited to the young men of Florence. They are divided into three books, with a subdivision of chapters. In each book, the most interesting events of the first Decade are considered under a particular point of view. The first book is devoted to an examination of the domestic government of Rome; the second, to that of the means by which the power of the republic was extended and preserved without the city; while the third passes in review, one by one, particular

actions of private individuals, in order to examine their influence upon the progress of power, and upon the moral character of the nation. In each chapter of these books, some fact of the first Decade is treated with more or less fulness of detail, according to the degree of its importance, and in most of them the author endeavors to arrive at some general principle for the government of his own times. The most important of these principles are supported by parallel facts of contemporaneous history; and throughout the whole work, he labors to prove that the revolutions of power in every age have depended upon causes which were similar in themselves, although variously modified by circumstances peculiar to the nation or the period. His deductions are, in most cases, strictly logical, and the conduct and development of his arguments, clear, rapid and strong. New ideas arise at every instant under his pen, and he scatters over the mind, as he advances, the seeds of vigorous and active thought. The reader, whose study of legislation has been confined to the works of later philosophers, will be surprised to meet in the Discourses many principles and observations, the acuteness and profundity of which, he has been accustomed to admire in the more pretending pages of his modern oracles.* The extent and variety of the subject naturally lead to a review of some of the doctrines of the Prince, and a careful comparison of both works will show how far the views of the author had changed, concerning some of the principles that debase the former. A few, but a very few, were too deeply rooted in the character, — might we not say, in the necessities of the age?

In neither, however, of these works, does Machiavelli attempt to give a full treatise of legislation. They contain important developments of particular principles, which he possessed neither the leisure nor the means to combine, and by filling up the vacant spaces, and nicely adjusting the separate parts, to form into a complete and regular system. Such a work would undoubtedly have given a different character to his earlier writings, and secured him, in part, from the deep obloquy under which his name has so unjustly lain. But it cannot be supposed that a perfect system of legislation could have been

* Historians also have found this a convenient foraging ground, and more than one modern classic shines in the plumage of Machiavelli.

formed even by the noblest genius of such an age.* The progress of society, the development of civilization in the sixteenth century, afforded not the facts upon which such a system could be founded. The principles of constitutional monarchy, the great laws of individual right, were unknown. The government of France, so highly commended by some writers of that period, was little better than a division of arbitrary power, in which the interests of the many were sacrificed to the caprices of the few. The constitution of England was slowly forming amid the jealousies and struggles of contending parties; but what contemporaneous eye could discern, in the shapeless fragments of the sixteenth century, the beautiful fabric which became the admiration and envy of the eighteenth? Political truths are the results of the study and analysis of past events; every age contributes, more or less, to the collection, in proportion to the degree of its advancement in civilization; constitutional monarchy was the legacy of the seventeenth century; constitutional republics, on the broadest scale, were the discovery of the eighteenth; political economy, the doctrines of criminal law, are daily advancing toward perfection, and who can tell what seeds of unknown truth are ripening with them, amid the comparative peace and tranquillity of our own age? It was no greater step in France, from the iron sceptre of Lewis the Great, to the constitutional throne of Lewis Philip, than from the present state of political science, to some degree of perfection that we know not of. Where, then, will be the vaunted systems of our own days? Where the discoveries of our philosophy? Mingled with the mass of earlier systems, where each, divested of its imagined perfection, will contribute its respective share of truth, to swell the progressive science of ages.

Viewing this subject as we do, it is for us, rather a source of congratulation than of regret, that the attention of Machiavelli was confined to particular portions of political science. The politics of his own age are thus explained, with clearness and precision; the received opinions of antiquity are connected with those of the earlier periods of modern civilization, and while the utility of some parts is limited to the light which

* Le plus rare génie est toujours en rapport avec les lumières de ses contemporains et l'on doit calculer, à-peu-près, de combien la pensée d' un homme peut dépasser les connoissances de son temps. De Stael—De la Littérature. Tom. I, p. 93.

they throw upon history, others are filled with those great and permanent truths, which are addressed to the statesman of every nation and of every age.

It was not until several years after the termination of the Discourses, that Machiavelli entered upon a new field, in his Florentine Histories. A great portion, however, of this interval was employed in the studies and observations, that were essential to the accomplishment of his design, and his former labors, both as an author, and as secretary to the republic, had prepared him to engage in the task with bolder and more elevated views than had guided the steps of any preceding historian. His original design was confined to the history of Florence, from the rise of the power of the Medici, until his own times; but an attentive examination of the works of the earlier historians of the republic, convinced him that the most important portion of its history had been passed over in comparative silence.* The external wars of Florence contained, in his view, none of the important lessons which make history the surest school of wisdom. It was in the detail of the civil feuds and domestic revolutions of his country, that he sought the secrets of her prosperity, and the causes of her decline; it was only, therefore, by a full and faithful delineation of these, that he could accomplish the great end which he proposed.

Accordingly, departing from his original plan, he first traces, in a rapid and animated narrative, the revolutions which followed in swift succession throughout every part of Italy, from the reign of Theodosius, until the termination of the papal schism at the Council of Constance. The history that he is preparing to relate, is thus connected with the history of the fall of the Empire, and by following the progress of the states, which are so intimately associated with Florentine history, we are enabled to understand the causes of many peculiar features in the character and revolutions of the latter.† He then retraces the ground over which his predecessors had so carelessly trod, and describes, with well apportioned fulness of detail, the domestic history of the republic, from the foundation of the city, until the rise of the Medici, in fourteen hundred thirty-

* Vide la Prefazione alle Storie Fiorentine — pass.

† This form of introduction is supposed to have suggested to Robertson, the idea of his beautiful introduction to Charles V.

four, interweaving with his narration such portions of external history as serve by their connexion, to throw a clearer light upon the events that he was relating. From this last period, both the internal and external history are united in a full narrative, which extends to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two.

The merit of acute and vigorous thought, which characterizes all the productions of Machiavelli, is enhanced, in the Florentine Histories, by the skill with which he arranges his subject and conducts his narration. The transitions are generally easy and natural, and the charm of the narrative is preserved by the peculiar art with which he interweaves his generalization with the facts from which it proceeds, and sometimes even with the sentence that records it. For the most important, however, of these remarks, a particular place has been reserved at the commencement of each book, where they serve as a general introduction to the portion that follows. Some of the most interesting questions are here treated with an energy and justness of thought, which surpass anything in even the best chapters of the Discourses, and with the peculiar and powerful logic, which distinguishes all the works of Machiavelli. If it were possible to judge a mind like his by detached passages and fragments of his general train of thought, no part of his writings could be selected with so much propriety, as the introductions to the books of the Florentine Histories.

No work, if we except the Decameron of Boccaccio, has exercised upon Italian prose, the same degree of influence as this. But while Boccaccio, misguided by his veneration for the Latin, labored to form his style upon the arbitrary inversions and periodic sentences of the Roman classics, Machiavelli, with a juster appreciation of the genius of the Italian, adopted a simpler and more pleasing course, equally free from the inversions of the fourteenth century and the gallicisms of the eighteenth. The language of the purer writers of Italy has continued to our own times, as it was left them by Machiavelli, and his works possess nearly the same freshness of expression, which characterizes in our own language, the prose of Dryden and of Addison.*

* Aveano fissato la lingua; — mentre sono appasiti tanti scrittori, anche assai a lui posteriori, lo stile di Machiavelli si mantiene dopo circa a tre secoli fresco, come nacque, e le frasi di cui fece uso, sono quelle che ancora si adoperano. Pignotti Sto. della Tosc. Vol. VI, p. 18.

The Art of War was composed before the completion of the Florentine Histories. Like many of the works of the ancient philosophers, it is written in the form of a dialogue, in which the principles of the science are developed by the chief interlocutor, while an air of easy vivacity is spread over the whole piece, by the questions and remarks of the others. The merit of this work has been placed in a clear light by the letters of Count Algarotti, and when we reflect that they were written at the court of Frederick the Great, by a man cherished and honored for the brilliancy of his own genius, we shall ask no higher testimony to the military genius of Machiavelli.

It is a singular step from the gravity of the historian and the profound reasonings of the statesman, to the airy dreams of poetry and the keenness of comic wit. But were anything more than a general outline compatible with the plan of the present paper, we should now be called to trace the steps of Machiavelli in these new and difficult paths. Poetry was for him both a solace and a recreation, and many of the productions of his muse are strongly marked with the feelings that inspired them. He sought relief in his lyre from the stings of envy and the relentlessness of persecution, and when wearied with deeper and graver thought, refreshed his mind and restored his strength by the cheerful creations of fancy. In comedy he continued, under another form, his favorite study of man, and although the subsequent progress of the art has given greater perfection to the development of plot and to the general management of character, no writer has ever surpassed him in comic power and in faithfully portraying the follies and vices of his age. Nor are these portions of his writings less strongly marked with his original and peculiar character. Energy, vivacity and profound knowledge of human nature are the most striking characteristics of the poet, of the comic writer and of the statesman.*

The style of Machiavelli is of a kind, of which foreigners

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* ——— il viver mal contento
Pel dente dell' invidia, che mi morde,
Mi darebbe più doglia e più tormento;
Se non fusse che ancor le dolci corde
D'una mia cetra che soave suona,
Fanno le muse al mio cantar non sorde.
Capit. dell' Ingratitudine, Op. Vol. VII, p. 372.

can in part, perceive and appreciate the beauty.* Uniting the excellencies of clearness and conciseness, with great vigor of expression, and perfect harmony of arrangement, it conveys the ideas of the writer with a force and precision which make the deepest impression upon the memory, while they leave no room for misapprehension. His words and phrases are peculiarly appropriate, and have that graceful elegance which always results from a skilful use of idioms. There are no labored expressions, no nicely wrought sentences, but the whole moves on, plain and concise in argument, clear and animated in description, nervous and powerful in declamation, warming with the feelings of the writer, and reflecting every shade of his thoughts.

His descriptions are rich and varied. They are at times perfect pictures, in which every detail is carefully wrought up, with appropriate distinctness and keeping; at others, brief sketches, in which a few prominent traits, selected with the instinctive delicacy of genius, form a perfect outline of parts, and seem to indicate the rest. In every case they carry the mind forward with constantly increasing excitement, and produce the peculiar and powerful agitation with which we always draw nigh to the termination of some great catastrophe.

He seldom indulges in declamation, but whenever his feelings become particularly excited, his thoughts and images flow with a warmth and energy which show how well he was qualified to excel in this species of eloquence. He describes the events of history, whether marked by great virtues or debased

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* This style, however, so easy and natural in appearance, was the result of assiduous labor and repeated correction. Some highly interesting conjectures concerning his method of study, may be formed upon the historical fragments. They consist of a continuation of the Florentine Histories; the narrative is clear and closely connected, the events of each year are described with distinctness and precision, but the style is marked with all the haste and negligence of a first draft. The sketches of character, which are so beautifully polished in the Histories, form separate fragments and seem to have been prepared with greater care. It is more than probable, that the description of the death of the Orsini and their associates was also written to be inserted in a further continuation of the Histories.

It would seem, therefore, that he first prepared a general sketch of his works, confining his attention to the collection and arrangement of his facts; that the sketches of character and most important descriptions, were often composed separately from the first draft of the body of the work, and interwoven with it in the course of correction; and finally that the simplicity and graceful elegance which give such a charm to his style were, as generally happens, the effect of close attention and frequent revisal.

by glaring crimes, with a clearness and truth, which reproduce the whole scene in the mind of the reader. But all comments upon the moral character of the event, all expression either of blame or of approbation are repressed, or, if admitted, are expressed in brief sentences or in short comments connected with the narration of the fact. The same manner may be observed in his reasoning: the subject is stated with clearness and precision, his arguments and illustrations follow in rapid succession, but all passing remarks, all amplification and declamation are left to the imagination of the reader.* Many critics, without observing that the same peculiar simplicity is invariably used in speaking of his own interests and misfortunes, have thought that it indicated, in the mind of the writer, a total indifference to good and evil. But this moral insensibility in the highest order of intellect, is more frequently imagined than found. The volume, from which we arise with a stronger inclination to the practice of virtue, a warm admiration for the noble and lovely in moral excellence, and a profound abhorrence of the sacrifice of the interests of many to the pleasure of an individual, can hardly have been produced by a mind wholly blunted to moral feeling. As different minds have different forms of expression, so have they different ways of conveying their lessons of virtue. The moral feeling that arises from the reading of Machiavelli, lies far deeper than the surface of his narrative; it is produced by an attentive study of the whole, instead of being gaudily painted on each single part: it breaks not out in frequent and loud bursts of applause, but winds itself slowly and surely among the secret places of the heart; and the reader, although frequently unconscious of the impression that he has received, finds it mingling, like the first lessons of youth, with the whole course and character of his subsequent reflections.

Some also, have supposed, that Machiavelli had studied in preference the dark policy of his own times. We will not now stop to examine in what degree the writers of every age are influenced by the peculiar character of their own, or how far it is important for a public man, who seeks to be useful, to examine and understand the materials upon which he is to act; but we believe that a careful examination of the writings of

* This of course, is applied to his usual manner, for several beautiful exceptions might be pointed out.

Machiavelli, will show that his favorite school was in the best ages of ancient history. The most eloquent passages of his writings are those in which he describes the effect of free institutions and virtuous example upon the character of a nation. Take for example the short description of the sunny days of the Antonines:* how bright the colors, how strong the contrasts, how warm and glowing the whole design! It is the outbreathing of a pure and virtuous soul, forced from its path of cold reason, by the remembrance of bright days, and glowing amid the images that its own fancy has revived. Compare this, with the account of Borgia,† — a clear, cold, but powerful analysis, with a warm burst of enthusiastic feeling: — the one a detail of crimes supported by greater crimes, — the vices of a demon, triumphant over the vices of petty fiends, — the other a touching sketch of sweet days of peaceful virtue, whose heavenly influence his own dark age had never felt. Machiavelli's favorite character was Scipio, and he seems to contemplate his virtues with an unvaried and exhaustless delight. Cæsar, on the contrary, he boldly condemns as a selfish tyrant, whose great genius can only render his treachery more hateful. Clearly and strongly indeed, has he marked the line between those who have employed their talents and opportunities for the establishment of their own power, and those who have obeyed no other guide than their duty to their country.

Many works convey no idea of their author. The writer is lost in the story that he relates, or has nothing sufficiently peculiar in his cast of thought to impress the image of his mind upon its own creations. But Machiavelli, although he seldom speaks of himself, is constantly before the reader; his spirit accompanies us through every page: at every step, we feel the presence of an observant and superior power, that will call us to account, for every thought and feeling that we indulge. Every action that he relates, contains a lesson, in every event swell the germs of some important principle: the mind is excited to constant and active exertion, and the reader must think as he reads, or cease to read.

Throughout the whole course of his life ‡ he was a con-

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*2. Op. Vol. IV. p. 60, et seq. †2. Op. Vol. V. p. 215, et seq.

‡ His veneration for literature was occasionally manifested in a very singular manner. During his long residence at his villa, after his release from prison, he usually devoted a portion of the day to the duties and amusements of the country, freely engaging in its sports, and sharing the debate,

stant disciple of the ancients. Their precepts were, in many points, the guides and directors of his actions, and their works the companions and consolation of his solitary hours. It was thus that he was enabled to give to his own writings the same species of charm, which distinguishes all the productions of ancient art.

As a student of the most important and interesting truths, he pursued a method, incapable, perhaps, of leading to the extensive discoveries of later philosophy, but free also from the subtleties and abstractions that have caused so much misery in modern Europe. Led both by natural disposition, and by the character of his studies, to the observation of individual acts and particular examples, he reached not the broadest principles of general legislation, but close, cautious and correct, in his reasoning, he seldom failed to establish some important truth of easy and universal application. Born in an age that had given free license to every species of corruption, and called, by duty to his country, to observe from a close point of view the darkest features of crime, the terrible reality that surrounded him left no room for the brighter dreams of imagination, and he has painted man as he had found him, and life as he himself had proved it, amid disappointed hopes and torture and exile. The duties of his station compelled him to fix his view upon the probable termination of every event, and hence he sometimes appears to have lost sight of the means, in an eager anticipation of the end; but it should be remembered that his mind was of that class, which, seeing with great clearness and deciding with perfect promptitude, pass rapidly over the comments and explanations, of which they cannot discover the importance. He united the keenest comic wit with the profoundest philosophical reflection, — the skill of the satirist with the gravity of the historian, — the warmth of poetic feeling with the shrewdness of political sagacity, and bringing into actual life the same versatility and apparent contradiction of character, — the pliant skill of an Italian diplomatist with the virtues of a faithful citizen, and the tenderness of an affectionate father and friend. In short, whether we consider him in his

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and conversation of the neighboring rustics. But on his return at evenings his rustic dress was thrown aside, and, arraying himself in the more dignified robes of the courts, he entered his study and the presence of the philosophers and historians of old, with all the care and preparation which he had been accustomed to use in presenting himself to princes and ministers.

life, or in his works, we shall be constantly struck with the peculiar and strongly marked character of both, and be prepared to acknowledge that, if the "mind of man be indeed the proper study of mankind," few volumes contain a richer store of varied wisdom, than the life and the writings of Machiavelli.

ART. V. — *Life and Character of William Roscoe.*
The Life of William Roscoe. By his Son, HENRY ROSCOE. Boston. 1834.

THE most instructive chapter in the comprehensive records of philosophy, is example. There its principles are illustrated in action; its spirit typified in life. By this agency has the divine Being most perfectly revealed himself: and by it, in the moral economy of his universe, are the virtuous energies of humanity continually renewed. The happiest inspiration of which society is the source, is the influence diffused through it, in various attractive forms, by its most distinguished members. Coleridge has beautifully, and, with his accustomed significance, remarked, that "it is only by celestial observations that even terrestrial charts can be constructed scientifically." To gaze steadfastly at the intellectual and moral lights of the world, is at once the criterion and pledge of our own advancement; and in that constellation there are for all of us, some bright, particular stars, which, on account of their proximity to the region of our peculiar circumstances and sympathies, should be most earnestly and studiously regarded. The work now before us is peculiarly interesting in this country, as it furnishes the example of one who lived and died the active denizen of a commercial community like our own; of one whose native endowments were by no means brilliant, and whose circumstances, as far as they were prosperous, were created by himself; of one who, thus situated, nobly won and modestly wore the wreath of literary honor, the credit of self-denying probity, the name of a philanthropist; and who accomplished this by the simple but sublime energy of his character, by the "power of virtue in the human soul."

If any extrinsic circumstances could augment the satisfaction with which we shall review the life and comment upon the character before us, they may be found in the fact that we are indebted for our sources of information to the son of him we contemplate. The volumes mentioned at the head of this article, are an offering of filial respect and gratitude. And notwithstanding the delicacy of the duty, it has been most happily performed.

William Roscoe was born about the middle of the last century, at Mount Pleasant, in, or near the town of Liverpool. His parentage was humble, and his early years blessed with maternal fidelity, but unmarked by any indications of intellectual precocity, and not favored by influences superior to his condition. His own memory could suggest but one or two characteristics of his infant days, and the most prominent of these were a deep and instinctive dislike to restraint, and a fondness for solitary rambling along the river of his native town. At the age of twelve years the discipline of a common school education was exchanged for a course of life involving a degree of physical effort, and an opportunity for communion with nature, the genial effects of which, upon so susceptible a being, were such as circumstances of more apparent advantage might have failed in producing. Young Roscoe was called to assist his father in the business of agriculture and the sale of its products; the intervals of leisure which occurred during these employments, were devoted to reading. Doubtless, the three years passed in this manner, at an age when both body and mind are so liable to receive permanent impressions from slight causes, were very influential in giving solidity to his constitution, and in fitting his intellect and feelings for that maturity of action which so happily followed. "This mode of life," says he, in a letter to a friend, "gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day, I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors and from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were now asked whom I considered to be happiest of the human race, I should answer those who cultivate the earth by their own hands."

At fifteen, when called upon to adopt a profession, that of a bookseller was at first chosen, and even entered upon; but in a very brief period, attendance upon the shop proved weari-

some, and in the end he was articled for six years to an attorney. The duties of his clerkship were frequently arduous, or at least engrossing, and they possessed continually increasing claims in his view, as upon his future success in the pursuit he had chosen, his family mainly depended for support. Yet from these labors he would ever and anon turn to those less practical, but more attractive subjects of attention, which cheered the sterile and often irksome walks of duty, and turned the springs of thought to finer issues. Shenstone became successively his beloved companion and admired model, till the author of the Deserted Village shared the empire of his young but fervent literary love. A few but choice intimacies were formed; these gradually ripened into friendships which seem to have been singularly productive of mutual good. Under their benign incitement and cheering companionship, Roscoe studied the ancient languages, and was induced by the counsel and aid of one peculiarly gifted and proportionally beloved, to devote that attention to the Italian language and literature which, in after life, was the foundation of his literary success. At this time commenced his habitual cultivation of poetry, in which he acquired a facility and taste that neutralized the effect of severer studies, and imparted a cheerful and elevated excitement to his whole pilgrimage on earth. Yet with all these expanding and improving tastes the direct business of his youthful years received his first and most faithful care. "It is true," he remarks, "the amusements of poetry, and the incense of praise constitute of themselves some degree of happiness, and, it may be said, happiness should never be slighted. But, alas! I am a traveller, and before I intend to indulge myself, I propose to get to the end of my journey. If every beautiful prospect and every shepherd's pipe must allure me out of my road, what probability is there that I shall ever find myself at rest?"

His poetical compositions, written before the age of manhood, indicate the benevolent enterprizes toward which the ardent energies of opening life tended, and to which so fair a portion of its noon and evening were devoted, — the abolition of the African Slave Trade, and the intellectual elevation of his countrymen. The first he promoted in common with many spirits of inferior philanthropy, but in relation to the second, he evinced, even in the morning of life, a deep and discerning benevolence. Then, as ever after, he recognized

the necessity of an element that should modify the influences of the commercial world, and cherish the latent sentiment of human nature among the bustling members of a mercantile community. That he was well aware of the requisiteness of an agent more effectual than mere taste in the process of improving society, that he owed his moral growth and the power and purity of his mental efforts to a deeper principle, is not alone evidenced by the general tone of his life and recorded views. At this time he was the author of an able and forcible tract upon religious duty, the sentiments of which were directly deduced from the teachings of Christianity.

During the year 1774, Mr. Roscoe commenced practice, being admitted to the King's bench. His assiduity and conscientious spirit in the early, and therefore, most anxious stage of his professional course, is most interestingly evinced in his correspondence with Miss Jane Griffies, whose destiny it was to become the companion, and minister to the happiness of a life, which derived its deepest and most constant satisfaction from domestic influences. These letters (which, it may be observed, passed between the parties while residing in the same town, — with the few exceptions, occasioned by the temporary absence of the latter,) breathe a most confiding affection; but it is an affection dignified with a religious and intellectual sentiment, that deepened, while it embalmed it; it was a love evidenced chiefly by an earnest interest in the legitimate good of its object, — a love based on similarity of taste and sympathy of purpose; a love which inspired only to improve. "I cannot help pleasing myself (says Mr. R. in one of the first of his epistles,) with the reflection, what an infinite variety of subjects this intercourse will give rise to. Convinced of the perfect confidence that exists between us, how freely might our thoughts expand themselves! The desire of pleasing might cause some little attention to the mode of expression, whilst the certainty of mutual indulgence would prevent us from being apprehensive about trivial inaccuracies."

The first incident which broke in upon the quiet routine of his life, after his marriage, was a professional visit to London. On this occasion, he experienced, in no small degree, a trial which seems the nearest conceivable approach to the situation of Tantalus, — that of being surrounded with the luxuries of literature and art, with the quiet impulse of taste, whetted

into a keen appetite by their alluring presence, while the want of means condemns it to remain unsatisfied. The additions to his library and collection of prints, were made, therefore, very gradually, and the extreme conscientiousness with which he indulged so innocent a taste, must have greatly enhanced their value.

The introduction of some original sketches into the exhibition of a Society of Art in Liverpool, in 1784, indicates his increasing interest in its practice; but this is still more strongly manifested by the sedulous application of his literary powers to its promotion. During the next year he delivered a course of lectures on the subject, and by means of a poem on the Origin of Engraving, and several valuable contributions of a more fugitive character, labored to propagate correct notions of the principles of art, and excite an interest in its elevating pursuits. But, perhaps, his feelings and efforts in regard to these objects, are most happily associated with that ready appreciation of the works of art, in all their variety, and that earnest sympathy with and friendship for professed artists, which is so beautiful a feature of his life and character.

Three years after, however, his philanthropic spirit was engaged in an enterprize involving results of a more momentous nature, and demanding no small measure of perseverance and moral courage. Its success involved the utter annihilation of one of the most lucrative branches of the commerce of Liverpool; and those pledged to its advancement, were forced, to a greater or less extent, to come forth from the retirement of private life, become identified with a party, and engage in a contest calculated to excite strong feelings of personal and political animosity. These circumstances were so diametrically opposed to the temper and taste of Mr. Roscoe, that had it been a cause of less moral importance, he might have been excused for transferring the responsibility of its defence to others. But intimately allied as was the issue with the cause of humanity, the triumph of Christianity, and the character of his native land, it appealed to the highest principles of his nature; and with him such an appeal was never in vain. In the course of this year, therefore, appeared a poem entitled the Wrongs of Africa, — a pamphlet demonstrating the injustice and impolicy of a traffic in her children; and, soon after, a most masterly reply to a specious attempt to prove its lawfulness on the authority of Scripture. By these

and similar writings, by personal intercourse and correspondence with Wilberforce, and other enlightened friends of this great cause, and especially by creating a just public sentiment in one of the strong holds of the trade, Mr. Roscoe contributed largely to the happy result with which the enterprize was eventually crowned.

It cannot be supposed that the progress of an event which riveted the attention and divided the opinions of the civilized world, failed to attract the anxious attention, and elicit the thoughts and feelings of Roscoe. Accordingly, we find him at the opening of the French Revolution, acting under the influence of that love of man, and that faith in the ultimate supremacy of his higher nature, whence only springs an enlightened attachment to the principles of freedom. Of all the occasional products of his muse, none have been more popular or excellent in their kind, than those induced by the first brilliant stage of this event. Of his intelligent sympathy and conduct, at this period, his correspondence and public course furnish the most honorable testimony. In his case, as in that of many others, it was the primary means of drawing into political life and effort talents and sympathies, which, but for so exciting an occasion, would have been devoted exclusively to the more retired interests of literature. But it was not his case, like that of many of his contemporaries, when the dark era of the Revolution came on, to lose his faith in the blessedness of genuine political freedom. He discriminated between the effects of a long-sustained state of moral degradation upon the people, and the legitimate spirit of genuine political independence. Both he believed subject to the eternal laws of truth, and therefore deemed it as unphilosophical as sinful, to refer the recklessness and atrocity of a debased populace, to the pure and generous impulse of true liberty.

Attention to the language of Italy, to which Mr. Roscoe's mind was, as before stated, early directed, soon introduced him to an acquaintance with her standard authors. The study of these, during the whole period we have cursorily reviewed, formed one of the principal sources of his literary recreation. In perusing the historians, particularly Machiavelli and Ammirato, who wrote the Florentine annals, his primitive interest in the character of Lorenzo de'Medici was strengthened, and his long, though silently cherished purpose of writing his life, confirmed. The utility of such a work, if success-

fully executed, none could better understand than himself; yet, even he did not apparently anticipate the numerous indirect benefits of which it was productive. The numerous historical events and interesting ciscumstances, collateral with the main subject, the attractive form in which the literature and associations of Italy were brought into view, in the course of the work, and the important epoch in the world's history embraced in the period to which it referred, all tended to enhance its practical worth, and the gratification to be derived from its perusal.

The chief difficulty in the way of his design, was the want of adequate materials. Happily, this was removed, by the aid of a friend in Italy, who undertook to forward him the necessary transcripts from original documents, and such works as were not attainable in England, while the sale of two extensive libraries furnished him with yet other resources. Thus furnished, and with the sympathy of many individuals of high literary character, as well as that of his numerous personal friends enlisted in the enterprize, he commenced and assiduously prosecuted it at intervals of leisure.

Upon the publication of the work, in 1796, its success, in every respect, was complete. For the full evidence of this, we must again refer to the correspondence of the author, introduced so largely into the history of his life. Seldom do labors of this nature meet with such a degree of contemporary appreciation, or elicit more sincere and universal testimony to their worth. If ever an author had reason to feel satisfied with the result of his efforts, as regards their immediate reception by the literary public, that one was Roscoe. If he did not altogether escape the critical acumen of the times, he lived to improve by its just strictures, and to lose the memory of its unjust severity, in the various and noble tributes of praise and gratitude which were poured in upon him. He lived to see his own portrait of his favorite translated into the several modern languages of Europe, to amend and pass it through the press to a perfect edition, and to behold it, like a radiant message, bearing his name through many lands, and awakening attention to those sources of intellectual pleasure, of which he had drank so deeply, and whose renovating waters he would fain see a common well-spring on the dusty highway of life. From the individual encomiums passed upon Mr. Roscoe, on this occasion, it is difficult to select one, all being, either

from their origin or character, peculiarly pleasing. We cannot but notice, however, the allusion to the subject by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, as being from a political opponent, and, consequently, induced solely by a sense of the intrinsic excellence of the work.

> "But hark! what solemn strains from Arno's vales
> Breathe rapture, wafted on the Tuscan gales!
> Lorenzo rears again his awful head,
> And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
> The Muses, starting from their trance, revive,
> And at their Roscoe's bidding, wake and live."

From what has now been said, it is evident that the mere business of his profession had for Mr. Roscoe few attractions. He was engaged, too, in company with another gentleman, in a project which, soon after the publication of his work, began to assume a promising aspect; this was the draining and cultivating an extensive tract of peat-moss in the neighborhood of Manchester. Looking, in a good measure, to this source of income, for support, and with a view of gradually bringing his affairs to a close, and retiring to the more complete enjoyment of his taste, in the course of the year 1796, he relinquished his profession. How singly and sincerely he regarded professional occupation as a means subordinate to a great end, may be inferred from his reply to a friend who rallied him upon his withdrawing from its responsibilities. There is something peculiarly like a home-thrust in its applicability to ourselves. "Surely man is the most foolish of all animals, and civilized man the most foolish of all men. Anticipation is his curse; and to prevent the contingency of evil, he makes life one continual evil. Health, wisdom, peace of mind, conscience, all are sacrificed to the absurd purpose of heaping up for the use of life more than life can employ, under the flimsy pretext of providing for his children, till practice becomes habit, and we labor on till we are obliged to take our departure, as tired of this world as we are unprepared for the rational happiness of the next."

He now resumed his Italian reading and this with the study of Botany, his favorite science, a translation of the Balia, of Luigi Tansillo, his agency in instituting the admirable Athenæum of Liverpool, and the issuing of a new edition of Lorenzo, with other labors of a desultory nature,

occupied his time and attention, until the spring of 1799. And then it was, in pursuance of that design of retirement so congenial to his nature, and so promising of intellectual fruits, that he became the possessor of Allerton Hall in the vicinity of Liverpool. There he at once renewed his literary labors, in the field where his recent laurels were won. In preparing the history of Leo X. he but still further developed, under additional advantages, the subject so happily begun in the life of Lorenzo.

Scarcely a year had elapsed, when the claims of friendship called him from his elegant retreat into a scene of action more truly business-like, in its nature, than the one whence he had lately retired. The family of that friend whose exertions abroad had so signally aided Mr. Roscoe in obtaining interesting and necessary historical documents, had asked his counsel and personal assistance in re-arranging the affairs of their extensive banking establishment. Circumstances and his sense of duty, in the end, devolved the conduct of this concern chiefly upon himself, and, in a great measure, identified his pecuniary interests with its success. The next social and benevolent enterprise in which he seems to have engaged was the establishment of a botanical garden near town. And his pen at this time was extensively devoted to the advancement of this science, in testimony of which several interesting instances occur in his letters and communications to Botanical Societies.

The influence of Mr. Roscoe in the private circles, and, indeed, through the whole range of society around him, frequently afforded him opportunities of most happily directing the public mind, and rendered his political opinions well known. This was a prominent cause of his activity during the excitement in relation to the movements on the other side of the channel, to which we have briefly alluded, and contributed, at the approach of an important political crisis in his own country, to direct towards him the expectant regards of his townsmen. In 1806 he was returned, by the freemen of Liverpool, as a representative in parliament, and, in accordance with the sense of public duty which characterized his life, he obeyed the call, and carried into the halls of legislation the highmindedness, perseverance and loyalty to principle which had secured him the suffrages of his constituents. Here he enjoyed the high satisfaction of urging, with all the power that

argument, appeal, and personal influence afforded, the passage of the bill for Catholic Emancipation and the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The plan of a Reform in Parliament, the principles of which he subsequently most ably defended, was a measure, the happy fulfilment of which he lived to witness. During the next two years, though not officially engaged, he was much occupied in political writing, particularly in recommending peace with France.

Soon after his retirement from public life, he appears, from additions and improvements made upon his estate for the better accommodation of his library and collections, as well as from the literary projects he then conceived, to have meditated a yet more complete devotion to intellectual labor. The most important of his plans were a life of Erasmus and several translations from the Italian, of high interest. Subsequent circumstances induced him to relinquish these designs. He, however, derived much pleasure, at this time, from collating and arranging several additional illustrations of his biographies, and especially from a visit at Holkham devoted to researches among a highly valuable collection of manuscripts and rare works, belonging to his friend Mr. Coke, who assigned to him the pleasing task of rescuing them from the disorder into which they were plunged, and reproducing their distinctive characters.

But that universal principle, vicissitude, was about to bring upon Mr. Roscoe a series of discipline whereby his moral strength was destined to be severely tested. The banking concern with which he was so intimately connected, — owing to the demands of the times and the scarcity of specie, produced by the opening of the American Trade, — was forced to suspend payment. Mr. Roscoe's honorable feelings obliged him to assume the entire care of the interest of his creditors. By a well-devised plan and temporary compromise, he was confident of being able to discharge all the debts in the space of six years and still sustain the establishment. Many untoward circumstances, — particularly an unfortunate investment of a large part of their funds, rendered the prospect, at the termination of this long and anxious season of uncongenial toil, — increasingly gloomy. In view of such a state of things, he determined upon a sacrifice that can be duly estimated only by him who understands that fellow-feeling for the master minds of our race and the forms in which they have become familiar,

which springs up and grows strong in the bosom where it is habitually cherished; — by him who knows, in its full measure, the happiness of collecting about him the gems of literature and art, connecting them with associations of feeling and circumstance, gazing upon them as upon the faces of friends, and into them as into the oracles of truth; — by him, in a word, the idea of whose usefulness, honor and daily enjoyment is associated indissolubly, in his own mind, with books, and products of art, — not in their general aspect, — but as they have been gathered by the slow accumulation of careful expenditure, and become endeared by years of blessed and ministering companionship, in his own cheerful study. Who will deny to Mr. Roscoe, in the sacrifice of his library and collections, the credit of exercising a degree of religious principle worthy of human nature? The general character of that library may be inferred from his pursuits; and its value from the catalogue prepared, with minute exactness, by his own hand, indicating its numerous varieties and treasures. It is worthy of remark that no volume or print was reserved, but such as were the sacred tokens of friendship; and although a few of his friends bought, at the sale, what they conceived he chiefly wished to retain, he would derive from this considerate act, no other advantage than the liberty of re-purchasing, and when this was actually done, his conscientiousness led him to dispose of them to Mr. Rathbone, by whom they were presented to the Athenæum, where they still occupy a separate position. We cannot forbear quoting the Sonnet suggested by this event. Familiar as it may have become, it is and will ever be a beautiful evidence of the not undignified regret of the literary enthusiast relieved by the manly cheerfulness of the intellectual christian.

"As one who destined from his friends to part
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And temper as he may affliction's dart, —
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart, —
For pass a few short hours, or days or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;

> When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
> Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
> And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

When, therefore, the dreaded bankruptcy did occur, the only consolation of which such a case admits, was happily ever present to alleviate the sufferings of his delicate mind, — a deep sense of conscientious integrity.

Perhaps the most general principle involved in the leading interests of the age, is the principle of integrity. It is this which lends an aspect of high moral dignity to the pursuits in which the multitude of our day are engaged. In England and this country, commercial enterprize being the predominant object of pursuit, uncompromising integrity is the virtue, for the exercise of which there is especial and often grand occasion. And while public opinion has been on the advance respecting the *legal* course proper to be pursued in relation to bankruptcy, the want of a high moral tone in regard to this subject is lamentably obvious. Were it not so, failures, which have bereft hundreds of half their just dues, and left the author of their suffering independent, would not be regarded, as they now are, with any degree of complacency; nor would an individual of this sadly numerous species, be allowed daily to parade himself or the tokens of his pecuniary superiority before the eyes of his abused and remediless creditor. In view of such considerations, enforced as they must be by the experience and reflection of every individual, it is morally refreshing to mark and appreciate the simple integrity of William Roscoe.

And now the cares of active life were well nigh ended; the partner of his days had gone before to her rest, and his feet were treading the declivity of life. He had put the finishing touch to an edition of Pope's works, and the Holkham catalogue was completed; what remained, then, for one who had so well sustained the burden and heat of the day, but that he should dedicate its close to recreative employment and repose? With his diminished resources, increased by the grateful contributions of friendship, he accordingly released himself from all bustling or laborious employments, and passed into retirement. Here he prepared for the press a final edition of Lorenzo, and a work of long standing upon Monandrian plants, — efforts which equal the most vigorous of an earlier period. And although with these his literary labors may be said to have

closed, his intellectual and moral activity was beautifully exerted until another world became the scene of its ceaseless exercise. The lovely flowers with which he had bestrown the pathway of his being, were bright and fragrant to the last. Literally may it be said of them, as has been significantly said in another connexion, — that they smiled up to him as children to the face of a father. The perception of physical beauty, the intelligent love of nature, the philanthropic spirit, the literary taste, which were the day-stars of his youth, continued their ministry in age; and the holier presence of domestic sympathies, of well-founded friendships, of blessed remembrances, was blending its cheerful influence with the deeper and more inspiring spirit of religion. How applicable to a life so happily passed, and so peacefully closed, are the well-remembered lines of our favorite poet!

> "That life was happy: every day he gave
> Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
> For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
> To mock him with her phantom miseries.
> No chronic tortures rack'd his aged limb,
> For luxury and sloth had nourish'd none for him.
>
> "And I am glad that he has liv'd thus long;
> And glad that he has gone to his reward;
> Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
> Softly to disengage the vital chord;
> When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
> Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

We have spoken of the character of William Roscoe as a morally valuable example, and we have seen how little it is indebted to extraordinary occasions for its manifestation; it is as interesting to observe that it owes as little to any singular endowment or unnatural endeavor for its intrinsic worth. To the legitimate culture and exercise of the natural emotions and best impulses of the soul, we cannot but ascribe all that is good or beautiful in its aspect. That process of induration, so proverbially general, never bronzed the sensibilities of Roscoe; the dew of nature was not suffered wholly to evaporate in the heated atmosphere of worldly strife, nor to congeal in the frigid air of an artificial existence. That quality, so deep and morally auspicious, — susceptibility, — the sharpness of the mental appetites, the yearning of vigorous energies for free play and felicitous exercise, the fervid heat of the coals upon the

soul's altar, which a little musing sufficeth to kindle, — susceptibility, — this he ever possessed, or rather never lost, or the richly freighted influences of improvement would have passed by him as the idle wind.

We confess ourselves disposed to attribute no inconsiderable importance to this view of our subject. If improving agencies are dispensed as liberally through the intellectual and moral universe, as the elements of physical nature, and are designed to minister to something beyond themselves, to develop mind, they constitute the common birthright of humanity. Like the air and light, they freely and equally occupy space, ranging the wide expanse on the broad wings of universal love, and restrained in their holy mission by nought but human perversity. And is not the essential condition by which alone their rich benefits can be experienced, susceptibility? The piercing beams of the sun bear no images of beauty to the closed eye, and the evening breeze wafts no refreshment to the brow unbared to its breath. What wonder, then, if nature and Providence sometimes fail to awaken the spirit steeled by indifference, or shrouded in sin? In the life and character of Roscoe, we see nurtured, with a beautiful and holy care, —

"——— those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, — cherish, — and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy." *

The most remarkable peculiarity in the character of Roscoe, is its rare combination of active with quiet virtues, — of reflective with practical excellence, — of refined sentiment and thought, with perfect simplicity of manner and

*The noble ode of Wordsworth, from which these lines were taken, was recited by the late S. T. Coleridge, to Baron Von Humboldt, who learned with much surprise that it was the work of a living English poet, declaring he should have attributed it to the age of Elizabeth.

effort. Its distinguishing good, as an example, is the lesson of just self-development which it so pleasingly unfolds. Throughout that long life of more than eighty years, in its early struggles, amid its honorable fame, and during the various periods of literary, political, or professional activity, by which that character was tried and formed, we behold the native supremacy of the moral nature uninvaded. And it is impossible not to recognize in this the true secret of Roscoe's success, — the source of those intellectual and moral results which have hallowed his memory, — the means and the method by the aid of which, in comparatively ordinary circumstances and with comparatively common capacities, he identified himself with all the leading benevolent enterprises of the day, rendered valuable contributions to the literature of his native country, and drew, in broad relief, even from the calm tenor and narrow scene of his life, the deathless lineaments of an harmoniously beautiful character.

And, be it remembered, that this active and equable spirit, — this happy balance of the several faculties and sentiments, — was ever calmly and prevailingly operative. We feel that the stripling, who mourned over the dying agonies of the bird his own hand had destroyed on the banks of the Mersey, and the aged man who years afterwards stood beside a bed of lilies in his little garden, and compared their frailty with his own, is one and the same being. In opposition to a very popular prejudice, he succeeded in uniting literature and business and general philanthropy with domestic duty, without detriment to either. He was an amateur and a literary man; but benevolent sentiment was intimately associated with the enjoyments of both. While carrying on a correspondence which connected him with the master spirits of the age, he could yet be sedulously attentive to the interests of an unfriended artist; sympathizing in the magnanimous character of a cultivated Florentine nobleman, and deeming it unappreciated, he wrote his history. How constant, too, was his fidelity to nature, and how bountifully did she reward that allegiance! It was in her invigorating embrace that his young spirit waxed strong, and, freed from the baneful excitements of modern education, it knew no precocious development, no premature decay. The cares of business could not supersede an habitual communion with her influences, nor studious zeal allure him from obedience to her laws. He possessed a delightful inheritance in the

kingdom of letters, and ever and anon retired thither; but the field of effort assigned him by the Creator, was the world; he mingled in its strife, and shed abroad the blessedness of an improving activity. Yet beneath the agitated or listless tide of his common existence, swelled and deepened an under current of meditative being. He imbibed the nutritive elements of spiritual life, as they came forth with the solemnity and effulgence of the starry host, from the deep teachings of experience, — burst in gladness, as tributary streams, from the converse of intellectual humanity, or rose, like the sun-lit mists of the ocean, from the wide domain of nature, — sitting meekly, the while, at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth.

Such is, indeed, one of those beings whom no nation can appropriate; universality characterized his philanthropy, and now that the "natural canonization" of death has hallowed his example, it is, and should be regarded as a common blessing. His countrymen have felt most nearly its holy influence, and among them will forever be the local memorials of his glory. Italy, though her classic ground was never pressed by his pilgrim feet, recognizes in his works the beautiful evidences of a deep and philosophical interest in her literature, admiration for her great men, and sympathy in her woes. And to us there is a new scene of meditative enjoyment in our father land. Before we reach the sacred precincts of Westminster, or stroll along the green banks of the Avon, we shall linger with respectful and moving interest beside the monument to the memory of William Roscoe, in the church-yard of Liverpool.

Art. VI. — *Mrs. Butler's Journal.*

Journal of Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia, 1835.

This is very much the sort of work that might have been looked for from a "clever girl," as the author repeatedly describes herself, educated in the green-room, under the eye of "my father," in immediate contact with the not very strait-laced morals, and still less rigid manners of the children of Thespis, — a little "elated," by repeated draughts from the intoxicating cup of public applause, in the old and new

world, — above all things bent on "fun," but at the same time full of real talent, and influenced in the main by correct principles and good feelings. A series of observations, hastily noted down by a person of this description, in the intervals of acting, riding, romping, feasting, and coquetting, must of course be very desultory, and might well be expected to contain many things that were better omitted, but would be likely enough to furnish, on the whole, a *piquant* and entertaining volume. Such is in fact the character of the little work before us. It is written throughout in a spirited style, and will be read in almost every part with interest. There is much indiscretion and bad taste, going, at times, to an extent which we hardly know how to excuse or account for; but, mixed up with these unpleasant ingredients, there is also a great deal of correct observation and pleasant description, particularly of natural objects. The fair journalist appears, in one or two passages, to entertain doubts as to her capacity for writing English, and once formally proposes to herself the question, — Can I write good prose? We feel no hesitation in answering this question in the affirmative. Her prose is, in the main, just what it should be for a work of this kind; natural and colloquial, sometimes to excess, but constantly enlivened by pointed and felicitous turns of language, and rising, when the subject requires it, into elegance. The best passages are the descriptions of nature, some of which are really very graphic, and produce the effect of fine paintings: the next in value are the accounts of her own theatrical performances, and the critical observations on the drama. The strictures on men and manners, if not instructive, are, at least, as the author remarks of the Italian Opera at New York, *amusing*. There are several attempts at poetry interspersed through the volumes, some of which are quite successful, and display a talent, that, with exercise and cultivation, may be made to produce very valuable fruits.

It is remarked by Madame de Stael, that the adventures of almost every individual would supply, in competent hands, the materials for an interesting novel. The truth of this observation is in some degree illustrated in the work before us. It is, no doubt, as it purports to be, a section from a real journal, kept perhaps, at the time, without any direct view to publication, but as it happens to record precisely the most ad-

venturous and romantic portion of the author's history, it naturally assumes, to a certain extent, the form of a romance. There is, to be sure, no great variety of characters, "I and my father" being the only ones which are brought forward with any distinctness, but the action is not without interest. A clever young actress of eighteen, the heroine of her own story, sets forth upon a voyage of adventures in a distant land, for the purpose of retrieving the fortunes of her family. She crosses the ocean, presents herself in her professional capacity to the notice of a new world, and encounters the alternations of favor and fickleness that make up the fortunes of the candidate for popular favor in every sphere. In general, she succeeds to her mind: sometimes, however, she is only "so-so-ish," and at others she is reduced so low that she wishes she were "a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush." In the natural progress of her course she travels far and wide through the land, sees men and cities, and records in her journal *à tort et à travers* every thing that comes into her head. After a while the golden thread of love begins to entwine itself in the "mingled yarn" of her destiny. Among the numerous *blanks* that are continually clustering about her, the lottery of life throws up at her feet the rich *prize* of a devoted heart. Sundry *bouquets* which are presented to her, are received in a way that seems to indicate a more than ordinary interest in "the author of the flowers." Her equestrian excursions are not "companionless." The sentimental part of the story occupies, it is true, but little space; the hero is throughout a blank, and the narrative terminates abruptly, without any distinct intimation of the nature of the *denouement*. But thanks to those faithful chroniclers of the times, whom our author rather unceremoniously denominates "the press gang," we are at no loss to divine what it is. The heroine, after accomplishing the object of her expedition, terminates her achievements in the received manner by a fortunate marriage, and retires from the busy scene of her labors and triumphs, into the tranquil shades of domestic life.

Here is certainly adventure enough to form the groundwork of a very interesting romance, in the hands of a writer possessing the qualifications necessary to excel in that kind of composition. Our author is amply provided with some of the most important of these requisites, such as imagination and power of language. In correctness of taste and maturity of

judgment she is singularly deficient. Although the merits of the work preponderate, in our opinion, over its defects, the latter are so apparent, and in some cases of so unpleasant a kind, that a judicious friend would undoubtedly have recommended either an absolute suppression of it, or a much more thorough and careful revision than it appears to have received. It will, however, readily occur to our readers, that a person who was capable of writing precisely such a work as this, would be also very likely to publish it without much regard to any wholesome caution that might be given her upon the subject; and as the author and "my father" are the parties that will suffer more than any body else by the publication, if they are willing to "take the responsibility," we do not know that the public at large need to complain. In noticing the work, we shall indicate, in a very succinct and rapid manner, the principal incidents in the narrative, and add a few extracts, by way of illustration, of the style and temper of the writer.

The narrative commences with the author's embarkation at Liverpool. The description of the voyage which follows, is lively and amusing, though containing rather more than the usual proportion of extravagancies in thought and diction. The ship "is every thing that could be wished." She "writes doggrel upon it for the captain's album, and swears that when she is once out of it she will love it infinitely." The captain himself is a "very intelligent, good-natured person, and only one and twenty, which makes his having the command of a ship rather an *awful consideration.*" The passengers "consist chiefly of traders in cloth and hard ware, clerks, and counting house men; a species, with but few peculiarities of interest to one who cannot talk pounds, shillings and pence as glibly as less substantial trash." The "only of our crew" whom she "cottons to fairly," are the ——, and that good-natured lad, Mr. ——, though the former rather distress her by their abundant admiration." She pays the usual tribute of a fit of sea-sickness to the capricious element on which she is tossing, but in the intervals, what with walking, dancing, working night-caps and bible covers, reading Moore, Byron and Dante, writing poetry, and looking at the moon and stars, she contrives, on the whole, to amuse herself tolerably well. We do not know that we have ever seen the curiously incongruous medley of accidents and characters that fill up the tedious six

weeks of a voyage across the Atlantic, more graphically brought before the mind than they are in this journal. The descriptions are often beautiful, and the observations just and pointed; at other times, however, they are *amusing* only in the sense in which our author afterwards applies the term to the opera at New York. Will it be credited that a *lady*, who has much to say in the sequel of a want of refinement in the manners of the people of this country, gives utterance to her feelings, during a night of storm and sickness, in the following elegant strain?

"Lay all day on my back, most wretched, the ship heaving like any earthquake; in fact there is something irresistibly funny in the way in which people seem dispossessed of their power of volition by this motion, rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going, and making as many angles, fetches, and sidelong deviations from the point they aim at, as if the devil had tied a string to their legs and jerked it every now and then in spite, — by the by, not a bad illustration of our mental and moral struggles towards their legitimate aims."

And again, —

"At twelve went to bed; the men kept up a horrible row on deck half the night; singing, dancing, whooping, and running over our heads."

We quote these, which are *not* the most objectionable passages, in justification of our remarks upon the occasional display of bad taste and incorrect judgment. The entry for Sunday, Aug. 19, is a specimen of a much better manner, and proves that the writer, in the midst of her lighter pursuits and pleasures, finds some moments for serious reflection.

"Did not rise till late, — dressed and came on deck, — the morning was brilliant; the sea, bold, bright, dashing its snowy crests against our ship's sides, and flinging up a cloud of glittering spray round the prow. I breakfasted, — and then amused myself with finding the lessons, collects and psalms for the whole ship's company. After lunch, they spread our tent, a chair was placed for my father, and the little bell being rung, we collected in our rude church. It affected me much, this praying on the lonely sea, in the words that at the same hour were being uttered by millions of kindred tongues in our dear home; there was something, too, impressive and touching in this momentary union of strangers, met but for a passing day, to part perhaps never to behold each other's faces again in the holiest of all unions, that

of Christian worship. Here I felt how close, how strong that wondrous tie of common faith that thus gathered our company, unknown and unconnected by any one worldly interest or bond, to utter the same words of praise and supplication, to think perhaps the same thoughts of humble and trustful dependance on God's great goodness in this our pilgrimage to foreign lands, to yearn perhaps with the same affection and earnest imploring of blessings towards our native soil and its beloved ones left behind. Oh, how I felt all this as we spoke aloud that touching invocation, which is always one of my most earnest prayers, 'Almighty God, who hast promised where two or three are gathered together in thy name,' etc. * * * The bright cloudless sky and glorious sea seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our Te Deum. I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 'twas good, — oh! very, very good!

* * * * * * * * *

"'Tis good to behold this new universe, this mighty sea which he hath made, this glorious cloudless sky, where hang, like dew drops, his scattered worlds of light, — to see all this and say, —

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!'

After prayers, wrote journal, — some sea weeds floated by the ship to-day, borne from the gulf stream; I longed to have it, for it told of land: gulls too came wheeling about, and the little petrells like sea-swallows, skimmed round and round, now resting on the still bosom of the sunny sea, now flickering away in rapid circles, like black butterflies. They got a gun, to my horror, and wasted a deal of time in trying to shoot these feathered mariners, but they did not even succeed in scaring them. We went and sat on the forecastle to see the sun set; he did not go down cloudless, but dusky ridges of vapor stretched into ruddy streaks along the horizon, as his disk dipped into the burnished sea. The foam round the prow, as the ship made way with all sail set before a fair wind, was the most lovely thing I ever saw. Purity, strength, glee, and wondrous beauty were in those showers of snowy spray that sprang up above the black ship's sides, and fell like a cataract of rubies under the red sunlight. We sat there till evening came down; the sea, from brilliant azure, grew black as unknown things, the wind freshened, and we left our cold stand to walk, or rather run, up and down the deck to warm ourselves. This we continued, till one by one the stars had lit their lamps in heaven; their wondrous brilliancy, together with the Aurora Borealis, which rushed like sheeted ghosts along the sky, and the stream of fire that shone round the ship's way, made heaven and sea appear like one vast world of flame, as though the thin blue

veil of air and the dark curtain of the waters were but drawn across a universe of light."

On the third of September they arrived at New York. The following passage describes, in a lively and picturesque manner, the entrance into port.

"I called H——, and we remained on deck watching the clouds like visions of brightness and beauty, enchanted creations of some strange spell-land, — at every moment assuming more fantastic shapes and gorgeous tints, — dark rocks seemed to rise, with dazzling summits of light, pale lakes of purest blue spread here and there between, the sun now shining through a white wreath of floating silver, now firing, with a splendor that the eye shrank from, the edges of some black cloudy mass. Oh, it was surpassing! — We were becalmed, however, which rather damped all our spirits, and half made the captain swear. Towards mid-day we had to thank heaven for an incident. A brig had been standing aft against the horizon for some hours past, and we presently descried a boat rowing from her towards us. The distance was some five miles, the sun broiling; we telescoped and stood on tip-toe; they rowed stoutly, and in due time boarded us. She was an English brig from Bristol, had been out eleven weeks, distressed by contrary winds, and was in want of provisions. The boat's crew was presently surrounded, grog was given the men, porter to the captain and his companion. Our dear captain supplied them with every thing they wanted, and our poor steerage passengers sent their mite to the distressed crew in the shape of a sack of potatoes. They remained half an hour on board, we clustering round them, questioning and answering might and main. As H—— said, they were new faces at least, and though two of the most ill-favored physiognomies I ever set eyes on, there was something refreshing even in their ugly novelty. After this the whole day was one of continual excitement, nearing the various points of land, greeting vessels passing us, and watching those bound on the same course. At about four o'clock a schooner came alongside with a news collector; he was half devoured with queries; news of the cholera, reports of the tariff and bank questions were loudly demanded; poor people, how anxiously they looked for replies to the first. Mr. ——, upon whose arm I leant, turned pale as death while asking how it had visited Boston. Poor fellow! poor people all, my heart ached with their anxiety. As the evening darkened, the horizon became studded with sails; at about eight o'clock we discovered the highlands of Neversink, the entrance to New York harbor, and presently the twin lights of Sandy Hook glimmered against

the sky. We were all in high spirits, a fresh breeze had sprung up, we were making rapidly to land, the lovely ship, with all sails set, courtesying along the smooth waters. The captain alone seemed anxious, and was eagerly looking out for the pilot. Some had gathered to the ship's side, to watch the progress of Colonel ——, who had left us and gone into the news boat, which was dancing like a fairy by the side of our dark vessel. Cheering resounded on all sides, rockets were fired from the ship's stern, we were all dancing, when suddenly a cry was echoed round of 'A pilot, a pilot,' and close under the ship's side a light graceful little schooner shot like an arrow through the dim twilight, followed by a universal huzza; she tacked, and lay to, but proved only a news boat: while, however, all were gathered round the collector, the pilot-boat came alongside, and the pilot on board; the captain gave up the cares and glories of command, and we danced an interminable country dance. All was excitement and joyous confusion; poor Mr. —— alone seemed smitten with sudden anxiety; the cholera reports had filled him with alarm, lest his agent should have died, and his affairs on his arrival be in confusion and ruin, — poor fellow, I was very sorry for him. We went down to supper at ten, and were very merry, in spite of the ship's bumping twice or thrice upon the sands. Came up and *dawdled* upon deck, saw them cast anchor; away went the chain, down dropped the heavy stay, the fair ship swung round, and there lay New York before us, with its clustering lights shining like a distant constellation against the dark outline of land. Remained on deck till very late, were going to bed, when the gentlemen entreated us to join their party once more; we did so, sang all the old songs, laughed at all the old jokes, drank our own and each other's health, wealth, and prosperity, and came to bed at two o'clock. Our cradle rocks no longer, but lies still on the still waters; we have reached our destination, thank God! I did so with all my soul."

Her first care, after getting into lodgings, is, of course, to ascertain the state of her wardrobe, which proves, on the whole, to be pretty satisfactory.

"Unpacked and sorted things. Opened with a trembling heart my bonnet box, and found my precious *Dévy* squeezed to a crush, — I pulled it out, rebowed, and reblonded, and reflowered it, and now it looks good enough 'pour les *tha*uvages mam*the*lle Fannie.' Worked at my muslin gown, in short did a deal. A cheating German woman came here this morning with some bewitching canezous and pelerines: I chose two that I wanted, and one very pretty one that I didn't, but as she asked a heathen price for 'em, I took only the former; — *dear good little me!*"

"Dear good little me" is not only very economical, but, when the occasion requires it, can do a great deal of hard work. Thus on the 10th of Sept. after going to the Battery and seeing the fire works, she returns at 9 o'clock, and embroiders till midnight.

"We went down to the Battery: the aquatic Vauxhall was lighted up very gaily, and they were sending up rockets every few minutes, which, shooting athwart the sky, threw a bright stream of light over the water, and falling back in showers of red stars, seemed to sink away before the steadfast shining of the moon, who held high supremacy in heaven. The bay lay like molten silver under her light, and every now and then a tiny skiff, emerging from the shade, crossed the bright waters, its dark hull and white sails relieved between the shining sea and radiant sky. Came home at nine, tea'd, and sat embroidering till twelve o'clock, *industrious little me!*"

We have no doubt, though the incident is not formally recorded, that "my father," upon witnessing these repeated *traits* of prudence and industry in his fair offspring, expressed his satisfaction with the same cordiality which was manifested by the honest train-band captain of famous London town at the managing spirit of his wife.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,
Right glad was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a prudent mind.

"Industrious little me," in addition to her other good qualities, has a laudable desire to accomplish herself in all the useful and ornamental arts and sciences.

"When they were gone, read a canto in Dante, and sketched till four o'clock. I wish I could make myself draw. *I want to do every thing in the world that can be done.*"

Again after a long and learned dissertation on the causes why there are no poets in the United States.

"I am half inclined to believe that poetry is but a hot-house growth, and yet I don't know; *I wish somebody would explain to me every thing in this world that I can't make out.*"

The following account of her visit to the ship which brought her over, and of an excursion to Hoboken, will serve as a specimen of her power of description.

"Rose late: there was music in the night, which is always a strange enchantment to me. After breakfast wrote journal. At eleven, Captain —— and —— called for us, and my uncle having joined us, we proceeded to the slip, as they call the places where the ships lie, and which answer to our docks. Poor dear Pacific! I ran up her side with great glee, and was introduced to Captain ——, her old commander; rushed down into my berth, and was actually growing pathetic over the scene of my sea-sorrows, when Mr. —— clapped his hands close to me, and startled me out of my reverie. Certainly my *adhesiveness* must either be very large, or uncommonly active just now, for my heart yearned towards the old timbers with exceeding affection. The old ship was all dressed out in her best, and after sitting for some time in our cabin, we adjourned to the larger one and lunched. Mr. —— joined our party, and we had one or two of our old ship songs, with their ridiculous burthens, with due solemnity. Saw Mr. ——, but not dear M——. Visited the forecastle, whence I have watched such glorious sunsets, such fair uprisings of the starry sisterhood; now it looked upon the dusty quay and dirty dark water, and the graceful sails were all stripped away, and the bare masts and rigging shone in the intense sunlight.

"The day was bright and beautiful, and my father proposed crossing the river to Hoboken, the scene of the turtle-eating expedition. We did so accordingly. Himself, D——, Mr. ——, and I. Steamers go across every five minutes, conveying passengers on foot and horse-back, gigs, carriages, carts, anything and everything. The day was lovely, — the broad, bright river was gemmed with a thousand sails. Away to the right it stretched between richly wooded banks, placid and blue as a lake; to the left, in the rocky door-way of the narrows, two or three ships stood revealed against the cloudless sky. We reached the opposite coast, and walked. It was nearly three miles from where we landed to the scene of the '*spoon exercise.*' The whole of our route lay through a beautiful wild plantation, or rather strip of wood, I should say, for 'tis nature's own gardening which crowns the high bank of the river; through which trellice-work of varied foliage, we caught exquisite glimpses of the glorious waters, the glittering city, and the opposite banks, decked out in all the loveliest contrast of sunshine and shade. As we stood in our leafy colonnade looking out upon this fair scene, the rippling water made sweet music far down below us, striking with its tiny silver waves the smooth sand and dark-colored rocks from which they were ebbing. Many of the trees were quite new to me, and delighted me with their graceful forms and vivid foliage. The broad-leaved catalpa, and the hickory with its bright coral-colored berries. Many lovely, lowly things, too, grew by our path-side,

which we gathered as we past, to bring away, but which withered in our hands ere we returned. Gorgeous butterflies were zig-zagging through the air, and for the first time I longed to imprison them. In pursuing one, I ran into the midst of a slip of clover land, but presently jumped out again, on hearing the swarms of grasshoppers round me. Mr. —— caught one ; it was larger and thicker than the English grasshopper, and of a dim mottled brown color, like the plumage of our common moth ; but presently on his opening his hand to let it escape, it spread out a pair of dark purple wings, tipped with pale primrose color, and flew away a beautiful butterfly, such as the one I had been seduced by. The slips of grass ground on the left of our path were the only things that annoyed me ; they were ragged, and rank, and high, — they wanted mowing; and if they had been mowed soft, and thick, and smooth, like an English lawn, how gloriously the lights and shadows of this lovely sky would fall through the green roof of this wood upon them. There is nothing in nature that to my fancy, receives light and shade with as rich an effect as sloping lawn land. Oh! England, England ! how I have seen your fresh emerald mantle deepen and brighten in a summer's day."

The contemplation of the beauties of our natural scenery seems in general to carry her thoughts by contrast, back to England, and with all her enthusiasm for the glories of sun and shade on this side the Atlantic, she recurs, with a kind of longing, to the fogs and fens of her dear country: like poor Vandeventer in the Flying Dutchman, who said that he would rather be a stone post fixed firmly in the streets of Amsterdam, than captain of the finest craft that ever sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. There is much *naiveté* as well as poetry and feeling, in the following extracts.

" We had seated ourselves on the ship's side, but he being called away, we rushed off to the forecastle to enjoy the starlight by ourselves. We sat for a little time, but were soon found out ; Mr. —— and Mr. —— joined us, and we sat till near twelve o'clock, singing and rocking under the stars. Venus, — ' The star of love, all stars above,' — threw a silver column down the sea, like the younger sister of the moon's reflection. By the by, I saw today, and with delight, an American sunset. The glorious god strode down heaven's hill, without a cloud to dim his downward path ; — as his golden disk touched the panting sea, I turned my head away, and in less than a minute he had fallen beneath the horizon, — leapt down into the warm waves, and left one glow of amber round half the sky ; upon whose verge, where the violet curtain of twilight came spreading down to meet its golden fringe,

'The maiden,
With white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,'

stood, with her silver lamp in her hand, and her pale misty robes casting their wan lustre faintly around her. Oh me, how glorious it was! how sad, how very, very sad I was!

And again:

"To-night, as I stood watching that surpassing sunset, I would have given it all, — gold, and purple, and all, — for a wreath of English fog stealing over the water."

Her first appearance on the stage in this country was as Bianca, in Milman's Fazio. A certain Mr. Keppel, who was the Fazio of the night, was a sort of *bête noire* to "dear good little me." She qualifies him as "the *washed-out man*, who failed in London, when he acted Romeo with me," and hopes that he will "know more of his words tomorrow night, for he is at present innocent of any such knowledge."

At the rehearsal, however, the state of things was not much better.

"Mr. Keppel is just as nervous, and as imperfect as ever; what on earth will he, or shall I do to-night?"

At length the first night comes, but brings no change in the unfortunate Fazio. In other respects, however, the result is pretty satisfactory.

"The house was very full; all the —— were there, and Colonel ——. Mr. Keppel was frightened to death, and in the very second speech was quite out; it was in vain that I prompted him, he was too nervous to take the word, and made a complete mess of it. This happened more than once in the first scene, and at the end of the first act, as I left the stage I said to D——, 'it's all up with me, I can't do anything now,' for having to prompt my Fazio, frightened by his fright, annoyed by his forgetting his crossings and positions, utterly unable to work myself into anything like excitement, I thought the whole thing must necessarily go to pieces. However, once rid of my incumbrance, which I am at the end of the second act, I began to move a little more freely, gathered up my strength, and set to work comfortably by myself; whereupon, the people applauded, I warmed, (warmed, quotha? the air was steam,) and got through very satisfactorily, at least so it seems. My dresses were very beautiful, but oh, but oh, the musquetoes had made dreadful havoc with my arms, *which were covered with hills as large and red as Vesuvius in an eruption.*"

Her next character was Juliet, and luckily for her, it is settled that Mr. Keppel is not to be the Romeo.

"Mr. Keppel has been dismissed, poor man! I'm sorry for him; my father is to play Romeo with me, I'm sorrier still for that."

And again, —

"After breakfast went to rehearse Romeo and Juliet. Poor Mr. Keppel is fairly laid on the shelf; I'm sorry for him! What a funny passion he had, by the bye, for going down upon his knees. In Fazio, at the end of the judgment scene, when I was upon mine, down he went upon his, making the most absurd, devout looking vis-à-vis, I ever beheld; in the last scene, too, when he ought to have been going off to execution, down he went again upon his knees, and no power on earth could get him up again, for Lord knows how long. Poor fellow, he bothered me a good deal, yet I'm sincerely sorry for him."

On a subsequent occasion, however, Mr. K. appears as Jaffier to her Belvidere. In this new trial he acquits himself still less to her satisfaction than before.

"After breakfast, went to rehearsal. Venice Preserved, with Mr. Keppel, who did not appear to me to know the words even, and seemed perfectly bewildered at being asked to do the common business of the piece. 'Mercy on me! what will he do to-night?' thought I. Came home and got things ready for the theatre. Received a visit from poor Mr. ——, who has got the lumbago, as Sir Peter would say, 'on purpose,' I believe, to prevent my riding out to-morrow. Dined at three: after dinner, played and sang through Cinderella, wrote journal; at six went to the theatre. My gown was horribly ill-plaited, and I looked like a blue-bag. The house was very full, and they received Mr. K—— with acclamations and shouts of applause. When I went on, I was all but tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, with the addition of some *devilish* red slashes along his thighs and arms. The first scene passed well and so; but oh, the next, and the next, and the next to that. Whenever he was not glued to my side, (and that was seldom,) he stood three yards behind me; he did nothing but seize my hand, and grapple to it so hard, that unless I knocked him down, (which I felt much inclined to try,) I could not disengage myself. In the senate scene, when I was entreating for mercy, and *struggling*, as Otway has it, for my life, he was prancing round the stage in every direction, flourishing his dagger in the air; I wish to Heaven I had got up and run away, it

would have been but natural, and have served him extremely right. In the parting scene, — oh, what a scene it was! — instead of going away from me when he said, 'farewell forever,' he stuck to my skirts, though in the same breath that I adjured him in the words of my part not to leave me, I added, aside, 'Get away from me, oh *do!*' When I exclaimed, 'Not one kiss at parting?' he kept embracing and kissing me like mad, and when I ought to have been pursuing him, and calling after him, 'Leave thy dagger with me,' he hung himself up against the wing, and remained dangling there for five minutes. I was half crazy, and the good people sat and swallowed it all; they deserved it, by my troth, they did. I prompted him constantly, and once, after struggling in vain to free myself from him, was obliged in the middle of my part to exclaim, 'You hurt me dreadfully, Mr. Keppel!' He clung to me, cramped me, crumpled me, — dreadful! I never experienced anything like this before, and made up my mind that I never would again. I played of course like a wretch, finished my part as well as I could, and as soon as the play was over, went to my father and Mr. Simpson, and declared to them both, my determination not to go upon the stage again, with that gentleman for a hero. Three trials are as many as, in reason, any body can demand, and come what come may, *I* will not be subjected to that sort of experiment again."

After Mr. Keppel, the musquitoes and other insects seem to have given her more annoyance than any thing else which she met with at New York. In the agony of her distress she appeals to them in the following pathetic apostrophe, which, if they have as much sensibility to eloquence as the fishes had in the time of St. Antony, must have saved her all farther trouble.

"Oh bugs, fleas, flies, ants, and musquitoes, great is the misery you inflict upon me! I sit slapping my own face all day, and lie thumping my pillow all night; 'tis a perfect nuisance to be devoured of creatures *before* one's in the ground; it isn't fair."

The impression made upon the mind of Mrs. Butler by the natural scenery of New York and elsewhere, seems, as our readers will have seen, to have made an agreeable impression upon her. She was also in general very well satisfied with her own reception, both in public and private. "Nothing," she says, "can exceed the kindness and attention which has encountered us every where since we have been in this country. I am sure I am bound to remember America and Americans thankfully, for whatever I may think of their ways, manners,

or peculiarities, to me they have shewn unmingled good will, and cordial real kindness." And again, in her notes at Boston. "But for the climate I should like to live in Boston very much, *my stay here has been delightful.* It is in itself a lovely place, and the country round it is charming. The people are intellectual, and have been abundantly kind and good-natured to me." Notwithstanding the favorable prejudice that would naturally have been created in her mind by a reception of this sort, her views of the state of society in the principal cities are not very flattering. They are given from time to time in the text with a flippancy by no means creditable to her moral feelings. If, as she elsewhere insists at some length, the professional artist owes no *gratitude* to his employers or to the public, for their patronage, — a doctrine in itself somewhat questionable, — it can hardly be denied, and is, indeed, expressly admitted by the fair journalist, that she is "bound to be thankful" for a personal reception of the kind here described. If the attention she received did not prevent her from noticing what she thought censurable in the manners and institutions of the country, it should most certainly have induced her to abstain from sarcastic and splenetic allusions, not merely to the state of society in general, but to the very persons to whose kindness she is indebted. The substance of her views of the state of society in the principal cities, is given in a condensed form in the following passage, which appears as a note, and was probably written while the work was passing through the press. We may remark here, that this and the other notes, which are somewhat copious, exhibit a good deal more maturity of judgment and sobriety of taste than the text, and give a favorable idea of what may be expected from the influence of years and experience upon the mind of the writer.

"When we arrived in America, we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us, we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say, that I was most agreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavorable impression of the *best* society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated and my stay prolonged; and in the course of

time, I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favor to visit me, and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those qualities which I had looked for among the self-styled *best*, were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name; it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York. It is not to be wondered at, that foreigners have spoken as they have, of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it; their condemnations are true and just, as regards what they see; nor perhaps would they be much inclined to moderate them, when they found that persons possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or if anything, a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia, between the self-styled fashionables, and the really good society. The distinction there, is really of a nature perfectly ludicrous; a friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order; upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, 'Oh, no, they are not received by the Chestnut-street *set*.' If I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia, which ranks (by right of self-arrogation,) as first and best, I should say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake; and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled, and they judge well. Now, I beg leave clearly to be understood; there is another, and a far more desirable circle; but it is not the one into which strangers find their way generally. To an Englishman, this *fashionable* society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions without adequate foundation. Here is a constant endeavor to imitate those states of European society, which have for their basis the feudal spirit of the early ages; and

which are rendered venerable by their rank, powerful by their wealth, and refined, and in some degree respectable, by great and general mental cultivation. Of Boston, I have not spoken. The society there is of an infinitely superior order. A very general degree of information, and a much greater simplicity of manners, render it infinitely more agreeable. But of that hereafter."

Another of the notes contains the following remarks on the manners of the female part of society.

"The manners of the young girls of America appear singularly free to foreigners, and until they become better acquainted with the causes which produce so unrestrained a deportment, they are liable to take disadvantageous and mistaken impressions with regard to them. The term which I should say applied best to the tone and carriage of American girls from ten to eighteen, is hoydenish; laughing, giggling, romping, flirting, screaming at the top of their voices, running in and out of shops, and spending a very considerable portion of their time in lounging about in the streets. In Philadelphia and Boston, almost all the young ladies attend classes or day schools, and in the latter place, I never went out, morning, noon, or evening, that I did not meet, in some of the streets round the Tremont House, a whole bevy of young school girls, who were my very particular friends, but who, under pretext of going to, or returning from school, appeared to me to be always laughing, and talking, and running about in the public thoroughfares; a system of education which we should think by no means desirable. The entire liberty which the majority of young ladies are allowed to assume, at an age when in England they would be under strict nursery discipline, appears very extraordinary; they not only walk alone in the streets, but go out into society, where they take a determined and leading part, without either mother, aunt, or chaperon of any sort; custom, which renders such an appendage necessary with us, entirely dispenses with it here; and though the reason of this is obvious enough in the narrow circles of these small towns, where every body knows every body, the manners of the young ladies do not derive any additional charm from the perfect self-possession which they thus acquire. Shyness appears to me to be a quality utterly unknown to either man, woman, or child in America. The girls, from the reasons above stated, and the boys, from being absolutely thrown into the world, and made men of business before they are sixteen, are alike deficient in anything like diffidence; and I really have been all but disconcerted at the perfect assurance with which I have been addressed, upon any and every subject, by little men and women just half way through their teens. That very common character among us, a shy man, is not to be met with in these latitudes. An

American conversing on board one of their steamboats is immediately surrounded, particularly if his conversation, though strictly directed to one individual, is of a political nature; in an instant a ring of spectators is formed round him, and whereas an Englishman would become silent at the very first appearance of a listener, an American, far from seeming abashed at this "audience," continues his discourse, which thus assumes the nature of an harangue, with perfect equanimity, and feels no annoyance whatever at having unfolded his private opinions of men and matters to a circle of forty or fifty people whom they could in no possible way concern. Speechifying is a very favorite species of exhibition with men here, by the bye, and besides being self-possessed, they are all remarkably fluent. Really eloquent men are just as rare in this country as in any other, but the "gift of the gab" appears to me more widely disseminated amongst Americans, than any other people in the world. Many things go to make good speakers of them, great acuteness, and sound common sense, sufficient general knowledge, and great knowledge of the world, an intense interest in every political measure, no matter how trivial in itself, no sense of bashfulness, and a great readiness of expression. But to return to the manners of the young American girls: — it is Rousseau, I think, who says, "Dans un pays ou les mœurs sont pures, les filles seront faciles, et les femmes sevères." This applies particularly well to the carriage of the American women; when remarking to a gentleman once the difference between the manners of my own young countrywomen and his, I expressed my disapprobation of the education which led to such a result, he replied, "You forget the comparatively pure state of morals in our country, which admits of this degree of freedom in our young women, without its rendering them liable to insult or misconstruction." This is true, and it is also most true, for I have seen repeated instances of it, that those very girls, whose manners have been most displeasing to my European ways of feeling, whom I should have pointed out as romps and flirts pre-eminent, not only make excellent wives, but from the very moment of their marriage, seem to forsake society, and devote themselves exclusively to household duties and retirement. But that I have seen and known of repeated instances of this, I could scarcely have believed it, but it is the case; and a young American lady, speaking upon this subject, said to me, "We enjoy ourselves before marriage; but in your country, girls marry to obtain a greater degree of freedom, and indulge in the pleasures and dissipations of society." She was not, I think, greatly mistaken."

The following remarks on the same subject are given in the text on the occasion of a dinner party soon after her arrival at New York.

"At five dressed, and went to the———, where we were to dine. This is one of the first houses here, so I conclude that I am to consider what I see as a tolerable sample of the ways and manners of being, doing, and suffering, of the *best society* in New York. There were about twenty people; the women were in a sort of French demi-toilette, with bare necks, and long sleeves, heads frizzed out after the very last *petit courier*, and thread net handkerchiefs and capes; the whole of which, to my English eye, appeared a strange marrying of incongruities. The younger daughter of our host is beautiful; a young and brilliant likeness of Ellen Tree; with more refinement, and a smile that was, not to say a ray, but a whole focus of sun rays, a perfect blaze of light; she was much taken up with a youth, to whom, my neighbor at dinner informed me, she was engaged.

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The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this I am told is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty from twenty to five-and-thirty; here, they scarcely reach the first period without being faded, and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of French women, they are too well dressed to judge exactly what they are really like; they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and 'de quoi' of every sort, to guess anything more."

The same train of thought is again brought into view in the following note, which is introduced toward the close of the second volume.

"I have had occasion to observe, in a former note, that foreigners travelling through this country, see only the least desirable society of the various cities they visit. There is another class of Americans, whom they rarely, if ever, become acquainted with at all. By far the most interesting, in my opinion, which the country affords. I speak of those families thickly scattered through all the states, from whose original settlers many of them are immediately descended; who reside upon lands purchased by their grandfathers in the early days of the *British Colonies;* and who, living remote from the Atlantic cities, and the more travelled routes between them, are free from all the peculiarities which displease an

European in the societies of the towns, and possess traits of originality in their manners, minds, and mode of life, infinitely refreshing to the observer wearied of the eternal sameness which pervades the human congregations of the old world. In mixing with the commercial fashionables and exclusives of the American cities, the European is at once amused and annoyed with the assumption of a social tone and spirit at variance with the whole *make* of the country. He is told that he is in the best society of the place, and with perfect justice condemns this best society, as probably the worst he ever saw: — a society assuming the airs of separate rank where no rank at all exists, attempting to copy the luxury and splendor of the residents of European capitals, without possessing one tithe of their wealth to excuse the extravagance, or enable them to succeed in the endeavor; and presenting the most incongruous and displeasing mixture possible, of pretension, ignorance, affectation, and vulgarity. I have before said, that even in the cities, there are circles of a very different order; but yet freer from all these drawbacks is the society formed by the class of people of whom I have spoken above, and whom I should designate as the gentry of this country; using that term in the best sense in which it was once used in England. Among this large but widely scattered portion of the community, should the European traveller's good fortune lead him, he will find hospitality without ostentation, purity of morals, independent of the dread of opinion, intellectual cultivation, unmixed with the desire of display, great simplicity of life and ignorance of the world, originality of mind naturally arising from independence and solitude, and *the best* because the most natural manners. Of such I know, from the lower shores of the Chesapeake, to the half savage territory around Michilimakinack."

The description of the state of society in the principal cities of the country, given in these passages, is founded, we think, in a great and very singular misapprehension. As Bostonians, we have, it is true, no right to take exception to any of the remarks. In these and all the other parts of the work, where the subject is touched upon, the state of society here is uniformly spoken of in favorable and even flattering terms, and is considered as forming a sort of exception to that which exists in other parts of the country. We do not, however, feel ourselves at liberty to accept this distinction in favor of our own metropolis. The state of society here, though perhaps a little influenced by the neighborhood of an ancient and well-endowed university, is substantially the same as in the other principal cities; nor is there, as we conceive, the least foundation

in any of them, for the suggestion, that the circles commonly regarded as the first, hold in light esteem and even exclude from their acquaintance, the members of other more cultivated and intellectual circles. The incorrectness of this remark is clearly shewn by the attempt at specification in regard to New York, where, we understand our author to intimate, "that Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed," are not recognized as belonging to the first circles, and are condemned to figure in a secondary sphere. It is quite possible that these distinguished persons may not be so constant in their attendance at the fashionable assemblies, as the mere butterflies of the gay world; but we apprehend that any one, who should intimate, in conversation, that the Sedgwicks or the Irvings, — and the case is substantially the same with the rest, — occupied any other than the highest places in the estimation of their fellow-citizens of all circles and classes, would be answered merely by a shrug of the shoulders. It is generally known that the large family connexions which are now illustrated by the well-earned literary glory of these charming writers, have long possessed every other advantage of social position in the wealth, political standing, and acknowledged intellectual and moral elevation of their members. The father of Miss Sedgwick was Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, a judge of the highest court of Massachusetts, and by general consent one of the first men in the country. His family is among the most considerable and most considered in the western counties of this commonwealth. A brother of Mr. Irving is at present a highly respected judge, in the city of New York. But we need not enlarge on these details, as the statement has not even the appearance of plausibility.

The truth is, that the fact most strongly characteristic of the state of society in all our principal cities, as compared with those of Europe, is precisely the *absence* of this distinction between the fashionable and the intellectual circles, which our author is pleased to represent as particularly marked in this country. In the capitals of England, and of most of the other kingdoms of Europe, such a distinction really exists. The hereditary privileged orders, including the reigning families, constitute a separate class, occupying by general acknowledgment the highest

rank, and refusing to associate on equal terms with any other. The prominent members of the various professions, who have acquired wealth or competency by the successful exercise of their respective callings, and are able to surround themselves with the elegancies of life, form, in all these cities, another class much superior to the court circle in every intellectual and moral quality, but confessedly below it in rank. The line of separation between these two classes is drawn in the most rigid manner, and is nearly as impassable as that between the two colors in this country. In half the novels that have been written, as those of our readers who are familiar with this branch of learning are well aware, the distress is created by building up between the lovers the ideal but impenetrable and impassable wall of separation, resulting from a difference of rank, which is commonly removed at the end of the fourth volume, not by sacrificing the prejudice to good sense and good feeling, but by proving, in some extraordinary way, that the hero is a duke in disguise, or the heroine a princess, who has been changed in her cradle. The right to be presented at court, determines that of being admitted into the aristocratic circle; and it is a standing rule at most of the courts, that no merchant, no member of the learned professions, as such, and in general no person exercising any useful or profitable calling, can pretend to the honor of a personal introduction to the sovereign. This is a distinction reserved for professed idlers; and so entirely has habit inverted the natural course of feeling on the subject, that these drones not only exclude all the industrious portion of the community from their society, but affect to look down upon them with contempt. In France, the privileged order invented and applied to the body of the nation an epithet of rather obscure etymology, but in practice significant of utter ignominy and disgrace. Every person not belonging to the three or four hundred families of the nobility, was called a *Roturier*. Now and then a young man of aristocratic origin, but reduced fortune, condescended to improve it by marrying the daughter of a wealthy banker or a farmer general, and he was then said, in the polite dialect of the court, to enrich his lands by a draught upon the *dung-hill* of the commonalty,—*le fumier de la rôture*. The English language, thanks to the manly virtues of our puritan forefathers, has no term of reproach corresponding to the French *roturier*. In England, a commoner was always an honorable title; but

even in England, the line of distinction between the privileged and the professional circles is strictly drawn. In this country no such distinction exists, and this is the great and only real difference between the state of society here and in Europe. With us, in the absence of any hereditary privileged class, the prominent members of the various professions, mercantile, mechanical and literary, — for they all stand in public opinion, for this purpose, precisely on a footing, — take their places naturally and without controversy in the front rank, and compose the first or fashionable circles. The intimation that these circles, thus constituted, undertake to exclude any other persons, and especially the more enlightened and intellectual members of society, as unfit to keep company with them, is really too absurd, and we cannot but wonder that Mrs. Butler should have been led, by any accidental error of observation, to make a representation so entirely gratuitous. It is well known, that individuals of any pretensions to intellectual distinction, and who sustain, at the same time, a respectable moral reputation, whether natives or foreigners, are more valued and noticed in this than they are in any other country. Mrs. Butler, herself, affords a striking example of the correctness of this remark, in its application to foreigners; and the persons whom she has mentioned as the victims of invidious distinction at New York, are, as we have said before, precisely those whom we should have cited ourselves as the petted favorites of the public of all classes and circles.

Our fair censor has, therefore, described as a leading feature in the state of society in this country, the precise distinction of which the *absence* constitutes the great and only real difference between our social constitution and that of Europe. It is also remarkable, as a proof how little she has matured her opinions on the subject, that while she condemns, in strong terms, this distinction, as she incorrectly represents it to exist here, she looks back to it as it really does exist in Europe, with a sort of longing regret; and, what is even more curious, she seems to suppose that every body she sees here, is infected with the same feeling. "A republic is a natural anomaly." What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, she cannot exactly say: but in the mean time, "it is my conviction that America will be a monarchy *before I am a skeleton.*" At an interview with the Recorder of New York, and some other gentlemen, she had opportunity of perceiving how

thorough a chimera the equality is, that we talk of as Americans: "here they were talking of their aristocracy and their democracy, and if nothing else bore testimony to the inherent love of *higher things*, which, I believe, exists in every human creature, the way in which the lawyer dwelt upon the Duke of Montrose, to whom, in Scotch kindred, he is allied at the distance of some miles, and Lady Loughborough, whom, heaven knows how he got hold of, would have satisfied me that my Lord or my Lady are just as precious in the eyes of these levellers, as in those of Lord and Lady-loving John Bull himself."

All this is pleasant enough, and it would be curious, if there were room, to examine the nature of these *higher things*, of which Mrs. Butler, and, in her opinion, every body else, is naturally so much enamored. Take, for instance, the Duke of Montrose. The real *higher thing* called a duke, is a general, — *dux*, — a leader of armies. These are *things* that we have in this country, in abundance, wherever they are wanted, as our author's countrymen know to their cost. Our Washingtons, Lincolns, Greenes, Lees, and Jacksons, were, or are, all real dukes. But what is the Duke of Montrose? A person who is called, by courtesy, duke or general, because one of his ancestors was a general some centuries ago. Now, supposing even that this kind of *misnomer* may, for certain purposes, have its use, we cannot think that there can be, in human nature, any "inherent love" for an object so entirely artificial; or that mere names, thus falsely applied, can be described with propriety as the *higher things* that naturally excite the enthusiasm of the generous and aspiring mind. If the son of Sir Walter Scott were called, by courtesy, *the Author of Waverley*, should we have a better chance for the further continuation of the Waverley novels, than we have now? The *high things*, connected with that appellation, were the novels, and the power of producing them. When these, in the course of nature, came to an end, the day of high things was over, and that of small things commenced, and it would make no difference to the lover of high things whether some person were complimented, by courtesy, with a title indicating the power of producing these works, or not. The case is the same with political and military distinctions. If titular dukes should continue to exist in England half a century longer, which may be looked upon as somewhat doubtful, the next generation will have its

Duke of Wellington, like the present; but the *high thing* now represented by this title, will be gone, and the one which takes its place will resemble it about as much as one of the gilt paper crowns, worn by "my father," upon the stage, resembles the real symbol of royalty. Why Mrs. Butler should feel so much enthusiasm about this composition jewelry of conventional rank and titles, we do not exactly see. Perhaps it may be owing to a secret consciousness that there is some analogy between her late profession and the existence of a titled nobility, which is, in fact, from first to last, a sort of theatrical representation. *N' ai-je pas bien joué mon role?* was a question put by the Empress Catharine of Russia, to the French ambassador Ségur. More probably, however, the feeling of our author is the common illusion, by the effect of which things unknown pass for magnificent. As an actress, she had no access on equal and familiar terms to the aristocratic circles of her country; but in consequence of the distinction of her family in their profession, and their private respectability, was occasionally permitted to come and contemplate, at a respectful distance, the splendor with which the nobility are surrounded. This is precisely the view of high life which is best fitted to make a favorable impression upon a susceptible observer; and when, with this wholly ideal impression of the state of society in Europe fresh in her mind, Mrs. Butler came to this country, she was naturally enough, though not very reasonably, disappointed, to find that the ordinary sayings and doings of our working-day world did not quite realize all the glorious dreams of her poetical and theatrical imagination. Hence a constant longing for the brilliant vanities of European rank and fashion; and hence her belief, already alluded to, that America will be a monarchy before she is a skeleton.

"Thy wish was father, Fanny, to that thought."

From the present aspect of the times, the probability is certainly much greater that before that period, as yet, we trust, a far distant one, shall arrive, the parent country will have put on the simple and manly guise of a republic.

Mrs. Butler's remarks upon the manners and condition of the female part of society, are rather more conformable to facts, than her observations on the distinctions of rank to which we have now alluded. It is no doubt true, as is stated in the above extracts, that young ladies, in this country, between the

time when they complete their education and that of their establishment in life, enjoy more liberty, and mix more freely in society, than they do after they have taken upon themselves the responsibility and care of a family. There is, however, less difference, in this respect, between the state of society here and elsewhere, than Mrs. Butler and some other late writers, who have made remarks of nearly the same kind, appear to suppose. It is the order of nature, every where, that a married lady should assume the management of the domestic concerns of her family; and the entire devotion of every thought, faculty and feeling, to the performance of this duty, which is generally exhibited by the mothers of America, is one of the finest and most honorable features in the national character. The distinction, however, as we have said, is not between the usages of this country and of Europe, but between the usages of society in general throughout the civilized world, and that of the privileged classes of Europe, who seem to occupy much too large a space in the imagination of our rather conservative journalist. The mode of life of these classes is in every particular, and in this, among the rest, entirely unnatural and conventional. The daughters of the royal and aristocratic families of Europe are not permitted to mix freely in society before their marriage, because it is feared that they may form attachments; and their alliances are matters of too much political importance, to be trusted to the impulse of mere unsophisticated youthful feeling. They are secluded in the nursery, or perhaps in convents, until after the parents have agreed upon the connexion which they are to form, and they are supposed to marry not from inclination or affection, but for the mutual convenience of the families. They now enter the world, but the troops of attendants by which they are surrounded, exempt them, in a great measure, from any personal responsibility for the care of their household; while the habits of the circles in which they move, and the circumstances under which their domestic relations have been formed, naturally lead them to feel but little interest in their families, and to devote almost their whole time to the pursuit of pleasure. Their life is a continual round of amusements. Riding and visiting occupy the day: the opera and the assembly fill up the night, through the winter. An excursion into the country, to the watering-places, to the continent, or in these later days of steamboats and railroads, to Greece,

Egypt, or India, furnishes diversion for the summer. The young men of the same class, relieved in like manner by the possession of hereditary fortunes, or of places in the various departments of the public service, from all care for their subsistence, are left at full liberty to join in these pursuits. In a class of society, of which idleness is the badge and boast, — which considers all useful and profitable labor as a derogation, — the state of morals may easily be imagined. The excitements of gallantry and gambling are the usual resources against the overwhelming *ennui* of a life of total inaction. It is one of the natural consequences of such a state of things, that the younger married ladies occupy a commanding station in society; but they purchase their influence at a very high price. This state of things is, however, as entirely foreign to the manners of the great mass of the population of Europe, as it is, and we trust ever will be, to those of the whole population of this country. In the circles composed of the prominent members of the various professions which form the middle classes of society in Europe, the married and unmarried ladies occupy respectively the same positions as in this country. The former are devoted to the cares and duties of their peculiar relations as wives and mothers, and without renouncing entirely what is sometimes called the "gay world," pass their time and place their happiness chiefly in the sanctuary of domestic life. The latter, having more leisure, and less oppressive cares and duties, indulge themselves more freely in the innocent amusements that suit their age. This is precisely the case with us, and must be the case in all countries where the order of nature is not violated by artificial institutions. The introduction in this, or any other country, of a privileged order, monopolizing, by hereditary right, a large proportion of the wealth and power of the community, and holding all useful labor a disgrace and a derogation, would give at once to the younger married ladies of that class, not merely the ascendency in their own social circles, but the virtual control of the whole machinery of the government. Such was the state of things in France, — under the old *regime*, the great example of this form of social life, — through the whole century preceding the revolution, and the disgust felt by the people at the undisguised and unblushing corruption which attended it, was one of the chief causes which produced that political convulsion. Whether Mrs. Butler and the other wri-

ters to whom we have alluded, contemplate a reform of this kind in its full extent, we do not pretend to know; but it is in this way only, that their objects can be effected; and we think we may add, that the people of the United States are not yet prepared for such a change in the forms of private or political life.

After playing some time at New York, our author proceeded to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. She afterwards visited Boston, and returning thence to New York, made an excursion into the interior of that state, in the midst of which the journal terminates, rather abruptly, with her arrival at Niagara. We shall not undertake to follow her in detail through the long course of her excursions, which were diversified with the usual number of hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field. As a specimen at once, of the activity displayed by the fair journalist in encountering these adventures, and the spirit with which she knows how to describe them, we give the following extract. The scene is at the residence of her namesake and kinsman, near West Point.

"I was not inclined to rest, and Mr.—— having promised to show me some falls at a short distance from the house, he and his brother, and I, set forth thither. We passed through the iron-works: 'twas Sunday, and everything except a bright water-course, laughing and singing as it ran, was still. They took me over the works, showed me the iron frames of large mill wheels, the machinery and process of boring the cannon, the model of an iron forcing-pump, the casting-houses, and all the wonders of their manufactory. All mechanical science is very interesting to me, when I have an opportunity of seeing the detail of it, and comprehending, by illustrations presented to my eyes, the technical terms used by those conversing with me. We left these dark abodes, and their smouldering fires, and strange, powerful-looking instruments, and taking a path at the foot of the mountains, skirted the marsh for some time, and then struck into the woods, ascending a tremendous stony path, at the top of which we threw ourselves down to pant, and looked below through a narrow rent in the curtain of leaves around us, on the river, and rocks, and mountains, bright with the noon-day splendor of the unclouded sky. After resting here a few moments, we arose and climbed again, through the woods, across a sweet clover field, to the brow of the hill, where stands the highland school,—a cheerful-looking cottage, with the mountain tops all round, the blessed sky above, and the downward sloping woods and lake-like river below. Passing

through the ground surrounding it, we joined a road skirting a deep ravine, from the bottom of which the waters called to me. I was wild to go down, but my companions would not let me. It was in vain that I strained over the brink, the trees were so thickly woven together, and the hollow so deep, that I could see nothing but dark boughs, except every now and then, as the wind stirred them, the white glimmer of the leaping foam, as it sprang away with a shout that made my heart dance. We followed the path, which began to decline, and presently a silver thread of gushing water ran like a frightened child across our way, and flung itself down into the glen. At length we reached the brown, golden-looking stream. Mr. —— was exhorting us to take an upper path, which he said would bring us to the foot of the fall; but I was not to be seduced away from the side of the rivulet, and insisted upon crossing it then and there, through the water, over moss-capped stones, across fallen trees, which, struck by the lightning, or undermined by the cold-kissing waters, had choked up the brook with their leafy bridges. So, striving on, as best we might, after wading through the stream two or three times, we reached the end and aim of our journey, the waterfall. We stood on the brink of a pool, about forty feet across, and varying in depth from three to seven or eight feet: it was perfectly circular, and except on the south, — where the waters take their path down the glen, — closed round with a wall of rock about thirty feet high, in whose crevices trees, with their rifted roots, hung fearlessly, clothing the grey stone with a soft curtain of vivid green. Immediately opposite the brook, and at the north of the pool, the water came tumbling over this rocky wall in three distinct streams, which, striking the projecting ledges of iron-looking stone, at different angles, met within eight or ten feet of the pool, and fell in a mingled sheet of foam. The water broke over the rocks like a shower of splintered light, — the spray sprang up in the sunlight, and fell again all glittering into the dark basin below, that gleamed like a magic jewel set in the mossy earth. On the edge of the rocks, beside the waterfall, a tree stood out among its greenly-mantled fellows, bare, broken, and scathed to the very roots with lightning. Its upper half had fallen aslant one branch of the waterfall, and lay black and dripping over the pure white torrent, half falling down its course, half stayed by some rocky ledges on which it rested. As I gazed up in perfect ecstacy, an uncontrollable desire seized me to clamber up the rocks by the side of the fall, and so reach the top of it. My companions laughed incredulously as I expressed my determination to do so, but followed where I led, until they became well assured that I was in earnest. Remonstrance and representation of impossibility having been tried in vain, Mr. —— prepared to guide me, and

Mr. ——, with my bag, parasol, and bonnet in charge, returned to the edge of the pool to watch our progress. Away we went over the ledges of the rocks, with nothing but damp leaves, and slippery roots of trees for footing. At one moment the slight covering of mould on which I had placed my foot, crumbled from beneath it, and I swung over the water by a young sapling, which upheld me well, and by which I recovered footing and balance. We had now reached the immediate side of the waterfall, and my guide began ascending the slippery, slanting rocks down which it fell. I followed: in an instant I was soaked through with the spray, — my feet slipped, — I had no hold; he was up above me, — the pool far below. With my head bowed against the foam and water, I was feeling where next to tread, when a bit of rock, that my companion had thought firm, broke beneath his foot, and came falling down beside me into the stream. I paused, for I was frightened. I looked up for a moment, but was blinded by the water, and could not see where my guide was; I looked down the slanting ledge we had climbed, over which the white water was churning angrily. 'Shall I come down again?' I cried to Mr. ——, who was anxiously looking up at our perilous path. 'Give me your hand!' shouted his brother above me. I lifted my head, and turned towards him, and a dazzling curtain of spray and foam fell over my face. 'I cannot see you,' I replied; 'I cannot go on, — I do not know what to do.' 'Give me your hand!' he exclaimed again; and I, planting one foot upon a ledge of rock so high as to lift me off the other, held up my arm to him; but my limbs were so strained from his height above me, that I had no power to spring or move, either up or down. However, I felt my presence of mind going; I knew that to go down was impossible, except headlong, — the ascent must therefore be persevered in. 'Are you steady, quite, quite steady?' I inquired: he replied, 'Yes;' and holding out his hand, I locked mine in it, and bade him draw me up. But he had not calculated upon my weight, — my slight appearance had deceived him, and as I bore upon his arm, we both of us slipped — I turned as sick as death, but only cried out, 'Recover yourself! recover yourself! — I am safe!' which I was, upon a rocky rim about three inches wide, with my arm resting on the falling stump of the blasted tree. He did recover his balance, and again holding out his hand, drew me up beside where he was sitting, on the edge of the rocks, in the water. We pledged each other in the clear stream, and standing on the top of our hardly gained eminence, in the midst of the rushing brook, I wrang my handkerchief triumphantly at Mr. ——; which was rather a comical consideration, as I was literally dripping from head to foot, — no Naiad ever looked so thoroughly watery, or could have taken more delight in a ducking. As soon as he

saw us safe, he scrambled up through the woods to the road, and we doing the same, we presently all met on the dusty highway, where we congratulated each other on our perseverance and success, and laughed very exceedingly at my soaked situation."

As another example of the serious mood of the author, we extract the following reflections on the natural disposition of the sex for devotional feelings.

"There are many reasons why women are more religious than men. Our minds are not generally naturally analytical,—our educations tend to render them still less so: 'tis seldom in a woman's desire, (because seldom in her capacity,) to investigate the abstract bearings of any metaphysical subject. Our imaginations are exceedingly sensitive, our subservience to early impressions, and exterior forms, proportionate; and our habits of thought, little enlarged by experience, observation, or proper culture, render us utterly incapable of almost any logical train of reasonings. With us, I think therefore, faith is the only secure hold; for disbelief acting upon mental constructions so faulty and weak, would probably engender insanity, or a thousand species of vague, wild, and mischievous enthusiasms. I believe too, that women are more religious than men, because they have warmer and deeper affections. There is nothing surely on earth that can satisfy and utterly fulfil the capacity for loving which exists in every woman's nature. Even when her situation in life is such as to call forth and constantly keep in exercise the best affections of her heart, as a wife, and a mother, it still seems to me as if more would be wanting to fill the measure of yearning tenderness, which, like an eternal fountain, gushes up in every woman's heart; therefore I think it is that we turn, in the plenitude of our affections, to that belief which is a religion of love, and where the broadest channel is open to receive the devotedness, the clinging, the confiding trustfulness, which are idolatry when spent upon creatures like ourselves, but become a holy worship when offered to heaven. Nor is it only from the abundance and overflowing of our affections that we are devout; 'tis not only from our capacity of loving, but also from our capacity of suffering that our piety springs. Woman's physical existence, compared with that of man, is one of incessant endurance. This in itself begets a necessity for patience, a seeking after strength, a holding forth of the hands for support; thus, the fragile frame, the loving heart, and the ignorant mind, are in us sources of religious faith. But it often happens that those affections, so strong, so deep, so making up the sum and substance of female existence, instead of being happily employed, as I have supposed above, are converted into

springs of acute suffering. These wells of feeling hidden in the soul, upon whose surface the slightest smile of affection falls like sunlight, but whose very depths are stirred by the breath of unkindness, are too often unvisited by the kindly influence of kindred sympathies, and go wearing their own channels deeper, in silence and in secresy, and in infinite bitterness, — undermining health, happiness, the joy of life, and making existence one succession of burden-bearing days, and toilsome, aching, heavy hours. It is in this species of blight, which falls upon many women, that any religious faith becomes a refuge and a consolation, more especially that merciful and compassionate faith whose words are, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' To that rest betakes itself the wearied spirit, the wounded heart; and it becomes a blessing beyond all other blessings; a source of patience, of fortitude, of hope, of strength, of endurance; a shelter in the scorching land, — a spring of water in the wilderness."

The remarks of Mrs. Butler upon the political institutions of the country, are, as we have said, among the feeblest parts of the book; but we deem it unnecessary to undertake to refute them in detail. They are little more than a repetition of observations made by former travellers, which, as far as they require attention, have been repeatedly noticed and reduced to their proper value. As a specimen, however, of the style and tone of the political part of the work, we copy the following short note:

"Unfortunately, this precaution does not fulfil its purpose; universal suffrage is a political fallacy: and will be one of the stumbling-blocks in the path of this country's greatness. I do not mean that it will lessen her wealth, or injure her commercial and financial resources; but it will be an insuperable bar to the progress of mental and intellectual cultivation, — 't is a plain case of action and reaction. If the mass, i. e., the inferior portion, (for when was the mass not inferior?) elect their own governors, they will, of course, elect an inferior class of governors, and the government of such men will be an inferior government; that it may be just, honest, and rational, I do not dispute; but that it ever will be enlarged, liberal, and highly enlightened, I do not, and cannot believe."

Whether universal suffrage be, or be not, in the abstract, a correct principle, is a point which we need not examine. In every country the best, and indeed the only practicable political institutions, are those under which the people have grown

up from youth to maturity, and to which their feelings and habits are accommodated. This is the ground upon which the usage of universal suffrage rests in the United States, and were it even attended by the inconveniences supposed by our author, it must still continue to exist. It is the birthright of the nation, and nothing but a violent revolution can ever deprive them of it. We cannot say, however, that we think the reasoning of Mrs. Butler against it, very conclusive. "If the mass elect their own governors, they will, of course, elect an inferior class of governors, and the government of such men will be an inferior government." This conclusion, though given in a somewhat oracular tone, is far from according with the experience of this or of other periods. If "industrious little me" can find time to look into the history of Rome, she will ascertain that when the plebeians had obtained, after long struggles, the right of electing one of the consuls at discretion, they always elected him from among the patricians. And to come nearer home, if the presidents and governors of the United States, from the beginning of our history to the present time, — if the political men of all parties, who are at this moment rendered prominent by the principle of universal suffrage, — the Clays, the Websters, the Calhouns, the Forsyths, the Van Burens, and others, — if these "belong to an inferior class," we should be glad to know to what class we are to look for their betters, either in moral or intellectual qualities. The most acute and profound speculative politicians, — Montesquieu, for example, the master of the science, — while they deny the capacity of the people to administer the government in person on the principle of pure democracy, acknowledge, in the fullest manner, their capacity to elect their rulers, and refer, in proof of the principle, to the examples we have cited, of Greece and Rome.

But this is not all. Were it even admitted, that the principle of universal suffrage does not, in all cases, bring out the best men, before you make a change, the important question arises, what are you to substitute for it? The rulers elected on this principle, are, according to Mrs. Butler, an inferior class; but to whom are they inferior? Are they inferior to the hereditary rulers of the old world? Are the Washingtons, the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Jacksons, of this country, inferior to the Georges, the Lewises, the Ferdinands, and the Frederics, of Europe? Are the Websters and Whites of the American senate, inferior to the great hereditary peers of Eng-

land, — the Norfolks, for example, or the Northumberlands? This will not even be pretended. If the elective principle brings out an "inferior class of men," the hereditary principle brings out a still lower one, —

"In the lowest deep a lower depth."

What, then, would Mrs. Butler have us do? If the statesmen whom we now employ are inferior men, they are inferior not to those who are placed in power in other countries, by the opposite hereditary principle, but to the "illustrious obscure" of some hitherto unexplored stratum of society. By what process, then, are we to arrive at these political phœnixes? Shall we limit the right of suffrage? This plan, too, has been always practised among us in connexion with that of universal suffrage, and it does not appear from any experience we have yet had, that the results of the two are materially different. In Massachusetts the right of suffrage is nearly universal; in Virginia it is limited to freeholders. These have always been, intellectually, the leading, as they are the oldest states in the union, and have both been remarkable for putting forward their ablest and best men in political employments. Thus the two states, whose forms of election differ most widely, are precisely those in which the results have been most nearly alike; and what may appear more remarkable, the state where the right of suffrage is limited, has always been considered the great champion of democracy; while Massachusetts, with her system of universal suffrage, has been always accused, whether justly or not, of an aristocratic tendency.

We are compelled to say, therefore, if Mrs. Butler will excuse us for differing from her, that she is, in our opinion, wrong, upon this point, both in her facts and in her principles. The men who are brought into public life in this country, by the operation of our system of election, far from belonging to an inferior class, are, in general, the prominent persons in their respective parties; and such, from the nature of the case, they must be, under any form of election. Whatever, in fact, may be the nature of the government, the men who really exercise political influence, are, substantially, self-appointed. The irresistible vocation of talent and character, — in other words, the decree of Providence, — carries them forward, and no human power can prevent them from accomplishing their destiny. In

barbarous countries, where military skill and talent are the only means of influence, they employ the sword; in civilized countries, the press and the tribune. If the persons or parties in possession of power, recognize their claims, they take their places naturally in the social order, and operate through the regular channels; if their claims are resisted, they create a personal influence around them, which, in arbitrary governments, changes the ruler, and in free countries, the majority. The different forms of election are only different modes in which the voice of the people declares their election to the places of trust and power. Universal suffrage points them out as distinctly as any other system; in arbitrary governments the hereditary ruler is compelled, at his risk and peril, to put them where they ought to be. What form of election in England would have failed to place Pitt and Fox at the head of their respective parties in parliament? The old French government could imprison Mirabeau at discretion; but the consequence was, that they soon found the Bastille and the Tuileries tumbling about their ears, and were too happy to treat with him upon his own terms. If the men who are naturally called by their character and talents to exercise political influence, sometimes fail to do all that might be expected from them, it is not because the forms of election or administration in the countries where they reside, operate against them, but because their high endowments are combined with defects of character, which wholly, or in part, neutralize their efficiency. The different forms of election and administration are only different sorts of machinery which the men of talent use with equal facility to accomplish their objects; if they fail to govern others, it is because they are unable to govern themselves.

The real objection to universal suffrage, so far as there is any, is not that it brings out men of an inferior class, which, in fact, is not the case; but that it is a cumbrous, tumultuous, and perhaps, under some circumstances, unsafe mode of doing what might be nearly or quite as well done by a much simpler process. The whole country is kept in a state of permanent excitement, which, at one time or another, may not improbably take the form of civil war, upon the question of the presidency, when almost any simple provision, such, for example, as that the oldest member of the senate should be, *ex officio*, president, would, so far as the public service is concerned, answer the purpose just about as well as the present mode of

election. The hereditary principle, employed in other countries, was doubtless introduced, or at least is most plausibly defended, as a simpler mode of solving the problem, who shall govern? than popular suffrage. But, on the other hand, this and all other "simple machines," are attended with inconveniences and dangers of other kinds, not less serious than the toil and trouble of voting. The wise man accepts the lot which Providence assigns him, and endeavors as far as he can to avoid its inconveniences, and to turn its advantages to the best account. Universal suffrage or an extension of the elective franchise, amounting substantially to the same thing, is our "Sparta;" it is our duty and policy to do the best we can with it, and so far as the character of the persons elected to office under it is concerned, we see no reason yet to believe that we are less fortunate than contemporary communities which proceed upon different principles.

But we find that we are growing serious, and must hasten to a close. "Dear good little me," though she uses some naughty language, and is rather ultra-conservative in her notions upon government, is, upon the whole, a favorite with us, and we trust that we shall not part upon ill terms. If we have lost any portion of her good graces by disputing her political theories, we must endeavor to make up for it by praising her poetry. We cannot say that we greatly admire her tragedy, — and the fugitive pieces which she has since published, are very unequal. But some of them evince a real talent. Her fortunate release from the slavery of the sock and buskin, will give her ample leisure to cultivate this faculty, and enable her to supply, with excitement of a higher and nobler kind, the void that must be left in her feelings by the absence of the popular applause upon which she had so long fed. Of the poetical essays in the present volume, the one entitled "Autumn" is perhaps the best. It combines the same correct, graphic, and brilliant delineation of nature, which we have seen in some passages of her journal, with a power of versification which would do credit to a practised poet. Our readers will be pleased to see it entire.

"Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad, —
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an Emperor, triumphing,

With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear,
Red falls the westering light of day,
On rock and stream and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray,
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods, the ground
Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun, with arrows bright,
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh Autumn! thou art here a king, —
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.
Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth autumn come to thee,
My home! — but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint-breathing rose, that, round the year,
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown,
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.
At morn and eve thin silver vapors rise
Around his path: but sometimes at mid-day
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the sallow woods and fields seem gay.
Yet something of sad sov'reignty he hath, —
A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,

And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hush'd attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away."

Art. VII. — *Dunlap's History of the Arts.*
History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States. By William Dunlap, Vice President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the History of the American Theatre, Biography of G. F. Cooke, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1834.

We have read this book throughout with great, though equally sustained interest. Mr. Dunlap has brought together in it a great variety of curious information about artists and the arts in the United States. The author's own life has been given, in a great measure, to the study and practice of painting, both at home and abroad; and though he has never reached a high eminence in that art, yet his familiarity with practical details, and his extensive acquaintance with living artists, would seem to give him peculiar qualifications for the task he has undertaken. This task we think Mr. Dunlap has, on the whole, ably and laboriously fulfilled. Every source from which knowledge could be drawn, has been resorted to, and an extraordinary collection of materials, to illustrate the progress of the arts, in and out of the United States, has been gathered with untiring industry, and amazing minuteness of research. Printed and manuscript biographies, public and private documents, the testimony of living artists, and notes and memoranda of the dead, pour their treasures into this reservoir. The number of names which Mr. Dunlap has made the public acquainted with, would make the stoutest defenders of the superiority of American genius stare with wonder, and ought to make the cavillers hang their heads with shame. These names include the professors of all the arts of design, both those who had talents and those who had not; but we feel bound to say,

that the latter class outnumbers the former by a great majority, *counting per capita.*

Mr. Dunlap has relieved the body of his work by interspersing brief essays on the several arts, some of which are from his own pen, and some written by others practically engaged in the profession. In this way a great amount of information on the technical terms and manual processes of art, is brought within the reader's reach. This information, though not commonly possessed, is quite necessary to the right understanding of criticisms on the works brought into discussion. We think Mr. Dunlap has done wisely to give his readers this benefit, and hope it will prove a benefit to the sale of the book.

Some of the most interesting portions of the work are the auto-biographical letters of living artists, published wholly or in part. Mr. Alexander's sketch of his early life, is one of the most entertaining histories of genius, struggling to find its true position, that we have ever read. Mr. Allston's notices of cotemporary artists, are fine specimens of good humor, and excellent criticism. The same remark may be applied to many others.

Mr. Dunlap's narrative style is easy and clear, though sometimes wanting in strength. There is, also, a want of arrangement, selection and compression; circumstances of little or no importance, are often related with as much gravity as those of the highest. The spirit of Mr. Dunlap's criticism, though not searching and profound, is, in general, full of good sense and candor. He praises heartily, and blames independently. He loves and respects the arts, and delights to honor those whose genius in the arts has made them illustrious. But we have some fault to find with him. He has been too free in showing up the private histories of artists, and blazoning abroad circumstances in their domestic or personal relations, which ought to have been held forever sacred from the public gaze. A man no more forfeits his individual rights by becoming a painter or sculptor, than he does by becoming a shoe-maker or house-carpenter, — and that great busy-body, the public, has as good a claim to pry into and violate the sanctity of domestic life, in one case, as in the other. He has taken up too many pages with the unimportant or merely local quarrels of artists, and sometimes shews a strength of personal feeling that must lessen his credit as an impartial historian. The wearisome attacks on Colonel Trumbull are marked by a harshness

of temper which a sensible man ought to keep under the control of his better nature. Many stories are told, in this and other portions of the work, — the life of Stuart, for instance, — which are probably no more than idle gossip; but being thus furnished with a local habitation in authentic history, may be of serious injury to the fame of those about whom they are related. Scandalous chronicles need more sifting to come at the truth than the records of virtuous deeds, a discreditable story being commonly more readily believed, and more easily invented, than the opposite one. It is a safe rule to believe all the good a man has credit for, *at once*, and disbelieve all the evil laid to his charge, save on the strictest proof. Take the *word* of him who speaks his neighbor's praise, but hold the tale-bearer to the *law* and the *testimony*.

We propose to give a few pages to some notices of the state of American art. The rank which our countrymen have taken in this department, within the last fifty or sixty years, renders this an interesting and important theme. Undoubtedly many of the master productions of this age have sprung from the genius of America. Men are ever and anon starting up, in the bosom of our happy land, whom God has gifted with the seeing eye and the cunning hand; before whom nature outspreads her beauties, and is understood; over whose souls the mighty mother breathes her inspiration, and they heave with the emotions of creative genius struggling on blindly, until some happy accident, some unforeseen event, leads them into their destined path, and a thousand forms of beauty, grace, and grandeur, descend to them and gather round them, to glow on the canvass, to live in the marble. Our greatest want is the want of models, which time and patience will supply. An open career, unbounded freedom of personal action, are the birthright of every American artist. The spreading intercourse of this country with others, the ever-growing sum total of native productions, are fast filling our public collections and our private abodes. Public and private prosperity are increasing, and the humanizing arts are following in their train.

The first artist commemorated by our author, was John Watson, a Scotchman, who came to the United States in 1715. This gentleman appears to have been a great oddity. His works made the children stare, and might reasonably have made grown people stare, too. He had some taste for picture-making, but more for money-making. He had a bad eye for

the picturesque, but an excellent one for the main chance. He often missed a likeness, but never a safe investment. His works are never spoken of, and even his name is unknown beyond the circle of Mr. Dunlap's readers.

Smybert, the next in order, is chiefly remarkable for the influence he exercised over the minds of abler artists than himself, Copley, Trumbull, and Allston. His most interesting works are the copy of Vandyke's Bentivoglio in Harvard library, and a picture of Bishop Berkeley's family, now in the possession of Yale college. He had joined in the visionary schemes of this enthusiastic philanthropist and scholar. The main object of the enterprize failed, but its failure was more fortunate for the artist than success would probably have been, for it led him to Boston, matrimony, and competence.

After noticing slightly several other and more obscure artists, our author takes up the life of Benjamin West. West had the singular fortune of reading the greater part of his biography, in the ample volume of Galt. But though this circumstance might reasonably be expected to give additional weight to the narrative, it must be confessed that Galt's love of fiction, or habit of writing fiction, has strangely adorned the simple history of the Quaker painter. As an artist, West's fame has perhaps already passed its zenith; and in this respect, he will probably stand lower in the opinion of posterity, than the love and admiration of his cotemporaries will allow. But his history will offer to all coming ages, a beautiful example of a virtuous and honorable man. True his character has been exposed to the sneer, and his genius to the mockery of the foul-mouthed author of Peter Pindar; but what exalted and illustrious worth was sacred from his attacks? what purity of virtue was not assailed, — what decency of social life was not violated by that "obscene bird" of song? West's talents were unquestionably great, but his industry was greater. His temper was placid, his habits frugal, his manners gentle. He had gathered up treasures of knowledge, which he dispensed to the young with unsparing bounty. Information and advice were never sought from him in vain, by the youthful beginner in the career of art. Exposed to the temptation of a dangerous metropolis, he passed through a long life without a stain. The attractions of fashionable dissipation, so fatal to the irregular sensibilities of most men of genius, were opened in vain before the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

He toiled on, amidst them all, with a steadiness of purpose, a calmness of self-possession, a coolness of judgment, an evenness of temper, a staid sobriety of feeling, that made the results of his efforts, both in the services he rendered to his studious young countrymen, and in the number and extent of his works, truly amazing.

Mr. Dunlap gives the following account of a well known incident, in the painter's life.

"At the age of twenty-one, Benjamin West embarked with young Allen, and soon arrived at Gibraltar, where the ship stopped for convoy. Captain Kearny, commanding the ships of war on the station, was a friend of young Allen's father, and the young man, with his companion, being invited to dine on board his ship, West was introduced favorably to the officers, with whom he proceeded up the Mediterranean. Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson were the correspondents of Mr. Allen, and the young painter, having delivered his credentials to them at Leghorn, was furnished with letters to Cardinal Albani and other distinguished characters at Rome. Under these favorable auspices the quaker painter proceeded on his journey in charge of a French courier, who had been engaged by his Leghorn friends as his guide and interpreter, and gained his first view of the immortal city from a height at eight miles distance. It is easy to imagine the impression such a prospect, and its attendant anticipations, would make upon an American youth of that day, and it is much safer to leave the subject to the imagination of the reader than to obtrude upon him the surmises of the writer. Suffice it to say, that the unsophisticated Yankee arrived safe at the great metropolis, and was introduced to the remains of her ancient taste and splendor, scarcely more the object of his admiration, than he was of attention to the nobles of Italy, and the illustrious strangers with whom the city swarmed. An American had come to study painting, and that American a quaker! This was a matter of astonishment, and when it was found that the young man was neither black nor savage, but fair, intelligent, and already a painter, West became emphatically the lion of the day in Rome.

"It was on the 10th of July, 1760, that the French courier deposited the youth at an hotel in the great city, and spread the strange story abroad that a quaker and an American had come to study the fine arts in Italy; this appeared so extraordinary to an English gentleman, Mr. Robinson, that he immediately sought him, and insisted on his dining with him. The letters brought by West proved to be from Mr. Robinson's friends, and the artist had the advantage of an immediate introduction to the best society of Rome.

"At the house of Mr. Crespigny he was presented to Cardinal Albani, who, although blind, 'had acquired, by the exquisite delicacy of his touch, and the combining powers of his mind,' we quote Mr. Galt, 'such a sense of ancient beauty, that he excelled all the virtuoso of Rome in the correctness of his knowledge of the variety and peculiarities of the smallest medals and intaglios.' To this virtuoso Mr. Robinson introduced the quaker as 'a young American, who had come to Italy for the purpose of studying the fine arts;' and the query of the cardinal was, 'Is he black or white?'

"West, among the many advantages derived from nature, possessed a fine form, and a face as fair as artists paint angels, or lovers their mistresses. At the age of fifty he was remarkable for comeliness; and it is presumed that at the period of which we treat, his appearance must have been very prepossessing, and not the less for the flowing locks and simple attire of his sect. The cardinal being satisfied that the painter was as white *as himself*, (that being his next inquiry,) received him graciously, examined his face and head, with his fingers, expressed his admiration, and made up a party to witness the impression which the sight of the chef d'œuvres of antiquity, would make upon a native of the new world. The Apollo was first shown him, and his exclamation was, 'How like a young Mohawk warrior!'

"The Italians, on hearing the words translated by Mr. Robinson, were mortified, but when West, at that gentleman's request, described the Mohawk in his state of native freedom, as seen in those days, his speed, his vigor, his exercise with the bow,— when Mr. Robinson interpreted the words, 'I have seen a Mohawk standing in that very attitude, intensely pursuing with his eye the flight of the arrow just discharged from the bow,' his auditory were delighted by the criticism of the stranger, and applauded his untutored acumen."

The following extract contains an interesting summary of Mr. West's travels in Italy.

"It is related by Mr. Galt that West's first specimen of painting in Europe, a portrait of Mr. Robinson, was said to be better colored than the works of Mengs, at that time the greatest painter in Rome, and that the young American was pronounced the second in rank in that capital. This assertion does not accord with the fact that few of West's pictures previous to that time appear to have merited preservation. Many of Copley's works painted before he left his country are yet to be seen and admired. We have been obliged to search diligently for any specimen of West's portrait painting before he left America, and when we have found it, it has hardly been worth the search. This, however, we can

say, that we have found none better among the works of his predecessors. They are not such as we should expect would rival Mengs in coloring or anything else; we have previously mentioned those of Mr. Bard and Mr. Morris, and we may not have seen the best he painted at that early period. On the other hand, we know that West during the four years he passed in Italy, painted pictures which gained him academical honors, and the applause of the public; we know that his copy of Corregio's St. Jerome, executed at Parma, is a perfect specimen of coloring; and we know that on his arrival in England he took his stand immediately as the first historical painter in the kingdom.

"Mengs and Pompeo Battoni were at this period the greatest painters of Rome. Of the latter, in connection with our subject, we have been favored with the following from Mr. Allston, as related to him by Mr. West. 'Battoni was at that time 'in full flower,' dividing the empire of art with Mengs. He received Mr. West very graciously in his painting room, and after some questions respecting his country, concerning which he seemed to have had no very distinct notion, — said, 'And so, young man, you have come — how far is it?' 'Three thousand miles.' 'Ay, three thousand miles from the woods of America to become a painter! You are very fortunate in coming to Rome at this time, for now you shall see Battoni paint.' He thereupon proceeded with his work then in hand, a picture of the Madonna; occasionally exclaiming, as he stept back, to see the effect, 'e viva Battoni!'

"Mengs very liberally applauded the effort of the young artist, which had been compared to his own masterly productions, and traced out a plan for his studies and travel. 'See and examine everything deserving of your attention here, and after making a few drawings of about half a dozen of the best statues, go to Florence, and observe what has been done for art in the collections there. Then proceed to Bologna, and study the works of the Caracci; afterwards visit Parma, and examine attentively the pictures of Corregio; and then go to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When you have made this tour, come back to Rome, and paint an historical composition to be exhibited to the Roman public.'

"The excitements of Rome produced fever, and before West could avail himself of this judicious advice, his friends and physicians advised a return to Leghorn for the restoration of health. Here he was received into the hospitable mansion of Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson, and by their care, recovered so far as to return to his studies in Rome, but was soon again forced by a relapse to fly once more to Leghorn, when the fever left him with an affection of the ancle, which threatened the loss of the limb:

His constant friends Jackson and Rutherford sent him to Florence, and placed him under the care of a celebrated surgeon, who produced a radical cure, after a confinement of eleven months.

"Even during this season of pain and disease, the artist pursued his studies, and was encouraged by the attentions of men of taste and influence, both natives and travellers. When recovered so as to bear the fatigues of travelling, he had the good fortune to obtain as a companion on the tour recommended by Mengs, a man of extraordinary accomplishments and acquirements. A gentleman of the name of Matthews, connected with Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson, visited Florence and agreed to accompany the young painter in his visit to the most celebrated repositories of Italian art.

"In the mean time, that good fortune which attended West's conduct throughout life, was operating in his favor on the shores of the western world. The applause bestowed on the portrait of Mr. Robinson, was mentioned in a letter from Rutherford and Jackson to Mr. Allen, of Philadelphia, and the letter read by him to an assemblage of gentlemen at his dinner table, among whom was Governor Hamilton. Allen mentioned the sum deposited with him, by West before his departure, adding, 'as it must be much reduced, he shall not be frustrated in his studies for want of money: I will write to my correspondents to furnish him with whatever he may require.' This generous declaration produced a demand from the Governor, that 'he should be considered as joining in the responsibility of the credit.' The consequence was, that while West was waiting at Florence for the sum of ten pounds for which he had written to his friends at Leghorn, he received notice from their bankers that they were instructed to give him unlimited credit.

"It is not always that talents, when backed by good conduct, produce such effects upon mankind; and some may perhaps exclaim, 'surely mankind are less inclined to obey the generous impulses of nature now, than they were a century ago.' But it is not so. Talents ever command admiration, and good conduct solicits good will. But both or either may be obscured by circumstances. They may exist separately, and not be deserving of friendship. They may be united, and their efforts destroyed by personal defect in the possessor, timidity, false shame, false pride or excessive sensitiveness, — and as far as these defects have influence, the effects of good conduct are weakened, obscured or destroyed. West had talents, virtue, youth, beauty, and prudence. He appears to have possessed no quality to counteract their influence, and circumstances independent of his own good qualities seemed uniformly to favor his progress.

"From Florence Mr. West proceeded to Bologna, and after inspecting the works of art, he went on to Venice. Here the style and coloring of Titian were his principal study. After completing the tour recommended by Mengs, he returned to Rome, and pursued his study again in that great centre of taste. He at this time painted his pictures of Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Medora. These established his reputation as an historical painter, and obtained him the academical honors of Rome.

"By the advice of his father he determined to visit England before returning home, and again he had the advantage of travelling with a man of taste and refinement, Dr. Patoune, who was returning to Great Britain. The doctor proceeded to Florence, while the painter went to take leave of his friends at Leghorn. The travellers afterwards stopped at Parma, while West finished his copy of St. Jerome. This beautiful picture is in the possession of the family of Mr. Allen, one of the painter's earliest friends, and in America. Here again the novelty of an American quaker painter procured him the attention of the great; and the *friend* kept on his broad brim when introduced to the court of Parma, very much to the astonishment of the prince and his courtiers, — perhaps not a little to their amusement.

"Genoa and Turin were taken in the route to France, and the peace of 1763 having been but lately concluded, the travellers as Englishmen, were only protected by a magistrate from a mob, who had not yet ratified the treaty. In Paris, West visited, as every where else, the collections of paintings and sculptures, but the inferiority of France to Italy was at that time more apparent than at this, and the American had little to learn in Paris, who had studied in, and gained the approbation of the academies of Italy."

The following able review of Mr. West's character is from the pen of Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy.

"The discourses of President West bear ample testimony to the zeal and knowledge which he brought to the performance of a task, rendered as arduous as it was honorable, by the extraordinary ability with which it had been previously executed.

"Well grounded in the elementary principles of this profession, he was as conversant with the theory, as he was dexterous in the practice of his art. It is no exaggeration to say of him, that in the exercise of those powers of the pencil, to the attainment of which his ambition more particularly directed him, he was unrivalled in his day. Such, indeed, was the facility of his hand, and with so much certainty did he proceed in his operations, that

he rarely failed to achieve whatever he proposed to accomplish, and within the time which he had allotted for its performance.

"Indefatigable application and irrepressible ardor in his pursuit, succeeded in obtaining for him that general knowledge of his subject, which seldom fails to reward the toils of resolute and well-directed study. No artist of his time, perhaps, was better acquainted with the powers and the expedients, the exigencies and the resources of his art. No man could more sagaciously estimate the qualities of a fine picture, or more skilfully analyze the merits combined in its production. If you found yourself embarrassed in the conduct of your work, and you consulted him, he would at once show you where it failed, and why it failed. Like a skilful physician, he announced with precision the nature of the disease, and could suggest the remedy, even where he was not himself qualified to administer it.

"The qualities which distinguished him, both as a man and as an artist, were, perhaps, not a little influenced by the peculiar religious impressions which he had early received. Order, calmness, and regularity characterized him through all the relations of life. In his habits of investigation, there was nothing loose, desultory, or digressive. The stores of knowledge which study and experience enabled him to lay up, were immediately classed and ticketed for use; and the results of his observations he diligently endeavored to compress into principles, whenever they would admit of so advantageous a reduction; the natural turn of his mind leading him to repress, within the strict limits of system and science, the arbitrary, irregular, and eccentric movements of genius and taste.

"No man could be more liberally desirous than West to impart to others the knowledge which he possessed. He never, indeed, appeared to be more gratified than when engaged in enlightening the minds of those who looked up to him for instruction; and though, in following the path of precept marked out by his great predecessor, and communicating the lessons of his experience in a similar way, he does not approach to a rivalry with Reynolds as a teacher of his art; though his pen was not so ready as his pencil, and cannot be said to display the graces of language and style which distinguish the compositions of that eminent writer, yet the discourses of President West, delivered from this place, must be acknowledged to contain many ingenious remarks and much useful information. They evince an ardent enthusiasm for the honor and interests of his profession, and a laudable zeal to recommend the just claims of the arts to the respect and protection of our country.

"It is impossible to review the character and professional powers of this able artist, without the strongest sense of regret that

they are so inadequately understood and appreciated in this country, even at this day. The spirit of criticism prevalent among us, which, it must be confessed, is not generally too indulgent to the imperfections of modern art, has shown itself, in his case, more than usually fastidious and severe. The high aims of his pencil, which might reasonably be expected to propitiate the community of taste, have procured for him no favor. He is unsparingly censured when he fails, and is allowed little credit where he has succeeded. He is tried, not by his merits, but by his defects, and judged by a tribunal which admits only the evidence against him. His profession, indeed, have always done him justice; and they manifested their sense of his claims by the station in which they placed him. But few artists have been less favored by fortune, or more ungenerously defrauded of their fame. It has been unreservedly stated on his own authority, that the remuneration of his labors, from the patronage of *the public*, during the space of forty-five years, was so inadequate to his very moderate wants, as to leave him dependent on the income allowed him as historical painter to his royal patron George the Third, for the means of living in this country.

"It is melancholy to reflect, that in consequence of this resource having been unexpectedly withdrawn from him, very late in life, and at a period when his royal protector must have been unconscious of such a proceeding, the close of his long and laborious career was embittered by pecuniary embarrassment. But his enthusiasm for his art never for a moment failed under his disappointments. The spring of his mind never once gave way, and nearly to the latest hour of an existence prolonged beyond the period usually assigned to the age of man, he was occupied in projecting works sufficiently extensive to startle the enterprize of youth, and demand the exertion of the most vigorous manhood.

"Unfortunately, however, West did not possess, in a sufficient degree, those qualities of art which are the most popular amongst us. The captivations of color, *chiar' oscuro*, and execution, which the English school displays in such perfection, were wanting to set off his productions; and the merits of a higher order which they contained, appealed to, and required the exercise of a better informed and more comprehensive judgment than the taste of his time could in general supply.

"So little impression, indeed, had his various powers left upon the public mind, after the toils of more than half a century, that a collection of his pictures, formed after his death by his family, containing many of his finest works, and arranged with peculiar judgment and taste, had scarcely sufficient attraction for the admirers of art in this great metropolis, to defray the expenses attending their exhibition.

"The defects of West were obvious to the most common observer of his works. Every small critic could talk of the hardness of his outline, the dryness of his manner, and the absence of what may be called those *surface sweets* which are so highly prized, under the name of execution, by that class of artists and connoisseurs who think more of the means than of the end, in contemplating a work of art. But it demanded greater knowledge of the subject than is commonly found amongst the ordinary dispensers of fame in this country, to appreciate his various acquirements; — his powers of composition; — his general facility of design; — his masterly treatment of extensive subjects, where, in pouring a population on his canvass, the resources of an artist's imagination are put to the test; — the scientific construction and arrangement of his groupes, and the appropriate action and occupation of the different figures of which they are composed. Yet all these are qualities which rank high in the scale by which it is usual to estimate the comparative claims of a painter. We must take care not to lose sight of the standard by which the relative merits of our art are to be measured. In proportion as the intellectual is combined with the mechanical, do we value those productions of man which are not appropriated to the purposes of manufacture, or the ordinary accommodations of life.

"Invention, composition, design, character, and expression have always taken precedence of coloring, *chiar' oscuro*, and execution, in the estimation of the judicious critic; though excellence in the latter qualities may be justly preferred to mediocrity in the former. We may, from local prejudice, or personal peculiarity, prefer silver to gold, or a pebble to a diamond; but if we reverse in our notions the relative value, which, by common consent, has been assigned to these objects, our judgment will be considered not only erroneous but diseased.

"The ambition of West directed him to the highest department of his art. In *his* hands the pencil was always employed for the noblest purposes, — on subjects the moral interest of which outweighs their mechanical execution. He delighted to commemorate heroic deeds, to illustrate the annals of sacred history, and perpetuate the triumphs of patriotism and public virtue.

"If we applaud the exalted spirit which prompted him to devote his talents to such praiseworthy objects, shall we not also offer the just tribute of our admiration to the enlightened monarch who encouraged and sustained his labors; who, by liberally endeavoring to re-open the church to the arts, sought to procure for them a new source of employment in this country, and who, as far as in him lay, set an example of generous patronage of the arts to the great and powerful of his day, which, if it had been followed with corresponding zeal and patriotism, could not have failed to obtain

for Great Britain all the glory which pre-eminence in arts can shed upon a state?

"The degree of success with which the honorable exertions of West were attended, may, I conceive, be fairly determined by this test: let the most prejudiced of those who are inclined to question his claims to the rank of a great artist examine the series of prints engraved from his works. I would, in particular, entreat them to view with some attention, the Death of General Wolfe, — the battle of La Hogue and the Boyne, — the Return of Regulus to Carthage, — Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus, — the young Hannibal swearing eternal enmity to the Romans, — the Death of Epaminondas, — the Death of the Chevalier Bayard, — Pyrrhus, when a boy, brought to Glaucus, king of Illyria, for protection, — and Penn's treaty with the Indians; not to mention many others, perhaps equally deserving of enumeration. Let these well-known examples of his ability be candidly considered, and where is the artist, whose mind is enlarged beyond the narrow sphere of his own peculiar practice, — where is the connoisseur, whose taste has not been formed by a *catalogue raisonné*, or in the atmosphere of an auction-room, — who will hesitate to acknowledge that the author of such noble compositions may justly claim a higher station in his profession than has been hitherto assigned to him, and well merits to be considered, in his peculiar department, the most distinguished artist of the age in which he lived?"

The next artist commemorated in these memoirs, is John Singleton Copley. He was born in Boston, in 1738, and began to show the turn of his genius for painting early in life. In 1774 he went to Italy, and two years after, arrived in England, where he devoted himself to portraiture, and became a member of the Royal Academy. Besides his portraits, many historical pieces from his pencil have gained considerable celebrity, — among them are, "the Death of Chatham," and "Charles the First in the house of Commons." The name of Copley has been made still more illustrious, by the genius of the painter's son, Lord Lyndhurst, who has twice been raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England. The following remarks on Copley are from the letters of C. R. Leslie, addressed to Mr. Dunlap.

"'Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint

for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvas. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Windsor Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in a garden with dogs and parrots. It was painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done.'

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786 or '7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says:

"'As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in coloring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His Death of Major Pierson, I think his finest historical work, — you have perhaps seen it, — at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guildhall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Elliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance, are either too small or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His Death of Lord Chatham is now in the National Gallery. It is the best colored picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many *figures to let.* Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of Brooke Watson and the Shark, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in color. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the King's Children I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine

portraits, painted by Copley before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it.' In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following: — 'I know not if Allan Cunningham in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentleman employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed, therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labor bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst,) who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true.* I remember one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had outlived his powers as an artist.'"

This country has produced no portrait painter of more commanding excellence, than Gilbert Stuart. He was a man of great impetuosity and lively sensibility. His discernment was acute, and his judgment unerring. He saw the character of his sitters at a glance, and gave them to the canvas with amazing truth. He did not merely imitate the face, — *map* it, as some one has well expressed the thought, — but he unlocked the secret within, and drew the portrait of the mind itself. He painted the outward lineaments with striking truth; but in a higher spirit of truth, he strove to give the *thinking being*. A curious anecdote is told, to illustrate this trait of Stuart's genius. Lord Mulgrave engaged Mr. Stuart to paint a portrait of his brother, General Phipps, then on the point of sailing to India. Something strange in the picture struck his lordship's eye, and drew from him the exclamation, "I see insanity in that face!" The first news of General Phipps, after his arrival, was, that

"*Cunningham tells this story with such variations as such stories are liable to; the reader has seen it, and will judge which is best."

he had gone mad, and cut his throat! This may have been an accidental coincidence ; but it is most likely that the painter saw some slight peculiarity of mind, symptomatic of insanity, and that it unconsciously affected his conception of the whole character. Stuart's portraits have thus, very naturally, taken rank with the foremost productions in that branch of art.

Stuart's talent in conversation is said to have been extraordinary. His wit was copious and ready, his knowledge various, and he appears to have had, in an eminent degree, the art of making every sitter talk in his own peculiar vein. Every body has heard of the awkward feelings experienced by people who are suffering the operation of having their pictures taken. The painter who has not tact enough to remove these amiable weaknesses, will stand a poor chance of giving a happy likeness. A majority of the portraits in the world, express the feelings of bashful men, under a painful consciousness of being dressed up, and standing point blank before a row of ladies in a drawing-room. But Mr. Stuart's portraits differ widely from all this. The character of many of our most distinguished men will be handed down to posterity by his vivid pencil. The following capital anecdote is from the amusing pen of Dr. Waterhouse.

"'He was travelling in England in a stage-coach, with some gentlemen, who were strangers to him, but all sociable, and full of spirits. After dinner they fell into conversation, in which Stuart, it seems, was conspicuous; for his conversation was at all times animated and various, (and not the less so after dinner,) upon any topic that came up, especially upon subjects that called forth nice discrimination, correct judgment, and rapid thought, apt phrases, ludicrous images, and Burke-like power of expressing them.

"'After he had been blazing away in his dramatic manner, his companions were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Doctor Franklin may have said a century ago of the *question-asking propensity* of his countrymen, I never noticed so much of that kind of travelling curiosity in New-England as in Britain. On the contrary, I am certain that we in the United States are remarkably free from that sort of travelling importunateness. To the round-about question, to find out his calling or profession, Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair, (at that time the high craped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.) —'You are a hair-dresser then?' 'What!' said he, 'do you take me for a

barber?' 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are then?' 'Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.' 'O, you are a valet then, to some nobleman?' 'A valet! indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant;—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.' 'Oh! you are a tailor!' 'Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I'll assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.' By this time they were all in a roar. 'What the devil are you then?' said one. 'I'll tell you,' said Stuart. 'Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes *at your service.*' 'Oho! a boot and shoe-maker after all!' 'Guess again, gentlemen, I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely, 'Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having 'all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre,' and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession; when to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment.

"'Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait-painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York-Buildings, London, where I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

"'While taking a parting glass at the inn, they begged leave to inquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he told them he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull. 'Where then?' 'I was born at Narraganset.' 'Where's that?' "Six miles from Pottawoone, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Canonicut, and not far from the

spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought.' 'In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?' 'East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the state of Rhode-Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river.' This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of geography, affording another instance of the ignorance of islanders, respecting men of genius, whose vernacular tongue is the same with that of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope.'"

Stuart received much instruction from Mr. West, and became distinguished among the greatest portrait-painters of the British metropolis, where he passed many years of his life. With the proud feeling and high-wrought sensibilities of genius, he had many of its weaknesses. His disregard for the maxims of prudence often entangled him in pecuniary difficulties, and threw a shadow over the uprightness of his character, which never dims the lustre of dull minds, protected by the homely but important virtues of carefulness and economy. His life, — though beautiful forms could be summoned around him at will, — must have been a wretched scene, a "painted misery," harassed by petty annoyances, as unnecessary as they were vexatious. But we will

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

The twelfth chapter contains an interesting sketch of miniature painting, a beautiful branch of art, which has been cultivated with much success among us, and has at present many skilful practisers. The next three chapters Mr. Dunlap gives to his own biography. This will be read with eagerness, both on account of the varied incidents and scenes which he has been a witness of, or an actor in, and the perfect candor with which he delineates his own character in its shades as well as lights. The next chapter is taken up with names but little known to fame. The eighteenth chapter contains a sketch of the history of architecture, accompanied by much useful information on the technical terms of the art. This is followed by a full account of the life and works of Colonel Trumbull, in which many of his productions are highly praised; but we are sorry to say that portions of the narrative are uncandid, and unnecessarily severe. We cannot go into the battles of the artists; the space in Mr. Dunlap's book taken up by this unpleasant subject, is

worse than wasted. We leave it with the single remark, that we do not admire Colonel Trumbull as an artist, but that his industry and zeal entitle him to respect, if not to applause. His life is closely connected with the history of the American revolution, many scenes of which he has illustrated by his pencil, and his name will thus have a twofold claim on the notice of posterity. A short sketch of American academies of art, followed by shorter sketches of some obscure artists, closes the first volume.

The second volume embraces a period of greater brilliancy and higher improvement in American art; a period illustrated by the genius of Malbone, Vanderlyn, Jarvis, the Peales, and numberless others. But the works of Washington Allston will, of themselves, make this a splendid era in our history. As this gentleman is living among us, he is to be spoken of with reserve, except as an artist. What, then, are the leading traits of his genius? His works show a mind of vast compass, and varied culture. In literary attainments and poetic talent, he stands pre-eminent among his brethren. Early education, after studies, and wide intercourse with the most illustrious men of Europe, have made him familiar with every region of thought, from which a genius for art can draw its nourishment. He has carefully studied the great models of painting abroad, — in Italy and England, — and he has mastered the profoundest principles with the minutest details. His drawing is celebrated for truth, science, and accuracy. His coloring is rich, expressive, and of the most delicate finish. But above and beyond this, he has the proudest attribute of genius, the power of surrounding himself at will with the loveliest and sublimest creations. His imagination seems to dwell forever in a world of ideal beauty, — in the "kingdom of forms" which come and go, obedient to his nod. He can conjure up the most solemn scenes of Pity and Terror, or the mild and gracious images of Romance and Love. The awful Shade of Samuel speaks horror to the soul of the conscience-stricken king, — the figure of the Prophet of Israel, dictating to his Scribe, dilates with the inspiration of God, — and the richest and softest scene of Shakspeare, starting into mimic life on the canvas, makes the heart feel with a delicious enchantment,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank."

No American has approached so near the great masters of past

ages, as Mr. Allston. His love for the art has bound him to it, heart and soul, and for life. The promptings of his exquisitely organized nature lead him onward and still onward in his high career. His works are among the most illustrious examples of the loftiest poetry of art. His hand and eye are obedient to the bidding of his calm intellect. May the world long profit by the presence of that serene spirit, whose pathway has always lain in the realms of truth, purity, and beauty; whose treasured thoughts have been poured out in every form of grace and sublimity; whose light is destined to shine, like some beneficent star, in the brightest constellation of American genius!

Mr. Dunlap has adorned his life of Allston with many extracts from the painter's letters. These are delicious pieces of poetry, anecdote, and criticism, and, what is better, they breathe the finest spirit of humanity. They show a heart as free from malice and envy as childhood itself. Such is the character of a great and good man. Let the irritable geniuses of the age learn of him, that the essence of wisdom is not concentrated in a sneer.

The life of Mr. Sully is full of interest. He will unquestionably hold a high rank in the history of American art. Of a later race, there are many distinguished names. Harding is successful and brilliant in portrait painting. Alexander excels in this, and may excel, if he chooses, in higher branches of art. His "Magdalen," though an unfinished study, is an uncommonly beautiful exhibition of pathos and power. It drew from Sir Walter Scott, when that great man was in Italy, the exclamation, "she is forgiven!" and has, from this circumstance, a melancholy interest. Inman is celebrated for the exquisite finish of his style of portraiture. Mr. S. F. B. Morse is in the prime of life, and the flower of strength. His fame is high and increasing. His exertions have been honorably devoted to a more systematic promotion of his favorite arts; and he has been called to preside over an institution which owes its origin mainly to his labors. He has lately finished a picture, representing the Gallery of the Louvre, with copies on a reduced scale, of many master works in that celebrated collection. This picture we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing; but report speaks of it in terms of high praise. The history of Mr. Cole is replete with touching interest. His success is the just reward of virtuous industry, and strong native

powers. His landscapes are finished and beautiful productions; and he bids fair to occupy an enviable niche in the temple of fame. Many other living painters, of high promise, are commemorated in this volume; but we are compelled to pass them by, together with numerous interesting notices of engravers and architects, for the sake of saying a few words on American sculpture.

In this noble art, two young Americans have risen to a conspicuous rank. Mr. Augur, now living in New Haven, is well known for several beautiful pieces executed by him under many disadvantages, but with signal success. His first original work, we believe, was a small statue of Sappho, which attracted considerable attention in Boston, and was bought by Mr. Thomas H. Perkins. This work has some serious imperfections. The expression of the impassioned poetess is more like that of a puritan girl of Cromwell's time; the figure is rather stiff, and the attitude ungraceful. But the touch of genius, though unripe and inexperienced, is upon it. There is a promise of better things, and the promise has been kept. The group of "Jeptha and his Daughter," followed. This is a higher and grander subject. The action belongs to the sphere of tragedy, and requires greater vigor of conception and profounder sentiment. The crisis chosen by the artist, is the moment when the chieftain recognizes his daughter. He is bound by a solemn vow to offer up to God the first one who comes forth to meet him, as he returns victorious from the battle field. The sudden agony of the father's heart, on seeing his only and beloved daughter rush to certain death, — to death by his own hand, — with triumphant song and dance, is conceived with wonderful force of imagination, and fully expressed in the looks and attitude of the warrior. The artist is equally successful in expressing the mingled concern, inquiry, and astonishment of the daughter, as she suddenly pauses, bends forward, and sees her father agitated by some strong but unaccountable emotion. In the execution of this group there are very decided proofs of much progress in the art, since the last. The drawing is correct, the draperies well managed, the attitudes easy and natural, and the chiselling is done with a free hand. We are not aware that Mr. Augur has exhibited anything since, but we hope to hear from him again, at his convenience; for we are sure that he is striding forward to high fame and honor in his beautiful art.

Horatio Greenough, now resident in Florence, has already gained a wide and well-deserved renown. A few years ago he left the halls of Harvard University, to visit the land of art, beauty, and song. He had already shewn a fine eye for form, and his imagination was teeming with creations, which his hand was destined, at a future day, to embody. He went abroad with the advantage of a thorough literary education, which he had wisely persevered in attaining. With a mind highly cultivated, and full of poetry, he sailed to Italy, and gave himself up, enthusiastically, wholly, to sculpture, surrounded by the gathered treasures of ancient and modern genius. He toiled on silently, patiently, fervently. There were moments, doubtless, of anxious thought and gloomy foreboding. But he lived in a world of beauty, against whose splendors he could not shut his eyes; and with the strong spirit of youth and ambition, he worked on, nor abated "one jot of heart or hope."

The first original work of Mr. Greenough, exhibited in this country, was the group of "Chanting Cherubs." The idea of this delightful group was taken from two figures in the Madonna del Trono, of Raphael. The work was executed for Mr. J. F. Cooper, by whom it was sent to the United States. It drew many visitors, and excited the strongest interest and admiration. The figures represent two infant spirits, or cherubs, about to begin a chant. The idea of sinless childhood, free from the sufferings of this world, in the act of praise and song to the new-born Saviour of man, is expressed in this group with remarkable sweetness, purity, and beauty. This work gave Mr. Greenough, at once, a high rank, in the opinion of his countrymen. Another work of great merit followed. The idea of the "Medora" is borrowed from the following lines of Lord Byron's Corsair:

"In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death, with gentle aspect, withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained,
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled, — thought shrinks from all that lurked below.
Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light;

Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips,—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose, but only for a while.
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long, fair, but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wind that strove to bind,—
These, and the pale pure cheek, became the bier."

Medora lies in the stillness and beauty of recent death. The outlines and proportions of the figure belong to the most perfect form of female loveliness, while the placid, calm repose that overspreads her countenance, is exquisitely true to the poet's conception. The attitude, the position of the several limbs, and the resting of the drapery, are wrought out with minuteness of labor, carefulness of study, and delicacy of thought.

We have since been gratified with another specimen of Mr. Greenough's genius,—a group of two infants, the elder of whom is receiving the younger into Paradise. The figures are moulded after the fairest and fullest form of childhood. Their attitudes are marked by perfect grace and freedom, on whichsoever side they are viewed. The younger spirit is gazing into the face of his guide with an expression of infantile confidence and earnest inquiry. *Quæ nunc abitis in loca?* is the question bursting from his amazed and happy heart. The elder exhibits a beautiful blending of child-like loveliness with the expanded intellect of a spiritual being. The lines of the lower part of his face are those of humanity; but the broad and beautiful forehead speaks the higher intelligence of another state. A spirit sits enthroned upon it, not of this world.

Mr. Greenough is understood to be engaged at present on the statue of Washington, for which he has lately received a commission from the government of the United States. This, though a splendid distinction for so young a man, is fully merited by his genius and industry. The two greatest sculptors of this age,—Chantrey and Canova,—have tried their hands upon this, the sublimest subject of mere human history; but it is thought with no very eminent success. Mr. Greenough will have one advantage in the execution of his work over both his illustrious predecessors,—the enthusiasm of an American heart for the Founder of American Liberty.

Mr. Greenough has shown many of the highest qualities of genius. He has shown a high creative genius, set off by the graces of refined taste. His industry is unwavering, his perseverance unbroken. He has a correct eye for form, a skilful hand for drawing, and superadds to the other excellencies of his works, the higher excellence of soul and sentiment. With such gifts of genius, — with an accomplished education, — with the untrammeled freedom of an American spirit, Mr. Greenough's prospects are more flattering to his ambition than those of any artist who has sprung up among us.

What, then, is the state of American art? We have had an abundance of earnest devotees, as Mr. Dunlap's book bears ample testimony. That we have had many artists of exalted genius, the collections of this country and Europe fully prove. Allston, Stuart, and his accomplished nephew, Stuart Newton, with many others, have been equally distinguished at home and abroad. The elder teachers of American artists have passed or are passing away; but a new generation is coming forward, to dispute the palm, perhaps to win the victory. The galleries of Europe are annually thronged with pilgrims from the new world, to the tombs of departed genius in the old. We have academies which have done something, and promise to do more, for the arts. We have yearly exhibitions of all the good pictures to be had, in all the principal cities of the Union. We have other exhibitions, from time to time, of great works which find their way from Europe to our shores. The Boston Athenæum has, in its possession, the invaluable paintings of Rome, by Panini. We have had among us copies of many celebrated pictures and statues of Italy. We have had the original comic group of Mr. Thom, from Burns's Tam O'Shanter, — and very lately, the model of a group, executed by an artist of New York, representing Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman. Artists are regarded among us with esteem, nay, with reverence. Their works are examined, criticised, praised, — both with and without knowledge, — and, what is better, they are bought.

But it must be confessed, that a large proportion of the works of our artists, like a majority of our literary productions, are of an ephemeral character. Landscapes and fancy-pieces are produced in quantities to suit, like stanzas to young ladies, and verses in albums. Our artists are not willing enough to give long years to strict mental toil, — to a laborious study of the

principles which lie at the foundation of all art, — to an unceasing practice of the elementary studies, on which all accuracy depends, — and to the unfolding of the imagination and taste, by careful literary culture. Still we think, after the works of temporary interest have vanished from the face of the earth, there will be left many enduring memorials, on which genius, labor, and high poetry, are visibly stamped. It may be that an era of art is approaching, in which the graceful refinement, the elaborate finish, the delicate taste, fostered by the venerable institutions of Europe, shall be made to adorn the spirit of our republic, and the typified sentiment of American freedom.

ART. VIII. — *Slavery.*

An Appeal in Favor of that Class of Americans called Africans. By Mrs. CHILD, Author of the Mother's Book, &c., &c. Boston. 1831.

WE have placed the above title of a book by Mrs. Child, at the head of this article in order to express our regret that a writer capable of being so agreeable, and at the same time so useful, should have departed from that line of authorship in which she has justly acquired a high reputation. Our principal object in the article is to offer to our readers a brief and rapid outline of the state of slavery at different periods in the history of the world; and, in that way, to correct impressions upon the subject which are, we believe, in many cases, erroneous and ill-founded. We have been the more strongly induced to do this, from the high state of excitement which exists in England and our own country upon the subject, and which has been fomented by the press, by associations, and the various other modes of operating upon the public mind, that distinguish in so remarkable a manner the history of the present age.

It is not indeed surprising, that the subject of involuntary servitude should excite a deep interest in the public mind. While so many institutions for benevolent purposes are at work, and unparalleled efforts are making to enlighten, educate, and elevate mankind, it is hardly to be conceived that a

numerous class of human beings should be held in slavery by a people professing to be governed by the precepts of the Christian religion, without exciting the animadversion of philanthropists.

There is so glaring an absurdity in this condition of society, that the danger to be apprehended, when public attention is aroused to the subject, is, lest feeling should degenerate into passion, and action be dictated rather by impulse than by judgment.

No one can look forward to the future destinies of our own country, so far as they are connected with this subject, without misgivings and gloomy forebodings. But leaving this view of our subject for the present, we propose to inquire how far slavery prevailed among some of the principal nations of antiquity, — what was its state in Europe during the middle ages, — and finally, to trace the rise, progress, and present state of negro slavery, in England and her colonies, and in our own country.

It is certainly a curious fact, that so far as we can trace back the history of man, we discover the existence of slavery. One of the most obvious causes of this, lay in the almost incessant wars which were early carried on between tribes and nations, in which the prisoners taken upon one side and the other were either slain or reduced to slavery. Thus the latin word which we translate *slave*, indicates by its etymology that the captive, who was brought into bondage, had been preserved from death.

Among the Jews, slavery was not only tolerated, but authorized and regulated by the laws of Moses. The Mosaic institutions, however, were rather predicated upon the previous existence of slavery in the surrounding nations, than designed to establish it for the first time; and the provisions of the Jewish law upon this subject, effected changes and modifications which must have greatly improved the condition of slaves among that peculiar people.

There were several modes by which the Hebrews might be brought into servitude. If any one was reduced to poverty, he might sell himself. A father might sell his children. Insolvent debtors might be delivered as slaves to their creditors. Thieves, who were unable to make restitution for the property stolen, were sold for the benefit of the sufferers. Prisoners of war were subjected to servitude; and if a Hebrew captive

was redeemed by another Hebrew from a Gentile, he might be sold by his deliverer to another Israelite. At the return of the year of jubilee, all Jewish captives were set free. This, however, did not apply to foreign slaves held in bondage. Over these the master had entire control. He might sell them, judge them, and even punish them capitally, without any form of legal process. Thus the law of Moses provides, that "if a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished; notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money." And this restriction is said, by learned writers, to have applied only to Hebrew slaves, and not to foreign captives who were owned by Jews. In general, if any one purchased a Hebrew slave, he could hold him only six years; but for the redemption or emancipation of foreign slaves there seems to have been no provision; and if a Hebrew captive, at the time of his being entitled to his freedom, declared his love for his master, and his unwillingness to go free, his master brought him before the judges, and then to the door-post of his own house, and bored his ear through with an awl, and he thereby became his servant forever.

There were various other provisions in the Mosaic laws upon the subject of slavery. Among other things, they declared the terms upon which a Hebrew, who had been sold, could redeem himself, or be redeemed by his friends, and his right to take with him his wife and children, when discharged from bondage; but it is unnecessary to repeat these provisions in order to show the character and extent of slavery among God's chosen people.

In Greece, slavery existed from the earliest period of her history, of which we have any knowledge. It was general there before the days of Homer. The various states of Greece had different codes of laws, but in them all the slaves were a majority of the people. The proportion of slaves to freemen probably varied in different states, and in the same state at different times. An historian states the proportion to have been, at one period, as 400 to 30. In Athens, another writer states, there were three slaves to one freeman; and at one time, in that state, when there were but 10,000 free citizens of an age to pay a capitation tax, there were 400,000 slaves, including women and children. In Sparta, the proportion of slaves was much greater than in Athens.

A trade in slaves was a legitimate branch of business; and in Athens there was a regular market for carrying on this kind of commerce. Those who were bought and sold were either barbarians, or the descendants of conquered Greeks.

The condition and treatment of slaves varied in different states. In Sparta, they were exposed to the most wanton and unrelenting cruelty. They were called Helots, and were the descendants of Greeks who had been early conquered. The severities under which they suffered, seem at this day almost incredible. All the labor among that nation of warriors, both in the house and the field, was performed by slaves. They were a kind of public property, and subject to insult and abuse from every citizen in the state. Their dress was peculiar, distinguishing them from citizens; and no office was too revolting or degrading to be imposed upon them at the will or caprice of their masters. They were not permitted to learn any liberal art, nor to partake in any exercise or duty which was considered manly or honorable. That they might not for a moment forget their condition, they were subjected, we are informed, to the lash every day, and were often compelled to drink to intoxication, in order to be exhibited as objects of disgust before the Spartan youth.

These slaves were so numerous as to be objects of fear to their masters, and measures, alike cowardly and cruel, were adopted from time to time, to diminish their numbers. It was common for the Spartan youth to arm themselves with daggers, and go into the country around the city, and waylay and murder the Helots whom they found abroad in the night-time. And if, at any time, a Helot indicated by his deportment a disposition to rise above his condition, he was despatched by a summary mode, and the state relieved of the danger. At one time, we are informed, some hundreds of the most intelligent Helots were massacred, after having been crowned with garlands in the mockery of triumph.

For any insult or injury, however cruel or gross, they were without any legal redress; and while in some of the Grecian states, a slave upon being too roughly treated by his master, could insist upon being sold to another, the Helot of Sparta had not even this poor relief. We are in the habit of speaking and thinking of the period when Grecian liberty prevailed in the Grecian republics, as a golden age in the history of man. But while many of her free citizens were indeed among

the bravest, the noblest, and the wisest, that the world has ever seen, there was a vast population scattered through her cities and agricultural districts, more degraded, more oppressed, and more enslaved, than the blacks of the West-Indies or the Carolinas. The gallant and immortal band who fought and died for liberty at Thermopylæ, had been themselves the cruel and uncompromising task-masters of abject and degraded slaves at home.

When we turn to Rome, the picture of slavery is somewhat changed, but can hardly be said to be much improved, especially in the earlier part of her history. Even while claiming to be a free republic, — while her citizens challenged privileges and immunities which proud and independent freemen only could claim, slavery existed in Rome, and was recognized and regulated by her laws. After its first introduction, it was principally sustained and perpetuated by means of captives taken in war, by the sale of debtors who were unable to satisfy the claims of their creditors, and by the issue of the slaves themselves. The number of this class in the empire was, at some periods of the Roman history, truly astonishing. In the time of Claudius, while there were twenty millions of citizens and forty millions of provincials, there were sixty millions of slaves. In the time of Augustus, an African widow left four hundred slaves at her death. A freed-man left thirty-six hundred yokes of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand smaller cattle, and four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves. It is stated by Pliny, according to Gibbon, that he had known many persons who owned from ten to twenty thousand slaves. They were chiefly barbarians, taken in the wars which Rome was so constantly carrying on, and must have been purchased at a comparatively inconsiderable price.

The prices of slaves, however, varied according to their capacity of being useful, or able to minister to the pleasures of their masters. Some of them were taught the arts, some were tradesmen, and some of them physicians, and notaries or public writers. In the Justinian code, there was a scale or price current, regulating the value of slaves, whenever a price was to be judicially fixed upon that kind of property. A physician was estimated as worth about three times as much as a common servant.

The prices of slaves, as given by Blair, a recent writer upon this subject, varied from those fixed by the legal standard.

Thus a fool was sold for £161 9s. 2d. The cook of Apicius, so famous in the history of gourmands, was estimated at £772. Sabinus paid £817 5s. 10d. each for *learned* slaves ; and a distinguished actor was estimated, in one instance, at £1614 11s. 8d.

The control of masters over their slaves was, for a long time, absolute and complete, even to the inflicting of capital punishments without trial or appeal. In a later period of their history, the latter power was conferred upon the magistrates.

The laws, however, in regard to slaves, were always extremely severe ; and some of them would strike any one, at this day, as cruelly unjust and altogether unreasonable. Thus, if a master was murdered in his house, all his slaves under the same roof, or within hearing of the house, were condemned and punished as murderers. In one instance, recorded in history, four hundred slaves in one palace were executed for not preventing their master's murder. If a man was murdered on a journey, all the slaves who were with him were put to death, nor did it make any difference though their innocence was proved.

If a slave was cruelly treated by his master, he might, at some periods of the Roman history, insist upon being sold to another master. The process of manumitting slaves was easy, and frequently adopted. Many of the richest men in Rome were freed-men. But a freed-man had no right to civil or military honors, nor was he considered as worthy of a seat in the senate. The stain of ignoble birth was not obliterated until the third or fourth generation.

The condition of the slaves in Rome varied, as we have already stated, from time to time ; but slavery, in one form or another, existed and was recognized by law, till Rome herself fell a prey to the hordes of her invaders, and slavery assumed the form and character which it wore among the barbarians of Germany and the north of Europe.

Among the German nations, during the middle ages, slaves were extremely numerous. They consisted of captives taken in war, insolvent debtors sold for the payment of their debts, or persons who had sold themselves. It was not thought proper for a creditor to hold his debtor in bondage, and the insolvent, therefore, was sold to some other person than his creditor. These nations were, also, so extravagantly fond of gaming, that they were often willing to stake their liberty upon

the chance of a game, and to go into perpetual bondage, if the fortune of the play was against them.

In times of famine, also, people often sold themselves to obtain the means of support; and during the most turbulent periods of the dark ages, most of the small landed proprietors were compelled to submit themselves as slaves to some neighboring powerful lord, in order to obtain protection from the rapacity of lawless marauders. Many voluntarily submitted themselves as slaves and vassals of monasteries and the church, partly for protection, and partly from motives of superstition and reverence for the papal institutions. In these several ways, the slaves became by far the most numerous class in the community, and about A. D. 1000, whole towns were filled with them.

In the early stages of German history, after the fall of the Roman empire, slaves were literally destitute of every civil right or privilege. They belonged to their masters and could be sold like any other property, at his pleasure. If a master killed his slave the act was not punishable as an offence, because the slave was not considered as a member of political society. Slaves were not permitted to marry, even for some centuries after these nations were converted to Christianity. They were distinguished by their dress, and while it was common for freemen to wear their hair long, slaves were obliged to have their heads shaved. They were not admitted as witnesses in court against freemen.

They were principally employed in the labors of husbandry, and were early called, from "villa," signifying among other things a *farm*, "villains." They were lodged *en masse* in their master's castle, and when we consider how destitute of comfort at that day were even the palaces of kings, it must be apparent that the slaves were in but few, if in any respects, in a better condition than the cattle that are owned and fed upon our farms at this day.

This may be considered as the earliest stage of slavery among the feudal nations in Europe. From being thus bought, sold, fed and lodged like beasts of burden, they at length were permitted to occupy cottages, with some small portions of land connected therewith, upon which they were allowed to labor during the intervals of their employment in their master's service. They thus became so far connected with the soil upon which they labored, that their master's ceased

to have a right to sell them separate from it. But nevertheless they passed with the soil, whenever it was sold, as a part of the inheritance, nor could they, at this stage of their history, acquire or hold any property as their own.

The next step in the progress of the liberty of the working classes, was the giving to the occupants of the land an interest in its products, and permitting them to pay a fixed sum annually as rent for the same to the lord of the manor. All these stages were passed through, before the laboring classes in England, or on the continent, were permitted to acquire any right or interest as freeholders in the soil. As lately as the twelfth century a master could punish his slave capitally, without any trial; and even after that time the life of a slave was atoned for by a trifling fine. Charlemagne increased the fine for murdering a slave belonging to the crown lands, from forty-five to one hundred *solidi*. If any one put another's slave to torture, so that he died, he was by law obliged to pay to the owner of the murdered slave, two slaves in his stead, if such slave was innocent of the offence for which he underwent torture.

While Venice was growing rich from the commerce of the East, she purchased Asiatic luxuries by supplying the slave markets of the Saracens with slaves, whom the Venetians pretended to purchase of their heathen neighbors,—it being then, as since, thought to be a sufficient reason for making a man a slave, that he was a heathen. This traffic continued till the close of the eleventh century.

It will be remembered, that the slaves of Germany and the rest of Europe were not guilty of being of a darker hue than their masters. They were often either of the same flesh and blood with their lordly tyrants, or the descendants of the more polished and effeminate nations of the south of Europe, whom their masters had conquered. And many a lord and noble of this day, could he trace his pedigree back to this early period, would doubtless find among his ancestors more than one abject slave of a feudal master.

The Saxons who conquered England and ruled over it for so many years, were a German nation, with German customs and institutions, and like their countrymen, they recognized the lawfulness of slavery. It is stated by Hume that the slaves constituted the greater portion of the population of England during the Saxon government. The wars between the differ-

ent parts of the kingdom, while it was a heptarchy, and the invasions and wars of the Danes, may have contributed to this multiplication of their numbers.

The conquest of England by the Normans took place in 1066, and we are told by historians that before this time it was common for the English to sell their own children as slaves to the Irish, and that this traffic continued until the reign of Henry II., when the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate their English slaves. We may here quote from a note in the twenty-fourth number of the London Quarterly Review, the language of William of Malmsbury, a writer of that day, upon this subject. "Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a sea-port town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland to sell their people, whom they had bought up throughout all England. There you might see, with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings of both sexes, of elegant forms and in the very bloom of youth, a sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed! Infamous disgrace! That men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring."

The reader cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance that existed between the commerce and traffic pursued by this "sea-port town," in the twelfth and afterwards in the eighteenth century, when the African slave trade had taken the place of the English.

The Feudal system was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and in the course of a few years prevailed through the kingdom. The Saxons were treated with great indignity by their conquerors, and the condition of the slaves was in no respect mitigated.

Whoever has read (and who has not?) the inimitable tale of Walter Scott, "Ivanhoe," will recall, at once, the description of the garb and appearance of one of the Saxon slaves, which is given in the first chapter of that work. Among other marks which distinguished his condition was a brass ring, or collar, like the collars now worn by dogs, soldered fast about his neck, upon which were inscribed his name and the name of his *owner*. This refers to the condition of English society at the close of the twelfth century, and serves better than any general description could do, to indicate the depth of degradation, and the

severity of the bondage to which the lower classes were then reduced.

Traces of this state of society are now discernible in many of the provisions of the English law, — especially in relation to the *tenures* by which estates are there held; but it cannot be necessary for our present purpose even to attempt a sketch or outline of the changes, which successively took place before that state of English freedom was attained, of which her writers so often boast.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the slaves, or villains of England, were become free laborers, and the distinction of names was virtually abolished by the time of Elizabeth, although until then, that condition called *predial servitude* existed in England.

Various causes conspired to bring about these changes in the condition of the people of that country, and among these it is said that the preaching of Wickliffe was powerfully felt. So true is it, that "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Another cause of these changes was, that the masters found by experience, as we believe all slave-holders must, that it was more profitable to receive rents for their lands in money, than to require the labor of their tenants in return for the expense of supporting them as slaves. It was first in towns and among artisans and manufacturers, that this change in the mode of paying rent for houses and lands was adopted, and it eventually became universal through the kingdom.

In some parts of Europe slavery disappeared earlier and in others later, than in England. In Italy it had declined by the eleventh or twelfth century, and in the fifteenth, had disappeared altogether. In many of the states of Germany, the peasantry had gained their freedom before the end of the thirteenth century. In France the slaves upon the royal domains were liberated by a decree of Lewis X., in 1315. But servitude was not wholly discontinued there until the revolution of 1793. Until that time the peasantry in some parts of the kingdom were taxed at pleasure by the lord of the manor on which they resided. In other places, the peasantry could not leave their habitations without being liable to be pursued and taken by their lords like fugitive slaves; while in some districts the lord succeeded upon the death of his vassal to his whole estate in exclusion of his kindred. Dreadful as was the storm of that

revolution, it swept away these relics of a barbarous age, and left a heathen soil for the growth of civil liberty.

In Prussia villanage was not abolished till 1739. In Bohemia and Moravia it was abolished in 1783, and in Baden in 1785. It still continues in some portions of Russia in its most offensive form, though we are not prepared, nor is it necessary for our purpose, to show the number or condition of the serfs in that empire. We now pass over the other portions of Europe to reach the principal subject of our proposed inquiry, viz., the rise and present state of negro slavery. *

Various periods are mentioned by writers as the commencement of the African slave trade. The time mentioned by Mrs. Child is 1442. In 1503 the trade between Africa and the new world commenced. In that year a few negroes were taken by the Portuguese and carried to America, and sold to the Spaniards. The rapacity and horrid barbarities of the Spaniards towards the natives of the new world fill a dark page in the history of human cruelty and suffering.

In 1511, Ferdinand, then king of Spain, was induced to permit a large number of slaves to be imported into his colonies. This measure was, however, opposed by his prime minister, Cardinal Ximenes. When Charles V. came to the throne of Spain in 1516, he granted to a Flemish favorite an exclusive privilege of importing into the Spanish West-India islands four thousand slaves annually. This right the favorite sold for the sum of twenty-five thousand ducats to some Genoese merchants,

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* The details of the manner in which personal slavery was abolished in Europe are not very accurately known. The change was effected by a gradual and in some cases obscure process, which seems to have left but few traces in the history of the times. Mr. Sismondi, of Geneva, published about two years ago an interesting pamphlet, which was reprinted entire in the Philadelphia National Gazette, and which gives some account of the abolition of villainage in Tuscany. He states that it was effected by substituting what the French call the *métairie* system, or a division of the produce between the landlord and the cultivator. A tract of land was assigned to the villain who cultivated it himself, and gave the owner half the produce as rent, reserving the other half for himself. The produce was so much greater on this system than on that of personal slavery, that the owner's profits were increased instead of being diminished. Sismondi thinks that the same principle might be applied in the United States, and that the blacks might be raised in this way to a condition of local and political equality with the whites, with the same ease with which the serfs were emancipated in Europe. We had the pleasure to hear, not long since, from an intelligent and philanthropic planter to whom we had communicated the work of Mr. Sismondi that he had commenced an experiment of this kind with some of his own slaves. Without being very sanguine in regard to its success, we look forward with a good deal of curiosity and interest to the result. — Ed.

who first established a regular and systematic trade in slaves between Africa and America. The number of slaves imported from Africa since that period has been estimated by writers in whose means of judging we have great confidence, to exceed forty millions, of whom from fifteen to twenty per cent. have died on their passage across the Atlantic.

It is not our design to harrow up the feelings by any picture of the horrors of the slave trade, especially of that most revolting of all its horrors the "middle passage," as it is called, from Africa to the port of landing. If the accounts and descriptions which are given as authentic, are not exaggerated an hundred fold, there is no language adequate to do justice to the atrocity of the traffic.

But revolting as it is, it was formerly licensed by the Spanish, French and English governments, and pursued by them and other maritime nations as a legitimate business. So far were those who were engaged in the business, from feeling any misgiving about it or attempting concealment, that it does not seem for centuries to have occurred to any one that it was not an honest, proper and reputable traffic. Nations were eager to monopolize and engross the business of supplying the slave markets of christian countries, and companies were chartered, forts and factories established, and treaties made for the regulation of the trade, long after the commencement of the last century.

It has been and still is common for English travellers to censure the United States in no measured terms, for the existence of the scourge of slavery in our country. However just these remarks may be, they come, to say the least, with an ill grace from citizens of that country which not only, as we shall see, fastened this very evil upon us, but has done more to increase and perpetuate slavery in the world than any, we had almost said every, other nation on the globe.

In 1562, the English began to supply the island of Hispaniola with slaves. The first of these were stolen on the coast of Africa, and Sir John Hawkins, who had been engaged in the enterprise, was sent in one of the Queen's ships, called the *Jesus*, in company with the ships Solomon and Tiger, to seize the blacks upon the Guinea coast.

In the time of James I., a royal charter was granted to a company of merchants in London, with peculiar privileges to carry on this business. In the reign of Charles I., another

similar company was chartered, and a third was formed in the time of Charles II.; but this latter was opposed by the merchants generally, because "all had a natural right to engage in the business." In 1697, the trade was laid open to all English subjects. In 1689, a solemn convention was formed between England and Spain, by which the former acquired the exclusive right of supplying Jamaica with slaves; and at the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, an article was inserted in the treaty, whereby the exclusive right of England to supply the Spanish colonies in America with slaves, to the number of four thousand eight hundred annually, for a certain term, was recognized and guaranteed.

England, at last, by treaty and the enterprise of her slave merchants, secured to herself two thirds of all the trade. She became the carrier of the Christian world, and had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred ships engaged in the business. Before the year 1797, the average number of slaves transported by her traders, exceeded forty thousand by the year; and after that time, till the passage of the abolition act, they exceeded fifty-seven thousand annually. In one year they are said to have exceeded seventy-four thousand.

The Dutch, in the meantime, were engaged in the business, and are said to have taken about ten thousand slaves a year from the slave coast. The enormities of this abominable traffic began at last to arouse the attention of the humane in England; but the first impulse to the cause of abolition was given, we believe, from America.

The Quakers, as a class, were always decidedly opposed to the trade, and in 1783 petitioned parliament to abolish it. This was the first petition upon the subject ever offered to that body, and found a cordial advocate and supporter in Mr. Wilberforce, who then sat in parliament as a member from Yorkshire. It is hardly necessary to add, that the prayer of the petition was rejected.

Previously to this time, in 1772, a decision was had in the King's Bench upon the subject of slavery, which had an important influence upon the public mind. This was in the case of James Somersett, who had been a slave in Virginia, and had been brought by his master to London, whence he was about to be sent to Jamaica for sale. The right of the master to hold him in England, as a slave, was called in question before Chief Justice Mansfield, who, after learned arguments

of counsel, decided that no man could be held in slavery in England. The celebrated Granville Sharpe acted on that occasion as the negro's advocate, and was afterwards very active in promoting the abolition of the slave trade.

But the most active agent in the cause of abolition, and one to whose efforts more is to be ascribed than to those of any other person, was Thomas Clarkson, who literally spent his life in the work.

In 1787, an association was formed in England for the suppression of this trade; and in the year following, Mr. Pitt made his first motion in parliament to take the subject into consideration. From that time till its final abolition by act of parliament in 1807, the subject was almost constantly before that body.

The obstacles which the friends of the measure had to encounter, from time to time, were most disheartening, and at this day seem almost incredible. Although the propositions to abolish the trade were urged and sustained by all the eloquence and zeal of the first statesmen and orators in the land, they were defeated by the intrigues of those who were interested in the trade, till the friends of humanity almost despaired of success. Among the members of parliament who were actively engaged in this work, were Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Grey, and above all, the fearless and indefatigable Wilberforce.

It shows how deeply rooted was the slave trade in Great Britain, that it was able to stand so long against the combined attacks of such men as we have named, and one of them the powerful, and popular, prime minister of the kingdom. Pitt did not live to see the accomplishment of his desires upon this subject. He died in 1806. But in the same year, during the ministry of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, a bill was brought into parliament for abolishing the slave trade; and upon a motion made by Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, the proposition was carried by a vote of one hundred and fourteen against fifteen, on the 10th of June, 1806; and a similar motion was carried in the House of Lords, on the 25th of the same month. It was not, however, until February 5th, 1807, that the famous abolition act was passed, by which the slave trade, so far as the English colonies were concerned, was to cease after the first day of March, 1808. This bill received the sanction of the king, although it was understood that he and all the royal family, except the Duke of Gloucester, were opposed to it.

The trade, however, was still prosecuted, even by Englishmen, under the Spanish, French, and Portuguese flags. Through the influence of the English government, Portugal, in 1815, "brought her humanity to market," and for an agreed price engaged to abolish the trade. In 1817, Spain, by treaty, agreed to abolish the trade after 1820. France made a stipulation for its immediate abolition in 1815.

In 1818, the Netherlands came into a similar arrangement. Sweden had done this as early as 1813. Denmark had the honor of being in advance even of England, in this measure; for, in 1792, an ordinance was passed, making it unlawful for any Danish subject to be engaged in the trade after 1804. Brazil, in 1826, by treaty, engaged to abolish the trade after the year 1830.

Notwithstanding these efforts on the part of the English government, which have been seconded and sustained by that of the United States, and the apparent co-operation of the principal European nations, there is every reason to believe that the slave trade is still prosecuted to a very considerable extent. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1833, states, that in 1830, two hundred thousand slaves were brought from Africa, and the number was increasing. The trade is pursued by the merchants of Cadiz, the Havana, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro; and rumor, true or false, has assigned to the English settlement of Sierra Leone an agency in this business, which is hardly to be credited.

The slave trade is indeed unlawful, and by the laws of many nations is made piracy, yet such is the cupidity of man, that, notwithstanding the danger they incur and the odium they encounter, thousands are found ready to engage in it.

Great Britain has of late years, however, pursued the abolition of the trade with a consistency and zeal beyond all praise, and her efforts have atoned, so far as atonement can be made, for her former zeal and enterprise in prosecuting the traffic. In May, 1833, Mr. Stanley brought forward a plan to abolish slavery in the British colonies. This, though violently resisted, has been substantially adopted, and there is little doubt left that in a few years negro slavery will be altogether discontinued in those colonies. No man can contemplate this event without perceiving at once the influence it will exert over the southern portion of the United States.

We had intended to allude more particularly to the revolution in Hayti, which brought into existence that anomaly in the

western world, a black empire, and to its influence upon the question of slavery in America; but our limits will not admit of the examination, and we pass to negro slavery as it has existed and still exists in the United States.

We have already alluded to the reproaches which foreigners heap upon our national character on account of the existence of this stain upon it. But the origin and cause of the evil may be traced to the state of colonial dependence in which our fathers were placed, and the inflexible determination of the mother country to plant and perpetuate slavery amongst them. This circumstance, it will be recollected, is alluded to in strong and pointed terms in the Declaration of American Independence. In the original draft of that instrument, much stronger language was employed, which the history of the slave question would seem to have fully justified.

Slavery once existed throughout the colonies. The first negro slaves were brought into Virginia by a Dutch ship, and landed at James-town in the year 1620. In Maryland they were first introduced in 1671, when a colonial act was passed to encourage their importation. The same year they were introduced into the Carolinas by a company of emigrants from Barbadoes. A few American merchants engaged in the trade, but by far the greatest proportion of the slaves that were brought into the colonies, were imported by English merchants. The trade never was popular here, and many of the colonies early endeavored to prevent the introduction of slaves among them, but were restrained in their efforts by the positive instructions of the crown. Thus, in 1761 Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire was directed not to assent to any law laying an impost upon negroes imported into that province. The mother country, in fact, never did any thing to restrain or limit this trade in her American colonies. In 1772 Virginia petitioned the British government to adopt some measures for the purpose, but though the petition was received, no answer to it was ever given. Many of the colonies, however, took measures to discourage the trade. Public sentiment was, we believe, hostile to it through the country. In 1699 Virginia laid duties upon imported slaves, and from time to time passed other acts tending to check the trade, until 1778, when the further importation of slaves was expressly prohibited by that state. Pennsylvania, as early as 1728, imposed duties upon imported slaves, and if our time and space permitted us to go

into the examination, we believe it might be shown that the laws of the other colonies promoted the suppression, or tended to the discouragement of the traffic in slaves. In New-England, certainly, the people were uniformly and decidedly opposed to the trade. In all the provinces north of the Susquehannah the condition of those who were slaves had little of the character of negro slavery, as it had any where else existed. They generally worked no harder than the white laborers, and were well fed, well clothed, and kindly treated. In Massachusetts this was peculiarly the case. Slavery had few terrors here to those who were the subjects of it. Public sentiment was always opposed to it. The Pilgrims, as it were by inspiration, and at a single effort, founded institutions which, by diffusing knowledge and a spirit of free discussion through the community, presented a barrier against slavery in every form, which no power has been able to surmount. Though there were slaves here from the first settlement of the state, and though the trade was open for the citizens, few, comparatively engaged in it.

When Governor Winthrop arrived here in 1630, he found negro slaves in the family of Mr. Maverick, a wealthy and hospitable gentleman who resided upon one of the islands in Boston harbor.

The first settlers in Massachusetts, as is well known, in establishing a system of civil polity, had a great regard to the laws and institutions of Moses. Thus, in 1641 it was enacted that there never should be any bond slavery, villanage or captivity amongst us, "unless it be lawful captives taken in just wars, or such as willingly sell themselves, or are sold unto us; and such shall have the liberties and Christian usage which the law of God, established in Israel concerning such persons, doth morally require." There was also existing at that time a law for disposing of insolvent debtors, at service, for the payment of their debts, with the restriction, that they "should not be sold to any but of the English nation." In 1673 a writer in speaking of the people of Boston says, they "are well accommodated with servants, — of these some are English and some negroes."

There were also, about that time, a few Indian slaves. During the war with Philip, which began in 1675, many of the Indians who had been considered as civilized and in friendly alliance with the English, joined Philip and were held by the colonists in the light of rebels. When these were taken in

arms they were either put to death, or sold into slavery. In 1712, however, a law was made against importing any Indians into the colony, unless the importer gave bonds to the secretary to export them again within the term of one month.

In 1703 a law was made to prevent manumitting slaves unless their masters gave bonds to save the towns where they dwelt, from charges on their account, and in the same year a law was passed to prevent Indians, mulatto and negro servants and slaves from being absent from the families to which they belonged after nine o'clock at night, "unless upon some errand for their respective masters or *owners*." Two years after this a law was made whereby, "if a mulatto or negro shall presume to strike any person of the English or other Christian nation," he should be whipped "at the discretion of the justices" before whom he should be convicted.

We have alluded to these colonial enactments rather as a sample of the laws which, as our fathers seemed to consider, were required by the state of society that then existed, than as an historical detail of the laws of Massachusetts or any of the other colonies.

It is impossible to ascertain the precise number of slaves at different periods in our history. There were only two censuses taken in Massachusetts before the revolution, one in 1763, which was imperfect, and the other in 1776. They were most numerous about the year 1745, when they bore the proportion to the whites of about one to forty. In 1758 there were about 2700 black slaves in the province, of whom 1200 belonged to the county of Suffolk. The trade, though open to all, was, as we have said, pursued but by a few. Not more than three ships a year from Boston were engaged in it, and most of the slaves were sold in the West Indies or the southern provinces. Very few whole cargoes were brought to Boston, and no other port in Massachusetts was engaged in the trade. Dr. Belknap, who wrote in 1795, relates that one man, then living, remembered two or three cargoes being brought into Boston, and he himself remembered but one which was about thirty or forty years before that time.

While the colony and province were obliged to make laws regulating slavery, they were taking measures from time to time to restrain and abolish it so far as was in their power.

In 1649 "man stealing" was made a capital offence, in conformity with the law of Moses. Four years before that

time a Captain Smith had stolen and brought into the colony from the coast of Guinea, two negroes, and the subject coming before the legislature, they expressed their horror of man stealing, and ordered these negroes to be sent back to their own country at public charge, "and a letter with them of the indignation of the Court thereabouts." This they did, as is stated in an act passed by them upon the subject, "to prescribe such timely redress for what is past and such a law for the future, as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men."

In 1701, the representatives of Boston were requested by that town to take measures to put a stop to negro slavery. This instruction coming as it did from that part of the province which was chiefly interested in the trade, indicates the estimation in which it was then held in the community. In 1705, a heavy duty was imposed upon slaves imported, and a drawback given to such as were exported within a year after having been landed. Of the condition of these slaves, we have already spoken. There were generally not more than two in a family, and in many families none. Their children were considered rather as an incumbrance, than a source of profit or wealth, and were given away like the young of some domesticated animals. Sabbath was always a day of rest to them; and when at work they labored no harder than white men, and were, in every respect, as well fed as other laborers. And when at last they were all emancipated, many of them voluntarily continued at service in their master's families as long as they lived.

As early as 1710, there were distinguished men in the colony who began to discuss, in public, the lawfulness and morality of the slave trade. Chief Justice Sewall was of the number. The Quakers in this and other colonies were always zealously opposed to it. Anthony Benezet, of Philadelphia, wrote against it, and his writings were republished in England, and had a decided influence in awakening public attention there, even before any one had openly entered the field of discussion.

When the colonies began to discuss their own political rights, this feeling of opposition to the slave trade gained strength, and as early as 1767 an attempt was made to pass a law in Massachusetts, "to prevent the unnatural and unwarrantable custom of enslaving mankind, and the importation of slaves

into the province." In 1773, another attempt was made to put a stop to this trade, and a bill passed the two Houses in 1774, to prevent the importation of slaves, which Governor Hutchinson refused to sign, because, as he said, his instructions forbade it. General Gage, when he came into office, refused his assent, also, to a similar bill, and pleaded his instructions as the reason; so that no law for the suppression of the trade was ever passed, while the province remained subject to the crown.

There were, however, in the meantime, judicial decisions, which, like the case of Somersett, in England, were found far in advance of the tardy action of the legislature. In 1769, a suit was brought by James, a negro, to recover his freedom, against a wealthy gentleman by the name of Lechmere. Sewall, who was afterwards attorney-general of the province, was counsel for the plaintiff, and Dana, afterwards chief justice of the supreme court, was the defendant's counsel. The suit terminated in 1769, in favor of the negro; and thus was settled a question similar to the one determined by Lord Mansfield, in Somersett's case, and more than two years earlier than the decision of that celebrated case. Other suits followed in other counties, and in most, if not all of them, decisions were in favor of the slaves. The ground upon which these decisions are said to have been made, was, that all persons resident in the province were, by its charter, as free as any of the king's subjects in England, and that there slavery was not recognized by law.

During the revolution, many towns voted that they would have no slaves. And it is related of a distinguished officer of the Massachusetts troops, (Colonel Bigelow, father of the late Hon. Timothy Bigelow,) that when solicited to dispose of a slave whom he owned, he replied, that "while fighting for liberty he would never be guilty of selling slaves." In 1777, a prize ship, with a cargo of slaves on board, was brought into Salem, and advertised to be sold; but the legislature, then in session, interposed, prevented the sale, and ordered the slaves to be set at liberty.

In 1780 the constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, the first clause of which declares, that "all men are born free and equal." It was, however, doubted whether this would operate to set at liberty those who had before been slaves. The constitution of New Hampshire, with a similar provision, was not

considered as emancipating any except those who were born after its adoption. This question was put at rest in Massachusetts by a trial which took place in the county of Worcester, in September, 1781.* The action was brought by a negro against his late master, for beating him. The defendant justified on the ground that the nego was his slave. Eminent counsel were engaged. Among others, Governer Strong, and the older Levi Lincoln, afterwards attorney-general of the United States. The result of the trial was, that the constitution was held to abrogate slavery altogether in Massachusetts. The trade, however, was not abolished until 1788, when an act of the legislature was passed, which prohibited any citizen, under very heavy penalties, from being engaged in what is called "that unrighteous commerce." Slavery, therefore, it will be perceived, was abolished in Massachusetts eight years before Mr. Pitt made his first motion upon the subject in the House of Commons, and twenty-seven years before the English act of abolition was passed.

The constitution of New Hampshire was adopted in 1783, and slavery was abolished by law, in Connecticut, in 1784. We might give, in detail, the periods at which slavery has been abolished in what are known as the "free labor states;" but it can serve no particular purpose, and we omit it.

The peace of 1783 found America independent, but impoverished, burdened with debt, and, what was far worse, burdened with a slave population, which had, in most of the states, been forced upon them by the British government.

From 1783 to 1788, little, if any thing, could be done upon this subject by the people unitedly, because of the discordant elements of which the confederacy consisted; and when the constitution was formed, it was found to be a cause of great embarrassment, which could only be removed by the spirit of concession and compromise. Representation and direct taxation were apportioned among the states, by a principle, which gave to the slave-holding states a numerical influence, somewhat proportioned to the numbers of their slaves.

Mrs. Child devotes a chapter in her book to this part of our subject, in which she attempts to show the injustice of the compromise above referred to, and the disastrous influence of slavery upon the politics of the country. We need not quote

* For the facts relative to this trial, we are indebted to J. Willard, Esq., of Boston.

her language, nor need we attempt to defend this compromise. But before any one condemns it altogether, he ought to call to mind that gulf of ruin towards which our country was hastening, and from which she was only saved by the adoption of the federal constitution.

By the provisions of the constitution, no prohibitory laws could be passed upon the subject of slavery before 1808. But so far as Congress could go they went, in restraining it, by a series of laws begun as early as 1794, and continued up to the time of the total abolition of the trade, which took effect on the first day of January, 1808, the earliest day when, by the constitution, the act could be enforced. Since that time laws have been passed from time to time, by Congress, more effectually to repress the trade. In 1820, it was made piracy to be engaged in it, and in 1824, a convention was formed between the United States and Great Britain to put a stop to the trade by a coöperation of their powers.

Still, slavery exists amongst us. By the census of 1830 there were upwards of two millions of slaves in the United States, and their number is constantly increasing. Of the States, twelve hold slaves, and twelve do not. Of the territories, slavery exists in Florida and Arkansas, as well as the District of Columbia, but is not admitted into Michigan. But when this baneful institution shall have spread over the wide and fertile regions beyond the Mississippi, to which it is accessible, while the slave population of the older states shall have gone on multiplying in their accustomed ratio, the imagination cannot reach the magnitude of the evil which hangs over our country.

No man can contemplate the existence and increase of slavery in the United States, without inquiring whether something may not be done to check it?

Even now the number of slaves is formidable, and when their numbers and their means of acquiring a knowledge of their condition, and of their physical power shall have increased to any considerable extent, can it be expected that they will remain slaves? It was the progress of the age, the growth and development of the human intellect, and not any legislative enactment, which raised the serfs and villains of England, and France, and Germany to the condition and capacity of free men. If the black population of our country is susceptible of intellectual cultivation, who can say that they will not *grow* free, and that, too, at no distant day?

Mrs. Child has devoted a chapter of her book to prove the natural equality of negroes and white men in intellect, and "that the present degraded condition of that unfortunate race is produced by artificial causes, not by the laws of nature." We have not room to follow her in her argument and her facts. But if the truth of this doctrine be admitted, where is the progress of their improvement to stop? Where intelligence is so widely diffused through the community, it is impossible to shut out the light of knowledge by any artificial barrier whatever. The most penal and severe laws may be enacted against teaching slaves to read and write, yet they are gregarious in their habits and propensities, and there may still be a communication of that which may arouse the attention and excite inquiry in minds that have never received the discipline of a school.

We feel that we are approaching almost dangerous ground. To a portion of our countrymen, slaves are their wealth, the possession and enjoyment of which, are guaranteed to them by the most solemn compacts. Whoever is ready forcibly to interfere with these rights, must be ready to give up and cancel the compact by which they are held. Men may talk about the dissolution of the union of these states, and may speculate ingeniously as to the probable consequences of such a catastrophe. And there may be ardent and chivalrous spirits who would snatch the slave from his bondage, though to reach him they would trample upon the prostrate necks of every slave-owner in the country. But before others are called upon to take a part in such measures, they should pause and consider well the consequences. The public mind at this moment is in a state of feverish excitement upon the subject. Every one feels that something must be done, and yet few are decided in their own minds as to what that something shall be.

Two schemes are now before the public, that of colonizing the blacks abroad, and that of immediately emancipating them here. As a means of introducing Christianity into Africa, and of preventing hereafter the prosecution of the slave trade, the colonization plan is entitled to great credit and confidence. But it is not considered we believe by any one as likely to effect the entire extinction of slavery at home. Mrs. Child has devoted one pretty long chapter to a discussion of the claims of the Colonization Society upon public patronage and confidence.

She prefers the course of those who are engaged in the scheme of emancipating the slaves, without removing them.

But if the design of the "abolitionists" be to emancipate the slaves at the South without the consent of the governments of those states, and thereby throw upon the community a population with all the vices of degraded ignorance, and none of the virtues of civilized life, it must be a scheme full of danger and peril.

That we must be rid of slavery at some day, seems to be the decided conviction of almost every honest mind. But when or how this is to be, God only knows. If in a struggle for this end the Union should be dissolved, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that our country will be plunged into that gulf which, in the language of another, "is full at once of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy and ruin."

There is much error upon this as well as other subjects, to be corrected, before the public can act deliberately or wisely in relation to it. It is too common to associate with the slave-holder the character of the slave-merchant. And we regret to see the abolitionists of the day seizing upon the cruelties and abuses of power by a few slave-owners, in regard to their slaves, in order to excite odium against slave-holders as a class. This is alike unreasonable and unjust. Very many of them are deeply solicitous to free the country of this alarming evil. But no feasible means by which this is to be accomplished has yet been offered for their adoption. Such denunciations are no better than the anathemas of fanaticism, and ought to be discountenanced by every well-wisher of his country. The subject of slavery is one, in regard to which, more than almost any other, there are clouds and darkness upon the future destinies of these states. It is one upon which all think and feel more or less acutely, and it is, moreover, one upon which all may be called upon to act. It is, therefore, we repeat, with regret that we see intellects like that of Mrs. Child, and pens like hers, which may be otherwise so agreeably and beneficially employed, diverted from their legitimate spheres of action, and employed in urging on a cause so dangerous to the Union, domestic peace, and civil liberty, as the immediate emancipation of the slaves at the South.

ART. IX. — *Audubon's Biography of Birds. Ornithological Biography. Vol. II.* By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. Boston. 1835.

OUR readers, we doubt not, will join with us in giving a hearty welcome to the gentle lover of nature, who returns, after an absence of four years, ready to redeem the promise which was given in his former volumes. We have heard of him at times from the icy regions of Labrador, and the burning sands of Florida, countries sufficiently distant from each other in reality, but standing side by side in the history of his unwearied adventure. Wherever he goes, the good wishes of many go with him; and though he may not hear the cheering of their voices, it may be a gratification to him to be assured, on our critical authority, that there are intelligent persons, not a few, who feel a deep interest in all his enterprises, and rejoice in his success. The measure of success which has thus far attended him, is certainly enough to encourage him. His fame, as an enthusiastic, penetrating and scientific observer, is established beyond all cavil; he has secured, moreover, what is better than respect, and that is the sympathy and regard of his readers; whatever his success in other points may be, this consciousness, which he cannot but have, of the affectionate interest which follows him, will make other rewards, should he gain them, doubly welcome, and console him under reverses, should they chance to come.

What the circulation of his work may be, — an earthly consideration, it is true, but one which cannot be disregarded in this world of dollars and cents, — we do not profess to know. We are glad, however, to hear him say, that his own country is now affording him a support equal to that of Europe. It was not so in the beginning; and had he not received encouragement abroad, his great enterprise might have been delayed for years. That encouragement was freely given, and he has, as he ought, freely and warmly acknowledged it. But far from regretting this circumstance, we are glad to see that the spirit of science, like that of Samaritan benevolence, makes of no account the boundaries which separate nations, and regards the honor of all such enterprises as belonging, not to a particular region, but to the whole intellectual world. Where property is so equally divided as it is in our country, there are not many who are able to buy such expensive volumes; prob-

ably there are more now, who can afford this expense, than there were twenty years ago, who were able to answer the humbler claims of Wilson; but in that day as well as this, those who had wealth in their possession, were men who had earned it by their own exertions; and who, in the course of their exertion, had slender means and chances for forming such tastes, as would enable them to estimate and take an interest in undertakings, which were not recommended by a utility more obvious to common eyes.

When Wilson's name is mentioned, we are at once reminded of his hardships and discouragements; it seems as if Audubon was a fortunate man, thus to have the path broken before him, and made comparatively easy to his feet. But things are not always as they appear to common observers. Audubon has had his discouragements to contend with, as many and as serious perhaps as those of Wilson, though not so easily understood. The resistance of outward circumstances, is a difficulty which all such men are prepared to meet; they expect to find obstacles thrown in their way by the indifference of others; they know, that it is not reasonable to expect to find such tastes already existing, but that it must be part of their labor to form them; and as for money, they are well aware, that if such resources abounded, the kind of self-created necessity which drives men to exertion, would in all probability be wanting. Human hearts must be more open than they are now to human eyes, before one man can undertake to pronounce upon the happiness, or even the good fortune of another; and in the case of such men as these, particularly, the joys and sorrows flow not from things that are seen, but from fountains within the breast. If Audubon is to be regarded as a more fortunate man than Wilson, it is because his disposition is more cheerful and social, and such as enters with readier sympathy into the cares of those about him; for though Wilson was one of the most generous of men, he was reserved in manner, and slow to express his feelings, except to an intimate few. But, after all, we believe that the greatest happiness of the determined naturalist, is to be found in his surrender of soul, his deep devotion to his favorite pursuit. And here they were equal; both successfully explored the forests, mountains and shores of America; both snatched the fearful joy of wandering beyond the limits of civilization, with no other companion than their dog and gun; both saw their fires

lighting up woods, and shining in waters, which never before felt the presence of cultivated man, where the rose-breast sung them to repose at night and the woodthrush waked them with its matin strains; if Audubon gained any thing in point of facility, by striking later upon the march, it was made up to Wilson, by the glory of moving in the van. There is, however, one point in which Audubon has been signally favored; and that is, the improvement in modern art, which has enabled the engraver to give so faithful copies of his own fine drawings from nature. It is true, there is a freedom and life in his own coloring, which the print can never possess; but compare him with Wilson, striving to make himself an engraver for the sake of accomplishing his design, and able to publish his work, only on condition of coloring the plates himself; here he was made to feel his own helplessness: but the result was, that the illustrations are the least important part of his work; he was compelled, not unfortunately for his own fame, to color in words, and no one ever managed them with more freedom, boldness and skill. While we give full credit to Audubon for his own life-like descriptions, we believe he will join with us in saying that this is a point in which Wilson cannot be exceeded.

We just now remarked, that Audubon had met with discouragements: but is it possible to stand in an enviable position, and not to be envied? Truly, this world must be very much altered, before such an unheard-of exemption can be enjoyed by any distinguished man. And to be the absolute sovereign of this department of nature; to know that one's works are admired in both worlds, and to feel that these works are the result, not merely of genius or happy discovery, but of honorable and weary labors; to see hoary heads nod their approbation, and bright eyes kindle, as this new revelation of the treasures of nature is spread before them, and more than all, to feel that one has extended the boundaries of things known, would be enough to sustain the spirit, under greater hardships than are often encountered. If we were inclined to break the tenth commandment, we should certainly covet the destiny of a naturalist, whose heart is in love with nature, and who has leisure to give to his favorite pursuit, the engrossing attention which it requires.

But there are some things which are more trying than depressing circumstances, and, to have one's veracity called in question is assuredly one of them. It seems that Audubon

had long suspected that birds, which, like the Black Vulture, feed on carrion, were guided to their banquet by the sense of sight and not of smell; in fact, that the latter sense was wanting or imperfect, — a defect which, considering the diet of such creatures, would be rather a blessing than a privation. Professor Jameson remarks, that he had suspected the same thing, from the accounts of birds in India, which move directly to their prey, though the wind bears the fragrance in an opposite direction from that in which they happen to be. When Audubon observed this, he immediately began a course of experiments, which we think must have made him wish that his own senses were reduced in number by at least one, but which established to his own satisfaction the fact, that the sense of sight was the means, by which these birds are assembled in such numbers wherever their table is spread. Upon this disclosure, which was first published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a warfare began between the eyes and the nose, similar to that which Cowper has recorded. The advocates of the nose accused Audubon of want of veracity in pleading the cause of the eyes. The charge was singularly absurd; since, had it been made clear that the nose was entitled to its former honors, what would it prove? Simply that he had been mistaken, and that some other observers were more correct than he. If a man build theories upon facts, then indeed, if his fabric be overthrown, his intellectual reputation is endangered; but if he merely aim at establishing facts, it is no dishonor to his mind, even if he should not succeed; and it is perfect nonsense to talk of his moral character being affected, one way or the other. But the question, such as it is, has been completely set at rest, by a series of experiments, conducted by some friends of Mr. Audubon. It was fully established, that the Vultures do not depend upon the sense of smell, which might destroy their appetite, while it leads them where they might indulge it. It was also made evident, that, contrary to vulgar prejudice, the Vulture's eye, sharp as it is, when once extinguished, cannot be restored; and in opposition to those who considered these birds epicures, it was shown, that it was matter of perfect indifference to them whether their meal was fresh, or in the early or latter stages of decay. We commend the zeal of these friends to science; it certainly was not for their own gratification, that they entered on such a course of experiments; but they thought and cor-

rectly, that it was not beneath the dignity of scientific investigation, to establish any fact, to remove any prejudice, or to defend any good man's reputation, however unworthily assailed.

We would not intimate, in what we have said, that Mr. Audubon betrays much solicitude to vindicate himself from this and similar charges. It is impossible to exhibit better taste than he has, in relation to such matters. He is profuse in his acknowledgments for acts of kindness and services, both great and small; but he says very little of the charges brought against him, knowing that his reputation is able to sustain itself, and that the public have, in general, but little interest in that kind of discussion. To that sagacious tribunal the longest and most laborious defences are apt to convey the impression of something which is not easily defended. Every man of conscious integrity, who repels charges in few words, and leaves it to time to do him justice, finds that time is not wanting to its trust; it is perpetually rendering this service to the injured, — both to the living and to the dead.

But where has the ornithologist been, since the first volume of his Biography was given to the world? He is as rapid in his motions as one of his own birds of passage; and he thinks so little of distance, that it is not always easy to trace the direction of his flight. After that publication in 1831, he came to this country, amply provided with letters to the British colonial authorities, from English noblemen and ministers. We are happy to find, too, that our own government stood ready to do its part. He received flattering attentions and offers of assistance from our civil and military officers, which were of essential service to him in his later expeditions. While at Washington, he was very much impressed with the error of Wilson, in writing to the president of his day, instead of presenting the living letter, by going himself to Washington. The letter sent by him never reached its destination; and, if it had, might have been thrown aside, together with those innumerable applications for appointments, with which the chief magistrate is perpetually besieged. If Mr. Jefferson had seen Mr. Wilson but for a few minutes, he would have singled him out from the herd of adventurers, and there cannot be a doubt that he would have aided him to the utmost of his power.

Mr. Audubon is not in the habit of losing time which he can employ to advantage. Shortly after his return from Eu-

rope, he proceeded to St. Augustine, in East Florida. He pursued his researches there as zealously as the winter would permit, but not with very encouraging success, when the schooner Spark came to St. Augustine, on her way to St. John's river. In consequence of letters from Washington, he and his assistants were received on board. No sooner had they entered the mouth of the stream, than his eyes were regaled with the objects which he most wished to see. The guns, fired at day-break to call the pilot from the shore, started thousands of snowy pelicans from their resting grounds, and sent them in graceful circles through the air. Thousands of cormorants were on the waters, and the fish-crows took the sound as a signal for beginning the labors of the day. The lovers of fine scenery would not find much to admire on the banks of this river, nor in any part of Florida. But it affords a good field for the naturalist, and this probably is the reason why everything should have seemed so rose-colored to Bartram; he thought the country worthy of its name, and so, botanically speaking, perhaps it is; but later travellers have found no paradise amidst its rocks and sands. The climate, which Volney pronounced the finest in the world, must, at times, be somewhat oppressive; since so early as the middle of February, Mr. Audubon found the mercury at 75° on the water, and 90° on the shore, and this in the evening of the day. There is something charming in the description of this winter evening. The fog hung so heavily on the stream, that the eye could not discern either shore, though it was not a mile wide. The moschetos covered everything, in such numbers, that they sometimes extinguished the candles in the cabin with heaps of martyrs; and that none of the senses might lose their share of delight, the zephyrs came heavy-laden with the odors from a slaughter-house on the shore. Let those who mourn over the severity of a northern winter, when the mercury seems sinking to the earth's centre, think of this description, and be comforted. The inconveniences of this earthly ball are more equally balanced than discontented man believes.

After several attempts to draw the portrait of an alligator, who was not inclined to sit, Mr. Audubon left the vessel to continue its voyage up the river, and returned to St. Augustine. His return gives a lively idea of the country. Leaving one of his attendants to take care of his baggage, he set off

on foot with the other. They had eighteen miles to go, and the sun was but two hours high. The country was level as a floor; the path was distinctly marked, having been trodden by the Indians for ages; here and there a rivulet offered them the means of quenching their thirst, and magnolias and other flowering shrubs varied the uniformity of the woods. But meantime, the sun went down in a cloud, the wind began to howl dismally through the tall pines, and a black mass of vapor, lifted from the east, spread itself over the whole heavens. The dog was for a long time their only guide in the darkness; heavy drops began to fall, and he at last became doubtful, and refused to proceed. The wind soon increased to a gale, — the lightning streamed through the heaven, occasionally setting fire to a pine, which shone magnificently bright in the darkness, — and the water rose so high on the level ground, as almost to cover their feet. While in this perplexity, they at length discovered the light of the beacon at St. Augustine, and were guided by it to their lodgings, where they arrived drenched with rain, steaming with perspiration, and covered to the knees with mud.

Tragical accidents often happen in Florida, in consequence of losing the way. Every one who has been bewildered in the woods, knows that the feeling is one which entirely destroys the moral and physical strength; the lost one is helpless as the dreamer in troubled sleep; "to stop too fearful, and too faint to go," he feels as if a resistless destiny was forcing him, almost with a visible grasp, to his doom. Mr. Audubon gives us an account of a "live-oaker," — the name of the men who are employed in cutting that valuable timber. Leaving his cabin one morning, in a fog, to proceed to the place of his labor, he found, when the fog cleared away, that all the objects about him were strange to his eyes. He retraced his steps, but in vain; the night found him in the unsounded depth of the woods. After a cold, dull, moonless night, he spent the next day in vain attempts to recover the path. The next night found him in agony and terror; and the following day brought no relief, except that he was able to destroy a turtle with his axe, and with savage desperation to eat the warm flesh, and drink the blood of his victim. In this manner, forty miserable days were passed, and he lay down on the banks of a river to die, when he was discovered by the crew of a boat, and restored to his home. He was

then at the distance of thirty-eight miles from his cabin, and had probably travelled more than ten times that distance, wandering in circles in the woods.

Toward the close of April, the season became more propitious to Mr. Audubon's enterprise. He then proceeded to Sandy-island, the southernmost cape of Florida, a great resort of birds. As they were on the way, the pilot conducted the boat into a thick shrubbery of mangroves, where they shot a multitude of pelicans. They shortly after saw hundreds of cormorants' nests, directly over their heads. When the party fired, nearly all the birds fell, as if dead, into the water, and the sportsmen were marvelling at the unexampled effect of their shot; but the mystery was solved, when they saw the birds first peep cautiously out of the water, then rise upon the wing and fly away. In the morning, the night-heron and the owl were seen, retiring into the swamps, where none could follow; the gulls and terns skimmed lightly through the air; rose-colored curlews stalked under the mangroves; purple herons started up before their steps; gallinules and other water-fowl were on the waves, and every cactus supported a white ibis's nest. When the party had built a shed, and lay down to rest at night, the waters were almost at their feet; when they rose in the morning, the beach was naked, and the waters at a vast distance, so level are these shores. Meantime, the birds could laugh at the disappointment of the ornithologist; his boat was far enough from the sea, and no human foot could venture upon the vast fields of mud. He took his revenge upon the nests of the ibis; the eggs supplied a delicious food, which the naturalist ate with becoming resignation, since nothing better could be done.

But a little time changed the scene; when the tide rose a foot or two, the immeasurable plain was again covered with water. Then the birds were driven in towards the land, and the party fired on them with such effect, that they had soon thrown up a heap, like a haycock, of the dead. But when they were returning with their treasures, they had an opportunity of witnessing another exhibition of nature, which, situated as they were, in a small boat on the sea, was rather more curious than welcome. A black cloud suddenly folded the setting sun; a low, murmuring sound was heard, and lightning shot from the cloud, which seemed as if it were chasing the boat for some purpose of revenge. The pilot quietly

said, "sit still, gentlemen; I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still; here we have it!" In an instant, the wild hurricane struck the boat, and dashed it on the shore. The waters drifted like snow; the strong mangroves were bent to the earth, and washed by the waves which rose out of their bounds; the rain fell, not in drops, but masses. Such are the fierce winds which sometimes rage in tropical climates, carrying destruction with them over land and sea; on shore, destroying more in an hour than an age can repair; on the sea, making over many a gallant vessel to the mercy of the wrecker or the waves.

Mr. Audubon makes a remark with respect to his residence in Florida, which deserves to be remembered. He says, that while enduring constant hardship, and exposed to alternate heat and moisture, both by day and night, he and his party restricted themselves to fish and soaked biscuit for food, and drank nothing but water and molasses; believing, and no doubt correctly, that diseases would be produced by ardent spirits and more substantial food. What a change in men's views on this subject within a few years! Southey, in his life of Wesley, sharply censures General Oglethorpe, for prohibiting the use of ardent spirits in his colony, since they were necessary to health, and it was unreasonable to deprive the sober of an important luxury, because it was abused by a few. Jacquemont, the enterprising traveller in India, preserved his health by a course of prudence resembling that of Audubon; it is true that he fell a victim, at last, to the climate, but it appears to have been owing to a feeling of security, which grew out of his long exemption from disease. Unfortunate it was for that young man, that he had not something of that religious feeling, which ought to be inseparable from the love of nature, and which Audubon so happily expresses on proper occasions; a man of prudence, energy, fine intellect, and large attainments, making a boast of indecency and atheism, is a spectacle inexpressibly painful to every thoughtful mind. It seems impossible to doubt, that if moderate caution is observed, every climate of the earth may be inhabited, transiently or permanently, by travellers from every other. There is scarcely an instance of the death of foreign travellers, even in Africa, which may not be traced to some needless exposure. Every remark of an experienced traveller, that tends to

give right views of this subject, should be carefully treasured for the use of the world. Audubon says, that his party, and the officers who followed their example in respect to diet, never were troubled with so much as a headache, arising from the damps of night, or the noonday sun.

Mr. Audubon took an opportunity to visit the Tortugas, which are about eighty miles from Key West. They are low, uninhabitable banks, covered with shells and sand, and are resorted to by turtlers and wreckers; the former, aiming at profit, by affording the means of luxurious indulgence to epicures; the latter, engaged in enterprises which they are in nowise anxious to publish, either to the government or the world. The turtles are of four kinds, of which the green is considered the best for food. The hawk-billed stands next, in point of flavor; its shell is the one so much in demand. The loggerhead and trunk turtles are little sought for food, and are accordingly bold, compared with the others. The account which he gives of their habits is curious and interesting. They pass the winter in the deep waters, but in spring they approach the shores, not the Tortugas only, but the many sandy capes and islets of that region. On coming near, generally on clear moonlight nights, the turtle raises its head above the water, and attentively examines all around. Should it discover nothing unpropitious to its movements, it makes a loud, hissing sound, which alarms its enemies, and drives them from the spot. If all continue quiet, she advances slowly to the beach, and crawls over it, with her head raised, and her neck fully extended, till she has selected a place to deposit her eggs. She then scrapes a hole in the sand, to the depth of about two feet, a work which Mr. Audubon saw accomplished in nine minutes; and in this, she deposits the eggs, in regular layers, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred. She then replaces the sand, and makes it so level with the rest of the beach, that the place cannot be detected except by an experienced eye. In order to secure these animals, the turtlers overset them on the beach, and sometimes in the water, though this is considered a hazardous operation. They are sometimes so large, that to throw them on their backs, requires the united efforts of several men. The animals are not unprovided with means of defence. One of the loggerhead species, which was brought on board the vessel, made, with its bite, an indentation in one of the flukes of the

anchor. The smaller turtles are the most valued. Mr. Audubon, in buying some for his friends, — we mean his feathered friends, — found that one weighing seven hundred pounds, cost but a trifle more than one of thirty. The turtlers take them in various ways, some of them cruel, but successful in proportion, and humanity is a thing but little regarded in matters like this. One thing, which Mr. Audubon relates on the authority of turtlers, is interesting, as an evidence of that mysterious reach of instinct, which appears in various animals. If a turtle is carried in a vessel several hundred miles from its favorite haunts, and then let loose in the ocean, it will be found in the spot from which it was taken, either immediately after, or certainly in the next spring.

While in Florida, Mr. Audubon took occasion to visit a celebrated spring, near the sources of St. John's river. It presents a circular basin, about sixty feet in diameter, from the centre of which the water rises with great apparent force, though not much above the general level. On the edges are deposited vast quantities of shells, gravel, pieces of wood, and other substances, which have gathered into masses. The water, though dark colored, is transparent, and so impregnated with sulphur, that the smell is offensive. Its depth is about seventeen feet. Not far from it was another in former times, which had, from some unknown cause, dried entirely away. The only use to which the waters are applied, is that of turning a mill, which grinds the sugar-cane of a neighboring plantation.

Mr. Audubon passed the summer of 1832 in Boston, devoting his time, however, not to society, but to those labors which are never remitted even so much as health requires. While here, he was seized with an illness, owing to his incessant application, which had nearly brought him to the grave. During his residence in Boston, he made an excursion into the British provinces, and the state of Maine. After exploring the woods at the eastern extremity of that state, he proceeded to St. John's; ascending the river of that name, he reached Frederickton, where the Governor, Sir Archibald Campbell, treated him with much regard. Wherever he went, he was attentive to every thing worth observing, even though it was not strictly within the line of his own profession. We cannot permit ourselves to pass over the testimony which he bears in favor of the lumberers of Maine. As a

lover of nature, he was delighted to witness their humanity to their cattle; and though it seems like an incredible Arcadian description, he avers that the drivers neither beat nor cursed them, — a kind of unusual self-denial, which says much in their praise. The explanation is not distant; for he tells us that in many of the villages of Maine, when he applied for brandy, rum, or whiskey, he could not obtain one drop; insomuch that he, temperate as he is, could not help feeling as if the temperance amounted to excess.

He gives an interesting account of the habits of these hardy men. They go forth in parties to the spot, which they are soon to make desolate with their axes, and begin by providing a shelter for their cattle; then they construct their own log hut, making bedsteads of the rudest cabinet work, in the corners, and a "*rung chimney*," as it was called by our forefathers, on one side, meaning a chimney formed, by securing together four ladders, filled in with clay between the rounds. In the neighborhood of the camp, they set their "steel-traps," "dead-falls," and "spring-guns," to catch the bears which are apt to prowl round such establishments, — guests unbidden and unwelcome, save that their skins answer good purpose for raiment, and their flesh is no contemptible food. The appearance of one of these woodmen is sufficiently odd, with a rackoon's skin over his head and brow, and moose-skin "leggins" reaching up to the girdle round his waist, stalking forth on snow-shoes, to cut down the noble pines, and destroy the growth of centuries in an hour. These trees are sawn into measured logs, and drawn by the cattle, to be left on the ice of the rivers; so that when the winter breaks up, they may be ready to float down the stream.

When the labor of the season is completed, they devote themselves to pleasures; not, however, of the unprofitable kind, as the deer, bears, sables and martens, will bear witness; the moose hunt, also, is recommended to them by the dignified associations of hardship and danger; this large and powerful animal makes his way through snows several feet in depth, faster than the hunters can follow him on their snow-shoes. A veteran hunter knows the direction in which to pursue them, by the marks of their teeth on the branches, left in browsing; these are found more distinct and frequent, as he draws near them; but the moose have senses so acute, that before the hunter can reach them, they have taken the

alarm and moved away. They have surprising strength and activity in overcoming obstacles in their flight; when hard pressed, they will turn and defend themselves with great fury. Mr. Audubon's party took a young one, which was so exhausted, that it made no opposition when it was led to the camp; but on the next day, it was so powerful and violent, that it was found impossible to preserve it alive. The common deer, which but a few years ago were found in Massachusetts, are now hardly seen in New England, except in Maine, and the northern parts of New Hampshire.

The newspapers of the last winter gave us an example of the danger to which these lumberers are sometimes exposed, from the burning of their camps; and Mr. Audubon has given us an account, as he received it from the lips of a forester, of one of these conflagrations of the woods. They are sometimes thought to be kindled by Indians; others ascribe them to the friction of dry trees upon each other; but where so many fires are made, and this element is treated as cavalierly as it generally is in new countries, it is not wonderful that these accidents should abound, since insects often destroy trees in vast numbers, and leave their dry remains in a fit state to receive the flame. This man, with his family, was awaked one night by the outcry of their cattle, and starting from their beds, saw the glare and heard the crackling of the fire; they arose and fled for life on their horses; but the flames pursued so fiercely, that they could feel the withering heat; their only resource was to gain a lake, and secure themselves on the lee side of it; there they released their horses, which they never saw again, and threw themselves down among the rushes on the water's edge. The frighted wild beasts dashed into the water, swam across to the place where they were, and stood still at their side. Perhaps no condition in life can be imagined, more full of horror and dismay than this, and yet it is not uncommon in the forest regions of our country.

Many of the logs sent down by the lumberers do not reach their destination; they linger, in tangled heaps, within the banks of the stream, where they are suffered to remain, till the miller has done his office upon those that have reached him. Mr. Audubon has given an animated account of the operation, by which these wayfarers are brought down. Vast numbers of them were lying in the gorge of a stream, which, though broad and powerful in the spring, was then shrunk to

the centre of its dusty bed, and had left the logs white in the sun. A dam was made at the outlet of another gorge above, which slowly filled itself with the diminished waters of the stream, and formed a broad sheet of water, a mile in length, with a depth of ten feet. When it was filled, the temporary dam was torn away, and the waters were suffered to pass into the gorge choked with logs below. They flowed out with conscious power; presently, a slow, ponderous motion was seen, as if a monster beneath was struggling to throw off a weight; then, the logs rose in masses, lifting, crashing, and dashing each other aside, some springing into the air, others diving under the roaring tide, till at last the waters bore all away, cleaving some into splinters, and striking others against the banks, with a noise that resounded like thunder. He could compare it to nothing but the confusion of a battle, with the roar of cannon, the shouts of the victorious, and the groans of the dying. It gave him a profound and tremendous impression of the force of the waters.

Mr. Audubon, when he left New Brunswick, proceeded on St. John's river. He and his party were landed at Woodstock, a youthful settlement, and went by land over an unpromising road, to Houlton, in Maine. He remained for a day or two at that military station, laboring in his vocation, though with small success. Of the road cut by the garrison through the woods from Houlton to Bangor, Mr. Audubon speaks in high terms, describing it as one of the best turnpikes in the Union. In one place, where it was unfinished for some miles, he met with difficulties and delays, which made him sensibly feel the advantage of such a thoroughfare. But when he came in sight of the Penobscot river, all the hardships of the way were forgotten in the view of the glorious landscape before him. Canoes, filled with Indians, were plying in every direction, scaring the game from the broad, bright waters. The eagle and fish-hawk were floating over it, on their motionless wings; the rich colors of early autumn were over all the fields, and mountains rose in the distance, an appropriate boundary for the scene.

This tour to New Brunswick, which most men would consider of itself a tolerably extensive journey, was to him only a preparation for one. He had always been desirous of visiting the northern regions, in which so many birds which pass through New England, fix their summer abodes. Not to

speak of the geese, which seem, like the vessel whose fate Mr. Balwhidder commemorates, to "sail north into utter darkness," there are many interesting birds which pay us a flying visit in our gardens, as they hurry to their arctic home. Such is the fox-colored sparrow, which sings us a farewell just before he goes, to which we have often listened, wondering if any sound in nature was ever half so sweet. The tree-sparrow, also, with their inseparable friends, the snow-birds; when they linger so long with us, what attraction is it which forces them away at last? There are many questions of the kind which cannot be answered, except by one who goes himself to explore the recesses of their polar home; a voyage to Labrador was therefore indispensable, and the purpose was hardly sooner said than done.

While his eldest son went to England to superintend the publication of the work, Mr. Audubon went to Eastport, where he engaged a fast-sailing vessel, and made preparations for his voyage. To leave no moment unemployed, he took advantage of the cruise of one of our revenue cutters, to visit the Bay of Fundy. This was in May, when nature was just waking from her wintry sleep. He was in raptures, when he was once more in motion, and it is curious to observe, what an ornithological aspect his favorite taste gives to most of his beautiful descriptions. As they passed under the cliffs of the island of Grand Menan, "the prudent raven spread her pinions, launched from the crag, and flew away before us; the golden eagle soaring aloft, moved majestically in wide circles; the guillemots set on their eggs on the shelvy precipices, or plunging in the water, dived and rose again at a great distance; the broad-breasted eider duck covered her eggs among the grassy tufts; on a naked rock, the seal basked lazily, its sleek sides glittering in the sunshine; while shoals of porpoises were swiftly gliding through the waters around us, showing that though doomed to the deep, their life was not devoid of pleasure. Far away stood the bold shores of Nova-Scotia, gradually fading in the distance, of which the grey tints beautifully relieved the wing-like sails of many a fishing bark." But on landing, the prospect was still more to the purpose. On White-Head islands, he found the nests of gulls on almost every tree of a wood that covered several acres. "What a treat, reader, was it, to find birds of this kind, lodged in fir trees and sitting comfortably on their eggs!"

At another time he sailed in the revenue cutter's tender, the "Fancy," a name that seems to have inspired his descriptions. We do not mean that anything is overdrawn or overcolored; we refer to that wild delight which the sight of nature, in her happiest aspects, awakens in such minds as his. It seems to him as if the "old wives" that covered the bay, were cackling a welcome, and cormorants and gulls appeared as if they wanted nothing but words, to offer their services to pilot him into Head-Harbor bay. In the morning, the delightful trills of the winter-wren, the red-squirrel "smacking time with his chops," the clear notes of the robin, the rolling melody of the rosebreast, filled him with such enthusiasm, that he burned with the thirst of knowledge, and longed to learn from their own lips, what every one could teach of the wondrous works of Heaven. When he saw the water birds, towering on firm and graceful wing, away to regions where none have followed, he longed to "take the wings of the morning," and pursue them to the lands where the presence of man has never yet disturbed their quiet abodes. It is such imaginations as this, that warm the heart of the lover of nature; the world at large may have little sympathy with them; in fact, may not understand them; and yet these are the "maintaining power," which enables men to go through with hard enterprises and memorable deeds.

Mr. Audubon had the opportunity of verifying the accounts given of the tides of the Bay of Fundy, which he could not believe without the sight. At Windsor, in Nova Scotia, he sat on the bank of the river, about eighty feet above its bed, which was almost dry. Many vessels lay in this sandy wilderness, where it seemed as if no water could ever come to float them. The next morning, he watched the rising of the tide, and ascertained that it rose at the rate of three feet in ten minutes, or eighteen in the hour. At high water, the surface was sixty, five feet above the bed of the river; and on looking for the vessels which he had seen the evening before, he was told that most of them had sailed with the night tide.

Mr. Audubon found some things even in Labrador to interest him, apart from his professional researches: and soon had occasion to make a remark, which we have not the hardihood to deny. "Go where you will," he says, "if a shilling is to be had, you may expect to find some individuals in search of it." The first of these adventurers that he discovered, was a French-

man, who had established himself in a small island, separated from the main land by a narrow channel. He saw this person with his telescope engaged in kneeling before a cross in the attitude of prayer. Mr. Audubon visited the island, and asked the man why he chose that place for his devotions. He replied, that in spring and summer he prayed fronting the ocean, because that element supplied him with food. In winter, for a similar reason, he prayed fronting the mountains, from which the deer came down. Mr. Audubon thought his answer reasonable, and went with him to his hut, which was formed of stones plastered with mud, and thatched with weeds and moss. Eight Esquimaux dogs formed his family. The stranger kindly welcomed him to this mansion, the fragrance of which was overpowering, and went away; but soon returned with a face expressive of horror and dismay. It seemed that some "eggers," or other knaves, had discovered his barrel of rum, which he had hidden in a sequestered spot, and, engaged doubtless in the service of the Temperance Society, had conveyed it entirely away. So true it is that there is no escaping from chance and changes. But the unfortunate man, even in this moment of bereavement, with tears in his eyes, declared that for ten years, the time which he had resided here, collecting skins, he had met with no affliction that would bear a moment's comparison with this irreparable loss of his rum.

Proceeding further along the coast, he came to another resident of a higher order, who had come to this inhospitable region in search of fortune. He was a gentleman in his manners, with a wife and children. He said that he had no relish for the world, and that he lived out of the reach of lawyers, taxes and all exactions. As for his children, he intended that they should live and die in the country, and such being their destination, he could teach them all that they needed to know. But wherever man is, there is trouble: even his repose was disturbed by fishermen and eggers, whom he abominated; he felt no joy in the visits of the navigators, who bought his salmon, seal-skins and oil, and supplied him in return with the necessaries of his chosen life. At Bras-dor, a distance of seventy miles, they found the brother of this recluse, who was also weary of the world, of which he had seen much, and resided in this secluded place with his wife and children. The lady descanted upon the fine arts, as exhibited in certain prints upon the walls; Mr. Audubon was out of patience with her

pretension; but he should have considered, that these were the finest in all the country, and that, if they were satisfied with works which cost a shilling, it was useless to go to Dresden or Florence for wonders of art, which they could neither value nor understand. She regretted very much that she could not entertain him with music, in which she greatly delighted; her instrument had been sent to Europe to be repaired; but from her enthusiastic description of it, it was evidently a hand-organ. She admired it, because it was played with a winch, and because without much instruction in the art, her children soon became interesting and able performers. The visiters were disposed to smile; but truly, we think that the instrument was chosen with great discretion, and might be introduced even in more southerly latitudes, with manifest advantage. When we see the many pale, tired and tuneless children, who are compelled to belabor a piano for years, in hopes that music, which can "create a soul, under the ribs of death," will call into existence a voice and ear where nature has provided none, we do think, that it would be a wise and happy exchange, to take an instrument, which will produce the harmony ready-made, such as it is, and leave hours and years of valuable time for things which are now sacrificed to this accomplishment. Where there are natural gifts, they should by all means be cultivated; but we see no advantage in teaching the lame to dance, nor the daughters of discord to sing. It may be true that all can be made singers; and so far as the power can be cultivated to any good purpose of use or pleasure, it should be done: but we fancy, that, after all, though the peacock and sea-gull are allowed to have voices, they are not the birds to which we shall go for melody, when the baltimore or the red bird is nigh. The lady, however, had virtues more substantial than accomplishments, and her husband lived a quiet, busy and inoffensive life. His name was in good odor through the whole region; not so his establishment; the carcases of fifteen hundred seals lay in a heap near his mansion, sending forth a fragrance which would have drowned all the perfumes of Araby the blest. Mr. Audubon derived from it a conclusive argument in favor of the eyes, and fatal to the pretensions of the nose; since, had the vultures possessed the sense of smell, in as great perfection as some naturalists believe, they would have hurried to Labrador, rejoicing, from all parts of the United States, in which they are found.

While at Labrador, Mr. Audubon had an opportunity of seeing the cod-fishing, which is carried on with so much vigor. He had been astonished at the numbers of fish which he saw in Florida: but here they were far exceeded. The business is laborious to the men who are engaged in it, and their wages are proportionally high. The hours of rest on any of the week days, do not much exceed three in the twenty-four. At three in the morning the cook has the breakfast ready for the master and the crew; immediately after, they proceed in boats to the fishing grounds, taking with them their dinner already prepared; there, they employ themselves till their boat is laden almost to the water's edge. When they return to the vessel, they count the fish as they throw them on board; this ceremony is repeated as often as the boat is filled, which is generally once in each half of the day. The fish are cleaned upon the deck, cast into the hold to be salted, and thus, six experienced men dispose of what the other six catch in the course of the day. They afterwards take them to the shore, where they dry them in the sun, either on scaffolds made for the purpose, or on the bare surface of the rocks. The life of a Labrador fisherman is not one of indolence and ease. In midsummer, they sometimes throw out seines to catch their fish as they are chasing the smaller fish to the shores. In proof of their numbers, Mr. Audubon mentions, that the young men of his party often caught codfish alive with their hands, and large trouts with a mackerel hook, suspended by a line from their gun-rods; and if two of them walked knee-deep along the rocks, holding a handkerchief by the corners, they swept it full of capelings. The men engaged in this hardy employment are generally well repaid for their labor. He tells us that he has known those who were in independent circumstances, only ten years after they went their first voyage as boys; but they still continued to resort to the fishing, liking its exertion better than idleness at home.

But the account of Mr. Audubon's expeditions is so entertaining, that we had almost forgotten the purpose for which they were made. In Florida, he lived among the ibises, herons and pigeons, and had the best opportunity of studying their habits. In Labrador, he became acquainted with the summer plumage of various water birds, and their modes of breeding. The results of these tours will not fully appear, till the next volume, which, in consequence of the solicitation of

various persons, will contain the water birds. His own plan was, as set forth in his prospectus, to go through with the land birds first. It is a matter of very little importance in itself; but such suggestions from abroad are very embarrassing, because they interfere with the arrangement which he had adopted in his own mind; and which, if not the best, certainly has the advantage of being the most familiar to him.

But let us see what he has added to our former knowledge, on this interesting subject. And here we would remark, that we honor him for his readiness to make acknowledgments for information afforded him by others, engaged in the same pursuit. To be grateful for services, hospitality, and aid, is one thing; to be warm in acknowledgment of information received, is another; and naturalists, like other men, are apt to feel like the monk of the middle ages, who, when told that many of the good things in his book, had been said by the ancients before him, replied, in wrath, "*pereant, qui nostra ante nos dixissent.*" Mr. Audubon takes pleasure in stating that he was indebted, not only for many important facts, but some new discoveries, to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Bachman, of Charleston, South Carolina. One of these, is the *Sylvia Bachmanii*, first made known to the world in this collection. It was discovered by Mr. Bachman, in July, 1833. He described it as a lively, active bird, gliding among thick branches, occasionally mounting on the wing and seizing insects in the air, in the manner of a fly-catcher. Others have since been seen in the same neighborhood; so that we may, at some future time, receive a full description of its habits, which are now entirely unknown. The name of this bird was quite appropriately given. To have one's name thus attached to a natural object, and engraven in the world of nature, is, of all honors, the most enduring. It should not be lightly bestowed, and there are none to whom it so properly belongs, as to those who have distinguished themselves in this particular science; there are certainly those who deserve it.

A species of finch has also been discovered by Mr. Bachman, in the salt marshes of Carolina, and with his approbation, Mr. Audubon gave it the name of McGillivray's finch; in this, he did not transgress the rule stated above, since the gentleman thus honored, possesses a thorough knowledge of this science, and according to Mr. Audubon, no mean authority in such matters, is unquestionably the best of all portrayers

of the feathered race. This bird does not appear in company with the description. It was sent to London for the purpose, but did not arrive in season; it must now be delayed, till the appearance of the fourth volume.

Mr. Audubon discovered a new species of finch in Labrador, to which he gave the name of "Lincoln's," in compliment to one of the young gentlemen who went with him in his northern expedition, and who was so fortunate as to shoot it. Going forth, one morning, into one of the small valleys which are found here and there in that country, Mr. Audubon heard the notes of this bird, resembling those of the wood-lark and canary united, and forming a melody that was new to his ears. He immediately gave chase to it, which was difficult, on account of its wildness; but though he succeeded in gaining the bird, he could not discover its nest. Where this bird passes the winter, is unknown. Mr. Audubon never met with it in the southern states, though he has seen specimens in the collection of William Cooper, Esq., of New York, which were found in the vicinity of that city. The fourth of these new birds is an *Emberiza*, called "Townsend's," because discovered by Dr. Townsend, of Philadelphia.

Beside the warbler above-mentioned, Mr. Audubon has given to a new finch the name of Bachman. No one can say, that this naturalist is not entitled to the honor, inasmuch as he himself discovered the bird; but to avoid the repetition, it might have been better to have bestowed the compliment elsewhere; nor need he have looked far, for he acknowledges many obligations to the sister of this gentleman, who, it would seem, shares her brother's tastes. Mr. Bachman found this finch on the Edisto river. He had heard its note before, but took it for that of the ground-robin, or towee-bunting, though the note is softer, and in other respects not precisely the same. The bird is easily discovered, and passes for the finest singer of all the family of sparrows; no search has yet been able to trace it to its nest.

But the list of Mr. Bachman's discoveries is not completed. In 1833, he discovered another warbler, near the Edisto river. To this, Mr. Audubon has attached the name of Swainson, in honor of a distinguished naturalist, who has traversed a large portion of our country.

The Carolina titmouse is one of his own discoveries. The print of this little bird had been distributed among his sub-

scribers, before he found that it was not the same with the *Parus bi-color* of the middle states. When he was at Eastport, in May, 1833, an officer of the army brought him a titmouse, which seemed to him larger than the southern bird of the same name; and on inquiring carefully into the subject, he ascertained that they were specifically distinct. This new kind is found only in the south; the other is found in the northern, but abounds most in the middle states. They differ, also, in their habits, the Carolina titmouse being a more retiring bird than our peto, as he is sometimes called, from the peculiar sound of his song.

The list of new species is closed with the wood-wren, a bird with which Mr. Audubon became acquainted in Maine. It had often been seen, but was supposed to be one of the kinds which are familiarly known. The notes, however, differ considerably from those of the house-wren, and other differences appear, on a comparison of the two. They breed in hollow logs in the woods, and seldom approach the farms; a point in which they are exceedingly unlike the house-wren, who, with that easy composure, which is so unjustly thought to be a part of the New England character, makes himself perfectly at home, wherever he may be. Of these eight additions to the birds of America, Mr. Audubon claims the honor of discovering but three; and evidently takes as much pleasure in setting forth the success of others, as if it were his own. This is well; there is no greater proof of conscious poverty of merit, than to be avaricious of praise; and no one, who cannot rejoice in the honor of others, ever deserves to have any honor of his own.

Mr. Audubon has introduced several birds to our notice, which were never before known to visit the United States. At Key West, he first saw the pigeon, to which he has given the name of the island where he found it. The commanding officer there sent a serjeant with him, who happened to be familiar with the pursuit, and soon put him in possession of this treasure, which he gazed on again and again with perfect delight; he says, that the Egyptian pharmacopolist never embalmed the remains of a Pharaoh, with more reverence, than he paid to the corpse of this most beautiful of the doves. Though covered with moschetos, flowing with perspiration, and sinking with heat, he thought of nothing but the richness of his prize, and with a joy which was only abated by seeing

how difficult it would be to give any adequate representation of its brilliant, varying, metallic hues. This bird, the *Columba Montana*, had always been considered the same with the Zenaida dove. The blue-headed pigeon, *Columba Cyanocephala*, is another, which Mr. Audubon has added to the list of transient residents in the United States. Though some of them migrate every year from Cuba to Florida, they are seldom seen, on account of the deep thickets in which they reside. He saw a pair of them near the water; but on approaching them, they escaped to the bushes. He afterwards searched for a whole day, in a place where fishermen and wreckers said they were more abundant, but not an individual could he see. He saw a pair which had been caught when young, on the "Mule Keys;" so that the fact is established, that they are embraced within the limits of our ornithology.

It was never generally known that the *Caracara*, or Brazilian-eagle, comes within our boundaries, till Mr. Audubon published it; though Dr. Strobel informed him, that this bird undoubtedly breeds in Florida. He saw it first, flying at a great elevation, and, convinced that it was new to him, determined to watch its motions. He was not long kept in suspense; for the bird proceeded to a dead horse, on which some vultures were regaling themselves, and without much exchange of civilities, made one of the dinner party. But hungry though it was, it did not lose its caution. He fired on it without effect, but did not succeed in securing it till two days after. It differs most from the American vultures, in its power of carrying its prey in its talons. Mr. Audubon found it no easy matter to represent the plumage of these birds. In any climate the plumage loses its brightness soon after the bird dies; but in those warm regions, the colors will almost entirely fade, before the most rapid hand can paint them.

In one of the Florida keys, Mr. Audubon first formed an acquaintance with the *Muscicapa Dominicensis*, or pipiry fly-catcher. This bird comes from Cuba to Florida in the spring, and would probably have been observed in the United States before, had it not been mistaken for the king-bird, which it resembles in appearance, manners, and the way of building its nest. Mr. Audubon gives an example of the necessity of paying proper regard to the statements of others. Report was made to him and Mr. Bachman, by a young gentleman of Charleston, that he had seen a pair of fly-catchers in the

college yard, different from any which he had ever observed before. He requested them to come to the spot, where they might see both the birds and their nest. They paid little regard to his first account, but after a time went to the place, where they found that the nest had been destroyed, and happening to see a common king-bird, rallied the youth upon his new discovery. Some time after, the birds formed another nest, and Mr. Bachman on visiting it, found it was the work of the bird in question. The anecdote is honestly recorded, to the credit of the youth, and for the warning of all the wise.

The Hudson's Bay titmouse is slightly described by Nuttall, in his valuable work, on the authority of others, he himself not having found it. Wilson, who knew it only by description, imagined it the same with our black-cap or chicadee. Mr. Audubon ascertained that it breeds in the state of Maine, and is, therefore, one of our citizens; but he never could find it, till his visit to Labrador. There, he was so fortunate as to discover the bird and its nest. The nest was in the hollow of a small decayed stump, not more than three feet from the ground; it was composed of fur, so ingeniously matted, that it seemed like the work of human art. This species is more common in Newfoundland than in Labrador; it is found in Maine, but no one has yet been seen so far south as Massachusetts.

Again and again has it been said, that only one species of humming-bird ever visits the United States; but lo! here is another. But the world may be forgiven for not having known that there were two, since Audubon himself never seems to have met with the mango humming-bird, as it is called; the one that now figures in his plates and descriptions. This species was communicated to him by Mr. Bachman, who received a specimen from Dr. Strobel, which he had brought from Key West. It was captured from a bush, where it was sitting, exhausted, perhaps, with its migratory flight. Whether it is numerous or not, Dr. Strobel had no means of ascertaining.

Thus there are five species of birds, which were previously known to exist in other countries, but not suspected to enter ours, which are ascertained by this unwearied observer, to be occasional visiters or residents in the United States. The mangrove-cuckoo might, perhaps, be included; for though Nuttall described it, and gave it the name of *Coccyzus Seni-*

culus, he declares that he never saw it, and that it was admitted only on the authority of Vieillot. Mr. Audubon often noticed these birds at Key West, but took them to be the same with the common yellow-bill; when one was sent him by an officer, he discovered that it was not the common species, though it resembles it in many of its habits, particularly those in which it is least worthy of imitation. It feeds on the eggs of other birds, and builds a nest in the same slovenly manner, but is even more timid and shy. The fishermen and wreckers declared to him, that it went to the nest of the white pigeon, and destroyed the helpless young; a kind of trifling with life, which doubtless grieved the souls of those worthy men. But there is some reason to hope that the reproach is undeserved. Mr. Audubon, in his own researches, could find nothing to confirm it. To discover new species, or to ascertain these new facts, must be the thing wished for by him who was desirous of inventing new pleasures; we doubt whether any bloody triumph was ever so luxuriously enjoyed.

We must next take a view of the new facts which Mr. Audubon has established. He has exalted our crow to the dignity of a distinct species, and given it the name of *Corvus Americanus*. It has always been regarded and described as the same with the carrion-crow of Europe; but in this country, that name is wanted for the black vulture; and assuredly no creature can more eminently deserve it. Mr. Audubon considers our crow less in size than the European bird; this difference however, if it exists, is trifling: but the voice, the form of the tongue and the habits of the two, afford more important differences. Montague says of the *Corvus Corone*, that they keep in pairs all the year, seldom collecting in numbers, except to feed on some carcass or to roost in winter; this does not describe the American crows, which are a remarkably social people. He also says that he has seen a crow strike a pigeon dead from the top of a barn; in fact, his whole description gives the impression of a bird, more bold and less cautious than ours.

Mr. Audubon with his usual generosity pleads the cause of this unfortunate bird, which is exposed not only to the shot of idle boys, but to the acts of legislatures, and regularly receives the ominous benedictions of the farmer as often as the spring arrives; being compelled to bear the sins of the grakle in addition to his own; while the latter bird, saving himself by

turning evidence against his neighbor, builds his nest upon the high tree over the chimney, and riots undisturbed upon the fields and garden. The raven, which is the head of this sable family, has been placed by Mr. Audubon, at the head of the procession in his second volume; a more discreet file leader could not have been selected, though in point of beauty, it must be acknowledged, many others would have the advantage. The raven is a much larger and more powerful bird than the crow, and there is no tie of relationship or love between them. Wherever the ravens choose to reside, they give warning to the crows, that a change of air will be good for their constitutions; but, with a generosity unknown to human parties, civil, military or religious, they permit the crows to inhabit those regions which they do not want for themselves, and thus the whole country is parcelled out between them. These birds resemble each other in their familiarity and ease, when they are domesticated. The raven perhaps is the more desirable inmate of the two, since it treats its master like a friend; the crow too loves its master much, but its joke more: and nothing can exceed the troublesome ingenuity of the pranks, by which it taxes the patience of the household. The caution of the raven in protecting its young is most remarkable. On the coast of Labrador, Mr. Audubon discovered a nest, and he and his whole party attempted to shoot one of the proprietors, but in vain. One afternoon, he lay concealed under a pile of rocks for two hours; the young in the nest croaked for food, but no parent came; as soon as he was out of patience and had left the place, the female, in an instant was seen from the vessel, to go to the place to relieve her clamorous children. He observed that in the deepest fogs, these birds by their peculiar instinct, could move from any distance, straight toward their nest. Of the crow, Mr. Audubon says, that, "the state of terror in which he is always kept is enough to spoil the temper of any creature." We honor him for his humanity, but we fear it will be lifting up his voice in vain. We shall be satisfied, if we can see public opinion prevent the destruction of harmless birds. And much we wonder what that parent can be made of, who will suffer his child to destroy life and regard it as pleasure. If the boy have that taste, and the parent be disposed to indulge it, let him take the boy to a slaughter house, and there pay a sixpence for the privilege of knocking an ox in the head. If there be any sport in the case, it must

be greater in proportion to the size of the animal, and if such a propensity deserve to be cultivated, let it be indulged, where it can be of some service to men.

Mr. Audubon has pointed out the difference between the American golden-crested wren, *Regulus Tricolor*, as Nuttall has named it, and the *Regulus Cristatus* of Europe; showing that the former is longer, and differs also in its claws and bill. This bird breeds at Labrador, where he saw it feeding its young in August; common as it was there and in Newfoundland, he never was able to discover its nest. The family remain in a group, as they go to pass the winter in our southern and western states. In January, he saw great numbers of them in the woods near Charleston, and so careless were they of his presence, that he could go within two or three feet of them, without giving any alarm.

Mr. Audubon shows that the *Sylvia Palmarum* or palm warbler of Bonaparte, is the same with the *Sylvia Petechia* or yellow red-poll. That able naturalist, introduced it for the first time as a bird of the United States, saying that in winter, it abounds in the vicinity of St. Augustine; but Mr. Audubon maintains, that the true *Sylvia Palmarum* is never found within the limits of our republic. Nuttall had corrected the error of Bonaparte before, though in a quiet way, without note or comment; Mr. Audubon was for a long time persuaded that they were distinct species, and under that impression had attached the name to the sixty-third plate of the second volume; but Mr. Bachman convinced him that they were the same bird, with its plumage differing at different periods of its life.

The rough-legged falcon, *Falco Lagopus*, Mr. Audubon takes to be the same bird with the black-hawk, *Falco Niger* of Wilson; the difference in their markings, being ascribed to the time of life at which they were taken. And, to show how much the color of the bird might mislead us, he tells us that while he was in Boston, he received eight of these birds at one time, in consequence of a premium which he offered, and found that the plumage of no two of the number was the same, while there was no difference whatever in the more important signs by which the kind is determined. Bonaparte thought, that the effect of increasing knowledge on these subjects, would be to increase the numbers of species of birds already known; but such examples as this seem to show, that the effect will be different, and that many, which now stand apart in their dignity

of class and order, will hereafter be included in the same description. These birds were shot at the same time, in the same marsh, and their flight and attitudes were the same: it was observed that the dark ones were the most shy, which he thinks was owing to the circumstance that they were the oldest. This natural association and the perfect similarity of their voices, taken in connexion with the other circumstances, satisfied him that they were all of the same family of birds. The very specimen which Wilson described and painted as *Falco Niger*, is still in the Philadelphia collection, and as Mr. Audubon says, serves to show, that, apart from color, which is not much to be depended on, there is nothing to distinguish it from the rough-legged falcon.

Wilson was provoked with those who said that the American crossbill was only a variety of the European species; but Mr. Audubon, with due deference to his predecessor, firmly maintains that the American does not differ in any respect whatever from the European bird. He says that he has shot great numbers, and opened as many as sixty,—an examination which has resulted in his present conviction; but, knowing that he may be mistaken, after all his care, he invites his reader to go through a similar course of experiments if he will. The great American shrike, called by Bonaparte *Lanius Septentrionalis*, he, like Wilson, considers the same with the *Lanius Excubitor* of Europe. The singular practice for which this bird is remarkable, of impaling insects on sharp points of twigs and thorns, is a mystery, which he does not attempt to solve.

Mr. Audubon takes particular delight in the swallows, those "light-hearted wretches," which are perpetually wheeling in their rapid and graceful circles, as if there were no such thing as care in the world. They sport together in perfect harmony all day, and what is a little remarkable, considering the quick temper of most birds, they assemble in perfect harmony at night, though so many are tenants of the same barn. Mr. Audubon describes their flight with great animation. "In fine calm weather," he says, "their circuits are performed at a considerable elevation, with a lightness and ease that are truly admirable. They play over the river, the field or the city, with equal grace, and during spring and summer, you might imagine that their object was to fill the air around them with their cheerful twitterings. When the weather lowers, they move swiftly in tortuous meanderings over the meadows and through

the streets of the town; they pass and repass, now close to the pavement, and now along the walls of the buildings, so rapid, that you can scarcely follow them with the eye. But try: — there she skims against the wind over the ruffled stream: up she shoots, seizes an insect, and wheeling round, sails down the breeze, with a rapidity, that carries her out of your sight almost in a moment." Wilson combated the opinion, which regarded this favorite bird as the same with the chimney-swallow of Europe. He remarks, that there is some difference in their colors, and still more in their habits, the European kind confining itself to chimneys, while ours never selects those places for its nest. But Montague observes of this chimney-swallow, that, though in England the chimney is its favorite retreat, in Scotland it builds in barns, out-houses and straw-built sheds. White found their nests in the shaft of a deserted well, and Mr. Rennie remarks, that he had repeatedly seen them in the shafts of coal-pits, not at all dismayed by the presence of the workmen, who, fortunately for the birds, consider it unlucky to injure them. In Sweden, the chimney-swallow is equally indifferent as to the place where it builds; so that nothing can be found in the place of their nest, to constitute a marked distinction of one kind from another. Our barn-swallow builds sometimes in old wells, and under bridges, as well as in sheds and barns, but never was known to make its nest in a chimney. Whatever the explanation may be, — and Mr. Audubon thinks it possible that they are prevented by the chimney-swift, a more powerful bird, — he does not admit that the *Hirundo Rustica* of Europe, differs from the barn swallow of our country.

Mr. Audubon remarks, that he saw these birds in flocks at St. Augustine at the beginning of December, but after the first frost, they had all disappeared. He believes that they pass the winter on the southern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, not going much farther south, for the want of proper food. He takes no notice of the ancient superstition, which maintained that they dived into the mud. It is a difficult matter to account for the numbers of these birds, which are found in mill-ponds and similar places, where they have evidently been drowned at nearly the same time. Montague observes, that once in spring, when the mercury had suddenly fallen to 42°, these birds were all missing. But he accidentally discovered a retreat, in which hundreds of them were collected, near a large pool, where they seemed to have found some insects for sub-

sistence, but were so exhausted, that they could hardly support themselves upon the wing. In our capricious climate, they must often be exposed to similar troubles. Such was the case in the cold weather at the early part of June in 1832. Almost all kinds of birds suffered more or less from cold, and consequent inability to supply themselves with food. In this state, the birds came in from the forests to the villages and farms, and the summer birds, particularly the scarlet tanager, were found dead in our gardens. The red-start, generally a shy and retiring bird, came on that occasion, day after day, to a twig, within three feet of the window where we were writing. The swallow is easily affected by cold, and perhaps would suffer more than any of our visiters by such changes; and changes of the kind abound, after their coming, in the beginning of May.

Mr. Audubon adds much to our knowledge of the habits of the barn-owl, which he does not consider precisely the same with that of Europe, though he says he can point out no specific marks of distinction. This elegant bird has been less known to science than to superstition. Its complaint from the ivy-mantled tower, and the dreary sound of the cry, which we so often hear in the stillness of night, have made it rather a subject of fear than of enlightened interest: but Montague, with whom it was domesticated, found it, instead of an evil genius, a familiar and affectionate friend of man. He bred an owl of this kind, a sparrowhawk, and a ring-dove together, and found that they lived in harmony, which was only broken by the pretensions of the ring-dove, which governed the rest, by virtue of being weaker and worse-tempered than the other two; a kind of despotism, which we did not know to exist among other animals, though it has prevailed for ages, in families of the human race. When he at last dismissed them, the owl was the only one which returned to visit him again. Wilson, diligent as he was in gaining knowledge, declares that he could get no account from his own researches or information of others, concerning the habits of this bird. Audubon has supplied information concerning its breeding, in which it is peculiar, particularly in respect to time. The European species breeds in March or April: he found the nest of the American at Charleston in the depth of winter, and was told that they bred at all seasons of the year.

When in Charleston, in October, 1833, he received information of a nest in the upper story of a deserted sugar-house.

It was lighted with windows, one of which had two panes broken. He approached the young, guided by the sound of their hissing, when the parent bird, discovering him at the distance of a few feet, glided silently through the aperture. The young were three in number, covered with a cream-colored down, which was beautifully clean. A cotton rat lay beside them, which must have been brought from a distance of three or four miles. On visiting them a month after, he found that their feathers were beginning to grow; the parent now supplied them with less food than formerly, and brought it only by night. This was on the 25th of November. On the 18th of January, he visited the place again, and found the young fledged, but still unable to fly. He has satisfied himself that this kind of owl lives entirely upon the smaller quadrupeds, — a subsistence which the ornithologist would consider more pardonable than the destruction of small birds, which it was supposed to use for food. But Audubon could never discover the trace of a single feather near the nests; the pellets, which they throw up after having swallowed their prey, were invariably composed of bones and hair. He has never seen any propensity in this bird to fish, whereas Nuttall gives the account of one which was known to steal gold-fish from a pond. It may, nevertheless, be true, that it resorts to birds and fish, when it cannot find a supply of its usual food. It is a little singular, that Mr. Audubon should never have heard from them any cry or note whatever; all ornithologists, as well as common observers, dwell much on their hollow scream; but he avers, that excepting the hissing, expressive of alarm, he has heard no sound proceed from any of the number. They are remarkable for the silence of their motions. In a room, their flight is so noiseless, that one finds them removed to the opposite side, without having heard the least sound from their wings.

Mr. Audubon has added much to our knowledge of the great crow black-bird, an inhabitant of the southern states, which was alluded to by Wilson, but not painted nor described; an omission which was probably owing to his desire to acquire more knowledge respecting it, before he published it to the world. Bonaparte, who supplied the defect, says but little concerning the habits of the bird; but Audubon gives a description full of interest and beauty. He describes it as mating in February, when the male delights in perching on the

topmost bough of a high tree, where his motions throw out all his variety of colors, glancing in the sun. The pair build, generally, in the island of a lake, where they refit the last year's nest, or hastily construct a new one, from twigs, grasses, and the long Spanish moss, that streams from every tree. But no sooner does the female begin to sit upon the eggs, than the males fly away, leaving to the females the whole charge of supporting and educating the young. It is a strange provision of nature. Why is it, that the male wild-turkey would destroy, not only the eggs, but the young themselves? Perhaps, in the case of the black-bird, which has a passion for eggs, the male emigrates, to be out of the way of temptation to destroy his own. And yet why wonder at such things in the lower animals, when you cannot go to any part of the civilized world, where you do not find, in abundance, widows with living husbands, and orphans with living fathers?

It would take too much time to say, how much Mr. Audubon has added to what was known concerning the architecture of birds; but one or two examples will show the difficulty which he encountered. He was desirous to inquire respecting the spruce-partridge, or Canada-grous, which breeds in the state of Maine. Mr. Lincoln, of Dennisville, who afterwards accompanied him to Labrador, undertook to guide him to their favorite retreats; but after groping through tangled brush-wood, over fallen trees, and through miry ponds, their advance contested at every step by armies of flies and moschettos, they were compelled to return at sunset, without having seen a single bird. He afterwards succeeded in reaching their breeding places, in the hacmatac woods, sinking every step or two in mud to the waist, his feet fast in the mire, and his body wedged between the trees. The birds delight in these inaccessible retreats, and hardly ever leave them; but when approached, they seem to be fearless, from their unacquaintance with the savage reputation which man bears among the feathered race. Bonaparte, who first noticed this bird in connection with our ornithology, described its eggs as varied with white, yellow, and black; Audubon says, that they are fawn-colored, and irregularly splashed with brown.

In his pursuit of the willow-grous, he was exposed to similar trouble. In Newfoundland, he was giving chase to this bird, in an extensive miry flat, where one of the party sunk so deep that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be res-

cued by the others. They were covered from head to foot with black mud, and so exhausted, that they were obliged to sit down, every few yards, upon the damp sward, which threatened constantly to give way and let them down beyond human reach. These birds, both males and females, manifested the strongest attachment to their young; whenever they approached a covey, the parents would give battle in its defence, and attack the intruders with great violence, while the young were hiding themselves in the moss and leaves.

Mr. Audubon took much pains to become acquainted with the American goshawk, the *Falco Atricapillus* of Wilson, who suspected it to be the goshawk, though he called it by a different name. This bird is not common in the United States, but wherever it is found, is bold and spirited; in Maine, they have been known to descend to the door of the farmer, and to carry off his chickens and ducks before his eyes. He observed some of them near the Ohio river, engaged in chasing vast numbers of pigeons. One of them suddenly left the pursuit, to attack a flock of crow black-birds, which happened to be crossing the stream. The affrighted birds fled swiftly, gathering themselves into a mass so dense, that it resembled a black ball. The goshawk soon overtook them, and seizing one, strangled and dropped it, without suspending his flight. In the same way he made sure of several others, letting them drop into the stream. When the black-birds plunged into the woods, he gave over the pursuit, swept down to the water where his prey were floating, and taking them up singly, one after the other, carried them to the shore. This bird was one of those which were formerly used in falconry, a kind of amusement which has been consecrated by many lordly and chivalrous associations, though without them it would probably have stood on a level with cock-fighting. May we not hope that the time will come when men can find amusement for their idle hours, without requiring the torture and death of other creatures of God?

Mr. Audubon seems often to reproach himself for the severity which he employs in making these accessions of knowledge. He searched out the breeding habits of this species, and of the Mississippi-kite, both of which are described for the first time by him. In pursuit of the latter, he one day heard a prolonged cry of distress, which he traced to a dark, motionless thing, that seemed to have lodged on the branch of

a tree. It proved to be the young of this bird. As soon as he fired upon it, the old bird came and fed its young. He then fired again, but without success; and the parent, seeing the danger, gently took up the young one, and sailing through the air, deposited it in another tree. He could not help admiring the daring and affectionate action; still he fired again, and brought them both to the ground. After carefully hiding them, in order to take them on his return, he proceeded on his expedition; but when he came back to reclaim his prey, some marauder of the woods had destroyed them both. His punishment, he says, was deserved. Its nest, of which Nuttall professes himself entirely ignorant, was found in tall white-oaks and magnolias, formed of sticks, slightly put together, of Spanish moss, and dried leaves. Only one brood is raised in the season.

We have now, for the first time, an account of the breeding habits of the tree and the fox-colored sparrows, two beautiful wayfarers, which remain but little time with us, and yet are generally known. Who has not seen the rich brown of the latter, glowing in the setting sun; and who does not know the voice of its tender and plaintive farewell? Though they are so silent while with us, when they go to the northern regions they are overflowing with song. "Would that I could convey to your mind the effect which it produced on my feelings, when wandering on the desolate shores of Labrador! That I could intelligibly tell you, of the clear full notes of its unaffected warble, as it sat perched on the branch of some stunted fir! There, for hours together, was continued the delightful serenade, which kept me lingering near the spot. The brilliancy and clearness of each note, as it flowed through the air, were so enchanting, the expression and emphasis of the song so powerful, that I never tired of listening." During the breeding season, the plumage has a brighter color than with us. Its nest, which is large, is placed on the ground, amidst the moss or tall grass, and under a creeping fir, the branches of which entirely conceal it. The eggs are laid at the last of June, or the beginning of July. Mr. Audubon mentions the singular circumstance, that in an aviary in Charleston, some of these birds were killed, by what offender, it was for sometime difficult to discover; till, one day, a mocking-bird was seen to alight on one of them, and peck it in such a manner as to cause its death. A blue-jay had been suspected of the crime, but so

far from being the murderer, the jay was at length one of the victims. The eggs of this species do not answer to the description of Richardson, neither are those of the tree-sparrow brown, as represented by Nuttall; the latter are of a deep blue, so much resembling those of the chipping-sparrow, that it would be difficult to tell them apart.

If any one suppose, as men are apt to do respecting pursuits which they never tried, that such facts as the author of this great work supplies, are easily ascertained, the contents of this book will undeceive him; it is hard to verify matters of fact in an extensive library; it is harder still to ascertain them in the open volume of nature. At Camden, in New Jersey, he watched the movements of the warbling-vireo, a sweet little bird, whose note is admired by many, to whom its appearance is unknown. He saw two of them, evidently conversing on the subject of building in a poplar, and shortly after saw them making the frame-work of their nest, by disposing blades of grass in circles. On the second day, they began to weave in bits of hornet's nest and corn-husks, pushing them between the rows of grass, and there securing them. On the third day, they were absent; but on the fourth morning, he was awaked by their song, and saw them working extremely slender grasses within the frame. Wishing to know where they procured their materials, he followed them from tree to tree, toward a large meadow, where they drew the grass from an old hay-stack. This was done for two or three days. On the seventh, the female spread wool and horse-hair for the lining, and the eighth was devoted to smoothing the inside. On the fifteenth, five little birds were standing on the borders of the nest; and on the sixteenth, they quitted their home. All this time he had constantly observed their habits and motions. The feelings of the reader would probably be expressed in one of Dr. Johnson's courteous remarks to a gentleman, who took much time in speaking of a flea. "Sir, if a thing so small has taken all this time, a larger animal would probably take you a year." Still, these facts are well worth the labor and the time which it costs to ascertain them; they afford materials for some of the most inspiring and intellectual contemplations on which the mind can dwell.

But this devotion of Mr. Audubon to his favorite pursuit, must make immense demands upon the physical constitution. He exposes himself to all weather, in all climates, caring neither

for the freezing cold nor the burning sun; and when he has gained the object of his hot pursuit, sits down to study and draw it with an intenseness of application, which is even more exhausting than his active exertions. In Boston, he secured a noble specimen of the golden eagle. By the advice of his friend, Dr. Parkman, he attempted to destroy its life with the fumes of burning charcoal, to avoid injuring his plumage, and to spare him unnecessary pain. After the bird had been exposed to its effect for hours, Mr. Audubon opened the door of the little apartment in which the experiment was tried, and though the air was perfectly suffocating, saw the eagle "with his bright, unflinching eye, turned towards him as lively and vigorous as ever." When he had succeeded in destroying it, for which purpose he was obliged to resort to other means at last, Mr. Audubon proceeded to draw it, and engaged in the employment so unremittingly, that he brought on a spasmodic affection, which nearly cost him his life. But, after devoting so many years to this pursuit, we may suppose that less demand will in future be made upon his exertions. He is not the man who will ever rest, but he may continue the employment of his life less laboriously; and when the work succeeds, as succeed it will, may find leisure to enjoy his well-earned and lasting fame.

We trust that many of our readers will soon be familiar with the descriptions of Mr. Audubon; the illustrations can be in the hands of but few; but this is of the less consequence, as the originals are to be seen by all, and the great proportion of them save us the trouble of seeking them, by coming directly to us. The biography alone, will answer every purpose of aid, to those who desire to investigate the subject for themselves. We consider it fortunate, that our ornithology should have fallen into the hands of such a man: his qualifications are great, and his success has been in the same proportion. A man of the world in his manners, his courtesy secures all the information which others can give, and makes them regard it as a privilege to render him all the aid in their power. A lover of nature in his feeling, he dives fearlessly into the deepest forests, and wanders alone over the most savage regions of our country; intelligent and observing, he discerns easily and rapidly whatever the naturalist desires to know: an accomplished artist, he strikes out with a bold pencil the spirited attitude and lifelike colors of the subjects of his art. And he has one advantage

which is greater than all beside. He loves the pursuit for its own sake. In former days, he offered to Wilson the valuable materials he had collected; and when the offer, fortunately for the world, was declined, he supplied information to Bonaparte, Wilson's able successor. It is evident, therefore, that he entered upon the pursuit because he loved it, and not with the view of erecting this monument to his own fame. Indeed, mere ambition would have fainted and despaired under the many difficulties which he had to encounter. Nothing, short of an enthusiastic passion for his pursuit, would have borne him up to the eminence on which he now stands. He suffers nothing to draw him aside from it, and never disdains the most trifling information; his only enjoyment seems to consist in gaining accessions of knowledge. We remember his asking letters from us, to some gentlemen of a certain place distinguished for intelligence and cultivation. We supplied them, with the assurance that he would highly enjoy the society in question. He replied, that he did not doubt it, but his object was, not to enjoy pleasant society, but to see a stuffed owl.

It is only as a literary production, that we undertake to criticise the work; for on the subject of American birds, he doubtless knows more than any other man; and they who come to criticise, will retire to be instructed. His style, though there is a foreign aspect about it, is expressive, animated, and often very eloquent, particularly in the description of fine scenery. It is a style perfectly natural, and not at all in bondage to any rules of art: but it tells us precisely what he means to say, and when he would make us share his own feelings, is evidently dictated and inspired by the heart. He has not the solemn enthusiasm of Wilson; who found little sympathy in those about him, and therefore lived in a world of his own. Audubon's passion for the science, is, as might be expected in a man familiar with the best aspects, indeed all the aspects of life, more easy, graceful, and such as others know better how to share. Perhaps this volume will not seem so attractive as the former, to most readers: but if it should be so, the explanation will be, that it is the second not the first. The public often uncharitably require, that the works of a popular writer should increase in interest, at least in geometrical progression: and if this unreasonable demand is not answered, as it of course never can be, they are apt to say, that he has fallen below himself: but, we consider this volume as equal to the

first, which in our opinion is sufficient praise for any man's ambition, and we shall look forward with impatience to its successor.

ART. X. — *Webster's Speeches.*

Speeches and Forensic Arguments. By DANIEL WEBSTER. 2 Vols. 8vo. Boston. 1835.

THE first of these volumes appeared five years ago; the second is just published. Nothing perhaps illustrates more strongly the affluence of modern literature, than the feelings, with which such a work as this is received, by the reading public of Europe and America. We do not, of course, intend to say, that the publication of volumes like these is an event of very familiar occurrence; or that the frequency of their appearance is such, as seriously to weaken the impression, which they ought to produce on the minds of an enlightened age. Still, however, when we recall the names of Irving and Channing, on this side of the Atlantic; of Mackintosh, of Scott, of Canning, on the other side, and of others on both sides, not unworthy associates of these leading minds of the English language, in the present generation, we shall readily admit, that the appearance of volumes, like these before us, — masterpieces as they are of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, — is an event, which may reasonably be calculated upon regularly, from time to time, as an ordinary occurrence. We mean to say, that such is the present lofty state of civilization, so much mind is in high and constant action, that without going out of the circle of the English language, there is annually laid before the reading world, some one production at least, that may be called classical; something equal to the works of the first class of any age. We do not mean that a new Plato, Demosthenes, or Newton appears every twelvemonth, on the stage. It must be left alone to time to bring to his unerring test, the merits of this as of preceding generations. But this we may safely say, — that in addition to whole branches of science, unknown to antiquity, — there are appearing every year, in almost every department of learning, works, which, if they had come down

to us as the productions of any of the ancient masters, would have been thought to do no discredit to their names. But so strong is our reverence for antiquity, that we feel a reluctance, to place any thing modern, on a level with that, which time and the consent of ages have canonized.

The reading world, since the middle of the eighteenth century, has been on the stretch of expectation, for the wonders of lost literature, which should be discovered among the cinders of the charred *papyri* of Herculaneum. The royal treasury of Naples was lavishly expended in the investigation, and not many years since, that of England came to the rescue. The learned men of every country in Europe eagerly watched the tedious process of unfolding and decyphering the manuscripts, which seemed indeed all but miraculously preserved, under a torrent ten fathoms deep of molten lava; — owing their preservation, in fact, to the heat of the superincumbent mass, by which their moisture was instantly absorbed, and the air forever excluded from them. The continually renewed chagrin at finding little besides the everlasting Philodemus, whose vapid metaphysics have, from the beginning, haunted the concern, has scarcely even yet repressed the ardor of anticipation, with which the scholar looks for some real treasure, to come from the shelves of a library of two thousand volumes, collected before the year seventy of the Christian era.

But suppose, instead of the almost worthless trash, with which this expectation has been three or four times baffled, there should have been disengaged from their place of burial, in the volcanic rock, and unrolled, and spread before the world, — free from all question of authenticity, — two such volumes, as are now before us, containing such a series of compositions in Greek or in Latin; — Historical Addresses like the Centennial discourse at Plymouth, or the Oration on Bunker Hill; — an argument before the Prætor or the Centumviri, like the argument in the Dartmouth College case: — an appeal at a public festival at Corinth or Elis, like the Address at the New York dinner, or that, in which the character of Washington was commemorated on the hundredth anniversary of his birth: — or an harangue before the 'fierce democratie' of Athens or the Senate at Rome, like the speech on Foote's resolution or on the protest. The very thought is enough to make the ears of a scholar, a lover of ancient letters or ancient eloquence, tingle. Did the rescued treasure bear the name of one of the great

ancient masters; is it likely it would be thought inferior to any of the relics of their genius, which time has spared us? If they were ascribed to some hitherto unknown author, — to some one of the forgotten great men, who moulded the destinies and led the councils of Carthage, Tyre, or any other of the famous states of antiquity, which, for want of literary monuments, have failed to hand down to posterity the names of their lawgivers and orators, — who does not perceive that we should feel, by universal consent, that we were put in possession of the long-lost productions of a mind, worthy to be classed with the strongest and richest of those, which have inherited the admiration of ages?

If this supposition be fairly stated, — and if, under the circumstances assumed, we have not exaggerated the tribute of admiration which would be paid to such a collection as that before us, — we may gather from it the most satisfactory illustration of the opulence of modern literature, in which treasures like these can make their appearance without being regarded as phenomena. In fact, we are not sure that we are prompt enough to do justice to contemporary merit, or the literature of the modern world, as compared with the ancient. Since the question between them has been made the subject of a controversy, there has been a disposition to run to extremes on both sides. We have, within a twelvemonth, heard forensic eloquence spoken of as a lost art; and there is, on the other hand, a fashionable tendency, produced by the mechanical philosophy of the day, to undervalue the importance of classical learning. One paradox is as false as the other. The mechanical part of oratory was more assiduously cultivated by the great ancient masters, than it is possible it should be by those, on whom the weight of affairs devolves in modern times. Cicero, led by his passion for the Grecian discipline, or driven by the dangers of the times, was wandering through Greece and Asia Minor, studying under the philosophers, and practising in the schools of declamation, for ten or fifteen years after the period, when the weight of kingdoms and republics rests upon the shoulders of modern statesmen. No person can doubt that a man like Cicero, practising till he was thirty years old the art of rhetorical delivery, would be apt to bring that art to perfection. But Cicero was only a man. He brought to his profession no superhuman gifts; and who is so bigoted a pedant as to believe, that Pitt, or Fox, or Canning,

or Clay, Calhoun, or Webster, could fail in any of the essentials of eloquence while discussing the greatest questions of state, — in the British House of Commons or the American Congress, — not as an exercise of declamation, not beneath the critical guidance of a hired rhetorician, and him a foreigner; but in the responsible discharge of high official duty; in the strenuous effort, practically and effectually, to dispose of the most momentous subjects? We are no believers in any magical power of genius. The true inspiration is that of a resolute will, a generous heart, a cultivated understanding, a clear conscience, and an untiring perseverance. In these the great modern masters have no need to be inferior to the great ancient masters; nor do we believe they are inferior. Training, discipline, practice, are good, nay, indispensable; but whether is the better discipline, that of Cicero in the school of the rhetoricians at Rhodes and Athens, or of Pitt in the British parliament; — of Cicero, composing themes on imaginary topics, and rehearsing them every day, or of Fox going down to the House of Commons every evening, determined to address that fastidious assembly on whatever matter of business might be before it?

Let us not be mistaken. We are no scoffers at the ancients; on the contrary, we are of the humblest, but of the most enthusiastic worshippers at their venerable shrine. But do not let us sacrifice reason and common sense; do not let us vilify the age in which we live; do not let us be insensible of the progress of the human mind. The very greatest masters of antiquity, — Demosthenes and Cicero, — were probably, nay, unquestionably, as rhetorical artists, superior to any of the great modern statesmen-orators. In that skill, which is possessed by a first-rate actor, of pouring the whole soul of the poet into the most familiar passage of the most familiar play; — making a man's heart bleed at the sorrows of Hecuba, as he would at the sorrows of the mother who bore him, — rendering King Lear's peruke as touching as his own father's grey hairs; in this talent, and it is a talent of a very high order, capable of being wielded, in a good cause, to the noblest ends, we take the great ancient orators to have been decidedly superior to all the moderns. The public taste smiled on the cultivation of this talent in ancient times. It is admired and applauded, but not demanded, nor in any degree inferior to the highest much relished in the business convocations of modern days. Being

sanctioned or rather exacted by public sentiment in Greece and Rome, it grew up into an art *sui generis*, wonderfully developed, rewarded with princely endowments, and finally carried to perfection. To this art Demosthenes and Cicero were trained. But we hope we shall not be charged with over refining, when we question whether it was precisely this art, which gave to either of these men his mastery in the state. It was one of the instruments of their power. But they were men of talent, men of sense, men of ambition, men of industry, and they lived in stirring times. They were called to take a part, each of them, in a state of public affairs as critical, as momentous, as pregnant with vast consequences, as any that ever existed in the history of man. Demosthenes lived when all the glories of republican Greece, — her arts, her genius, her literary fame, her intellectual treasures, her ascendency throughout the civilized world, her empire, more nearly one of mind, than perhaps any political system of equal extent on record, — were rapidly shaping themselves into an instrument by which the Macedonian dynasty was to subject the world. She had studded the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean with her colonies, and filled her cities with bondmen from every nation, to whom she had taught her language and arts. She had driven her own disaffected children into exile in the remotest despotisms of the East, and surrounded their voluptuous thrones with Grecian hearts, discontented indeed, but yearning for "sweet Argos." She had drawn the whole commerce of the known world into the channels of her navigation; — her philosophers had penetrated the recesses of Egyptian and Chaldean lore; — her travellers had visited, explored, described every soil and every people; — and, in short, the civilized world was thoroughly mercurialized, saturated, with the spirit of this volatile, importunate, restless, audacious, all-daring and all-accomplishing people. At this juncture, an iron mastery sprang up beyond the Thessalian barrier. Demosthenes was of the few who perceived it, comprehended it, and foreboded its march to universal power, over the ruins of his country. He saw the elements of its ascendency not merely in its own structure and composition, but in the growing demoralization, the senseless feuds, the merciless rivalries, and detestable selfishness of his countrymen. He placed himself in the breach against the march of that iron phalanx, not merely of physical force, but of political domination, which,

lowering and terrific, was in motion from the hills of Macedon: literally in the breach, — for he not only shook the arsenal with the thunders of his eloquence, but stood in the ranks at the dreadful battle of Chæronea, where the independence of Greece was cloven down; and with the fall of her independence the decisive blow was struck, (not then indeed understood, save by those piercing minds, whose sagacity is prophetic,) by which Tyre, and Persia, and Egypt, and India fell. Had the policy of Demosthenes prevailed, the career of Alexander would not have been run. Do we need any curious accounts of schools, and training, and masters of rhetoric, to explain the eloquence of a man placed in a crisis of affairs like this, with the talent to comprehend, and the nerve to face it? Did the grammarians, the music-masters, the actors, — the men who cured the impediment in his speech, and taught him to pronounce the letter R, — did his shaved head, his cave, his mouthful of pebbles, and his declamations on the sea-coast, make the orator who fulmined over Greece, to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne? Alas, no. How many elegant minds, — well-disposed but timid patriots, — amateurs of art, — exemplary and faithful citizens, — following the taste of the times, devoted themselves to the same discipline, the same vigils, the same masters! Greece was full of them; mother country and colonies, continent and islands, Asia Minor and Magna Grecia, from Athens to Marseilles, from Syracuse to the Halys; nor is it to be doubted, but among the thousands who crowded the schools, and talked, and wrote, and declaimed, and disputed, and recited in Greek, throughout the universe, there were many, who, in the mere skill of the rhetorician, equalled Demosthenes. But the discipline, in which he excelled them, was that in which the lofty spirit is its own instructer. The school in which he learned his real eloquence, was the great school of affairs; responsible administration; actual conflict with mighty adverse influences, with powerful and malignant opposers, with the irresistible gravitation of a falling state.

So, too, with Cicero, no doubt an all-accomplished speaker; but the eloquence, for which the senate saluted him the saviour of his country, and which, when he returned from his banishment, brought forth the admiring throngs of his fellow-citizens, throughout Italy, to line his pathway back to the city, as with a triumphal procession, was not learned under Archias, in his childhood, nor under Philo, in his youth; it was not acquired

in the groves of the Athenian academy, nor in the school of Milo, at Rhodes. It was the outpouring of a great mind, thrown on great times. His school was the Roman senate, not yet subdued, though sorely threatened by the most ambitious spirit that ever trod the earth, — the human Lucifer, all-grasping, but not remorseless, who laid the foundation-stone of the gorgeous pandemonium of imperial Rome. Not yet subdued, tributary kings yet asked justice at the bar of that senate, and Cicero was their counsel. But though not subdued, not yet wholly broken down, at least not while Cicero was at the meridian of his fame, the Roman republic was in that convulsive state which announced the approaching crisis of its fate. Life was the sport of rival chiefs and remorseless factions; — fortune was as unstable as the winds; — the senate-house was blockaded by hosts of hired gladiators; — the voice of the tribunal was deafened in the multitudinous roar of the armed throngs that besieged it. At one moment a grateful province made its acknowledgments for some professional service, in offerings of gold, statues, pictures, plate, — an overwhelming tide of opulence; at another, some factious tribune pointed the battery of plebeian vengeance at the unpopular patriot, and surprised him in his luxurious villas with an interdict of fire and water. At the height of his fame, Cicero was banished, his house razed, burned, and the spot where it stood consecrated to the gods. And it was, after living through scenes like these, that he delivered the Philippics. This was the school of his eloquence. Its theatre, the temple of Jupiter Stator; its teachers, not Æschylus the Cnidian, nor Dionysius the Magnesian, nor Menippus of Stratonice; but Clodius, who drove him into exile, Catiline who planted assassins at his door, and the plausible and cruel fop that set a price upon his head, and nailed it up in the market-place.

If, then, we are at times disposed to think, overborne by the conspiring tribute of the admiration of ages, and subdued by the reverence of antiquity, that these great masters did excel all the great and eloquent of modern times, let it be ascribed rather to the influence of the state of affairs, at the periods in which they lived, than to any supposed mechanical effect of a more exquisite rhetorical training. It is not, perhaps, possible for the imagination to place bounds to the efforts which it is in the power of the human mind to make, in a commonwealth organized upon a basis of free institutions, and in which in-

terests like those at stake in Rome, in the time of Cicero, depend upon the decision of deliberative and still more of popular assemblies; with the additional stimulus growing out of the irregular action of furious parties, led by military chiefs, who have the wealth of plundered provinces to squander, and legions of veteran mercenaries at their beck. It is needless to say, that no community could long subsist under such tremendous excitements. The human nerve would lose its sensibility, from too long continued and spasmodic a tension. Domestic peace, the calm action of the faculties, the sober business of life, the gentle affections, the ordinary relations of men in well-regulated societies, go to wreck in such a storm of the fierce and lawless passions. The pendulum performs but one full vibration, — from anarchy to despotism.

Perhaps the transition state from one to the other is the condition of things most favorable to the rapid development of popular and parliamentary eloquence. If this be so, it may readily be admitted, that a well-regulated and tranquil system, — a constitutional action of the political elements, — under the soothing influence of the civilization of the modern world, which is vastly more versatile, expansive, and popular, than that of antiquity, — is incompatible with those gusts and paroxysms of intellectual energy, which constitute the eloquence of the highest order of the Grecian and Roman republics. It is not easy to conceive a state of things, in which, in modern times, an oration like the first against Catiline *could* be pronounced. An undisguised traitor, actually concerned with his fellow-traitors in raising troops and levying war against the republic, and sending his confederates to the house of the chief magistrate to assassinate him, — calmly entering the senate chamber, after the evidence of these nefarious attempts is in possession of the government, — his guilt so notorious, that the senators recede from before him in loathing horror, as he moves to a seat, — his impunity under the forms of the constitution, or from motives of state policy, so complete, that in the face of his detected treason he dares walk the streets, and make his appearance in the public assembly, there to encounter not a sheriff with a warrant, which would be served upon him now-a-days, but a passionate denunciation, to which he may reply or succumb, as he lists, — all this presents a concatenation of ideas and conditions, too remote from modern forms of criminal procedure, to be thoroughly appre-

ciated. If we can bring the scene distinctly before our minds, we cannot well exaggerate its kindling effects on the intellects of gifted men, called to act and to speak under circumstances so strange and exasperating.

We hope we shall not be thought to have wandered far from the matter immediately in hand, in engaging in these comparative views of the eloquence of ancient and modern times. Our readers will probably gather from what we have said, that we are disposed to concede to the ancients the superiority in that kind of rhetorical skill, which may be acquired by study and discipline; and that as to all the rest, there is a fair comparison, man with man, topic with topic, occasion with occasion, between the ancients and the moderns. We believe there are specimens of senatorial eloquence to be adduced from the records of the British parliament and the American Congress, that would have adorned the best days and not discredited the greatest masters of Greece or Rome.

Such specimens are contained in the volumes before us; and it is the first remark which suggests itself, in estimating the degree of praise, which ought to be awarded to them, that Mr. Webster, like so many others of our most distinguished men, owes comparatively nothing to early opportunities of education. We say comparatively. He had the advantages of a New England village school, enjoyed at intervals, and of a respectable collegiate institution, at which he studied under the usual inconveniencies created by the *res angusta domi;* and with this preparation he passed, after a brief legal noviciate, to the practice of the law. Compare this with the training of Cicero, who, at the age of five years commenced a course of education, under an accomplished Greek poet, historian, and orator; which was continued under various teachers, the most respectable philosophers, rhetoricians, and jurists of the age, at Rome, at Athens, and in Asia Minor, for near twenty years. We certainly should be the last, to disparage in any respect the importance of education, as received at the various institutions, primary and academical, by the youth of modern times. They are absolutely essential to secure the existence of the learning, requisite for the formation of the average mass of cultivated intellect, in the several professions. They are of all institutions, which can be imagined, the most republican; for they daily elevate the sons of poverty to the same level with the sons of wealth; and do more than all other causes combined to break

down the inglorious domination of mere monied influence. But brilliant instances continually show us, as in the present case, that the truly great man educates himself. No wonder he makes progress, he goes to school to a great mind; a teacher induced by no mercenary consideration, not even by the most generous feeling of professional duty; but inspired by ambition, glowing with the twofold delight of master and pupil; — deriving, from the rapture of knowledge acquired, the keen and ecstatic stimulus to its farther acquisition. No teacher, however skilful, can wholly measure the capacity, — the wants, — the acquisitions of his pupil; — no teacher, however patient and conscientious, can wholly abdicate his own personality, and sink interest, and pleasure, and indolence in the progress of his pupil. The mechanical impulse of another mind, however judiciously directed, cannot supply the place, to an intellect of a high order, of the kindling energy of its own self-developing powers; — the hungry appetence, with which it grasps at, appropriates, and assimilates the congenial food of the soul. In fact in all education, the great effect is produced, not by positive infusion from one mind into another. Books now take the place of this species of communication, which formerly was of considerable importance. It is the method and punctuality, which result from supervision, — and much more, the animation which flows from the sympathy between the mind of the teacher and the mind of the pupil, — to which we must principally ascribe the benefits of education. We do not allude, of course, to the aid, which the young learner requires, to help him over elementary difficulties.

We shall not attempt, on the present occasion, to lay before our readers a biographical sketch of the author of these volumes. That task was very ably performed, at the period of the publication of the first volume, by one of the most accomplished scholars in the country, in an article, in the eighteenth number of the American Quarterly Review.* That sketch having, in addition to its original circulation in the pages of that respectable journal, been subsequently published in a separate form, it would be a work of supererogation to go over the same ground. Referring our readers to that essay, for a biographical account of Mr. Webster, we shall confine ourselves in the remaining part of this article, to a few desultory remarks on the contents of the two volumes.

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* George Ticknor.

No man can even cast his eye over the table of the contents, without being struck with their great variety; — the versatility of talent they imply; — and with the severe requisitions made upon the mind of the statesman and lawyer in America, who holds a place as conspicuous as Mr. Webster, in his profession and in the councils of the nation. The first volume commences with his address delivered at Plymouth on the 22d December, 1820. The address on occasion of the foundation of the Bunker Hill Monument, and the Eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, and Washington, are of the same general class. They belong to a species of oratory neither forensic, parliamentary, nor academical; and which might perhaps conveniently enough be designated as the patriotic style. They are strongly distinguished from the forensic and parliamentary class of speeches, in being, from the necessity of the case, more elaborately prepared. The public taste, in a highly cultivated community, would not admit, in a performance of this character, those marks of extemporaneous execution, which it not only tolerates, but admires, in the unpremeditated eloquence of the bar and the senate. We would not have it supposed, that we imagine an orator like Mr. Webster, to be slavishly tied down, on any occasion, to the use of his notes, or to a repetition *memoriter* of their contents. Nor are we ignorant, that perhaps the noblest bursts, — the loftiest flights, the last and warmest tints in his discourses of this kind, — were the unpremeditated inspiration of the moment of delivery. The contrary opinion would not only be an absurd conception of the power of a highly gifted mind; but it would contradict the very laws of the understanding. A man could not, if he would, anticipate in his closet, the excitement of the moment of delivery; — he cannot forestall the sympathetic influence upon his feelings, his imagination, and his intellect of the mute, the listening, and the applauding throng; — and he must be but an unpractised and timid speaker, who, however severe the method, which he may deem to be imposed upon him by the nature of the occasion and subject, should yet feel obliged, as was said by a brother critic beyond the water, to confine myself "to pouring out fervors a week old." We take it that a man, who wishes to do justice to a great theme, must thoroughly study and understand it; — must accurately and minutely digest in writing the substance and the form of his address; — must entirely possess himself before hand of what he means to say; — and then

throw himself on the excitement of the moment, and the sympathy of the audience. In those portions of his discourse, which are purely didactic or narrative, he will not be apt to rise, — he will not have occasion to rise, — above his notes; though even here new facts, illustrations, and suggestions will spring up before him, as he moves on. But when the topic rises, — and the strain becomes loftier and bolder, — the thick-coming fancies cannot be repelled, — the whole storehouse of the memory is unlocked, its most hidden shrines fly open, — all that has been seen, read, heard, felt, returns in vivid colors, — the cold and premeditated text will no longer suffice for the glowing thought, — the stately balanced phrase gives place to some fresh and graphic expression, that rushes unbidden to the lips, — the unforeseen locality or incident furnishes an apt and speaking image, — and the whole discourse, by a kind of unconscious instinct, transposes itself into a higher key. As the best illustration of our remark and proof of its justice, we subjoin one of the most eloquent passages, that ever dropped from the lips of man, the address to the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the apostrophe to Warren. These were topics of course, too obvious and essential, in an address on laying the corner-stone of the Monument, to have been omitted in the orator's notes. But the man, who supposes that the apostrophe to Warren was elaborated in the closet, and committed to memory, may know a great deal about contingent remainders, but his heart must be as dry and hard as a remainder biscuit. He knows nothing of eloquence or the philosophy of the human mind. We quote it the rather, because in the slight grammatical inaccuracy, produced by passing from the third person to the second in the same sentence, we perceive at once one of the most natural consequences and a most unequivocal proof of the want of premeditation. When the sentence commenced, "But, — ah, — him," it was evidently in the mind of the orator, to close it, by saying, "how shall I commemorate him?" But in the progress of the sentence, — forgetful, — unconscious of the words, but glowing and melting with the thought; beholding, as he stood near the spot where the hero fell, his beloved and beautiful image rising up from beneath the sod, 'with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye, — the blood of his gallant heart still pouring from his wound,' — he no longer can speak *of* him; he must speak *to* him. The ghost of Samuel

did not more distinctly rise before Saul, than the image of Warren stood forth, to the mental perception of the orator. He no longer attempts to tell his audience what Warren was, but passing from the third person to the second, he can only say "how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of *thy* name." The sorriest pedant alone would have turned away from that touching appeal to Warren himself, present, visible, to the mind's eye, on the spot where he fell, — because he had commenced the sentence in the third person. But we quote the whole passage: —

"Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you may behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same Heavens are indeed over your head; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon. You see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you, with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

"But, alas, you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! Our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to

your country, in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know, that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty, you saw arise the light of peace, like

> 'another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon;'

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

"But — ah — Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; Him, cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! — how shall I struggle with the emotions, that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever amongst men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!"

In the class of addresses, to which those under consideration belong, the eloquence of other countries in modern times and of our own in other periods has furnished few if any examples. In antiquity among the Greeks patriotic commemorations were not unknown, and funeral orations were pronounced at Rome under the most imposing public ceremonies in the forum. The funeral discourses of the French pulpit and some of the addresses of the Italian academies may be ranked, perhaps, in the same general class. Our statesmen of the revolutionary age, absorbed in the pressing avocations of the crisis, bestowed none of their strength on tasks, not exacted by the imperious demands of duty. The state of the public mind and the condition of public affairs were such, that the occasions did not present themselves. From obvious causes connected with the early settlement of the country, the management of topics and occasions of commemoration was left to the pulpit. Perhaps the addresses delivered in Boston on the anniversaries of the 5th of March were the first commencement made of public addresses of this description; — and they were succeeded and

superseded by the orations on the fourth of July. Of late years the range of occasional performances of a patriotic, historical, and commemorative character has greatly extended itself. The most eminent minds, in most parts of the country, have been enlisted in this branch of the public literary service. The addresses already enumerated in the volumes before us, are among the very happiest specimens of this species of composition, and are sufficient to shew that it is likely to become a rich department of our literature.

In the second of the volumes before us, are contained one or two beautiful efforts of a character somewhat different from those just described, combining the patriotic and the political; but assuming from the occasions which called them forth, a highly cheerful and animated tone. Such is the address, which commences the second volume, delivered at the dinner given by the citizens of New York, in honor of the efforts of Mr. Webster, in support of the constitution, and such also is the address, on a similar occasion, at Pittsburg. The entire collection contains nothing more beautiful than the first of these Speeches. It seems to us justly characterized, in the following passage, in the introduction to the second volume.

"It will be recollected, that, at the close of the session of 1831, Mr. Webster was invited by a large number of the most respectable citizens of New York and its vicinity, including among them distinguished gentlemen of both political parties, to meet them at a festival, prepared as an expression of their satisfaction, at the part, which he had taken in the great constitutional struggle, that had occurred in the Senate of the United States. There were persons uniting in this tribute of respect and gratitude to Mr. Webster, who had perhaps never acted together before, in any matter connected with party politics. The principle and the feeling, which had brought them together, for the purpose named, are emphatically stated, in the address made to Mr. Webster, by the president of the day, (Chancellor Kent,) and which we have prefixed as the proper introduction to the report of Mr. Webster's speech, at the commencement of the present volume. It was a principle of attachment to the Union, and a feeling that the maxims of constitutional law, on which the stability of the Union rests, had, 'by the discussions in the Senate and the master genius that guided them, been rescued from the archives of tribunals and the libraries of lawyers, and placed under the eye and submitted to the judgment of the American people. *Their verdict is with us and from it there lies no appeal.*' The speech of Mr.

Webster, which we have already ventured to name, as one of the very happiest of his efforts, is conceived in the full spirit of the occasion. It is the outpouring of a full heart, the breathing of a pure patriotism, kindling with the sentiment of the worth of the Union, as illustrated in the history, the growth, and the prosperity of the great metropolis, in which he spake, and in the lives and services of the patriots, who in all the states contributed to establish the independence and framed the constitution of the United States. What citizen of New York, but must have glowed with honest pride, as Mr. Webster unrolled, on this occasion, the long list of her illustrious men! What lover of the Union but must have caught new views of its inestimable value, as its connexion with the prosperity, the industry, and the whole social system of the country was pointed out with the eloquence of a master!"

Among the miscellaneous contents of these volumes, we notice with peculiar satisfaction the "Introductory Lecture read to the Boston Mechanics' Institution at the opening of the course of lectures, Nov. 12, 1828." This, also, is an effort, and a most successful one, of a class quite without the professional or public range of the distinguished men of the last generation. It is a species of composition, which, like the institution to which it was addressed, was unknown in antiquity. Even in modern England, the parent country of the Mechanics' Institution, Lord Brougham is, we believe, the only one of the distinguished public men of the day, who has found leisure to co-operate in the noble work of encouraging the efforts of those for whom these associations are intended, to improve their minds. It is not easy for any man, in however high and powerful a sphere, to work out more good for the mass of his fellowmen, than, in the natural effect of social and moral influence, may be expected to flow from an address like that to which we have alluded, delivered by a man like Mr. Webster, before an assembly of inquisitive mechanics, and in the presence of hundreds of young men, who are to acquire their livelihood by the joint energy of manual and intellectual power. How mean compared with the service thus performed, are the ostentatious and selfish labors, beginning and ending in personal aggrandizement, of the mere partizan politician! How wide the contrast between the time devoted and the pains taken by one who adorns the highest stations in political and parliamentary life, to cheer, to instruct, and aid the industrious artizan in the circle of his pursuits, and the insidious craft which knows

no object but that of stimulating the jealousies of the laboring classes, and stinging them into a fancied consciousness of unreal wrongs! The true friend of those classes is he who aids and encourages them to the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of their minds, not merely with a view to facilitate and make more productive that industry which is their support; but as the only sure basis of permanent progress and advancement, either of individuals or classes. It is one thing to organize parties, and to obtain a factious ascendency, — a power residing in a numerical majority, to be wielded, for selfish purposes, by skilful leaders. But such a power, in its very nature, requires the *continued ignorance* and *personal insignificance* of those who compose the *guided mass*, in order to assure the *continued sway* of the *guiding few*. The true friend of his fellow-citizens is he who bends a liberal portion of his energies, and encourages them to bend theirs, toward the improvement of their mental powers, — the acquisition of the knowledge, first, which is most immediately required, and next, which is most variously useful. It is the acquisition alone of such knowledge, which contributes to success in the particular calling followed, and to a steady and permanent elevation in society. There is no other elevation either steady or permanent. Distinctions of property are mean and fluctuating, — and the hope of office, the worthless bait by which the duped partizan is caught, is, of all others, the most delusive. It is continually wrested from one, to be thrown out to another. But the influence and the consideration, the self-respect and the happiness, which repose on the cultivation of the mind, are as durable as they are pure.

The first volume of these speeches contains some of the most distinguished of Mr. Webster's professional efforts, — the argument in the Dartmouth College case, — on the great steamboat monopoly question, Gibbons and Ogden, — and on the question on the constitutionality of the insolvent laws of the states, Ogden and Saunders. There are one or two other professional efforts, — as the defence of Judge Prescott, in the first volume, and of the Kennistons, in the second. But the three arguments first named, on questions of constitutional law, may justly be considered as forming a class by themselves. It was by these arguments that Mr. Webster first distinguished himself as a great constitutional lawyer; and in the studies connected with these and other great causes of a similar character, prepared himself for the eminent part he has since performed as a great constitutional statesman.

Constitutional law, as understood in this country, is also a branch of learning which may be said to be peculiar to the United States, and to the present and immediately preceding generations. The constitutional law of Great Britain, owing to the unity of their political system, is vastly less rich and complex than that which has grown up in the United States, from the peculiar character of our confederacy. It assumes, on a few points, in that country, the aspect of laborious antiquarian research, but the absence of all co-ordinate jurisdictions of associated and limited sovereignties; and the want of any fundamental law, (or constitution,) of obligation paramount to the ordinary power of legislation, have kept out of the British tribunals all those delicate, momentous, and singularly imposing questions, which give such unrivalled dignity and consequence to the Supreme Court of the United States; and of necessity, raise those who appear with credit at its bar, to the rank of expounders, not to say framers, of constitutions. Framers, we might almost say; for, whereas language is too poor, and human sagacity too limited, to foresee and to express the infinite shades of circumstance and fortune, which are to manifest themselves in growing communities, it is the high province of the constitutional lawyer, with wisdom and good faith, to trace the true analogy of the charter, to preserve its spirit, to prevent a real violation from growing up under cover of a formal observance, and so skilfully to interpret and apply the fundamental law to the change of circumstances, that the grave inconvenience of its frequent alteration may be avoided, without bringing its text into conflict with the impatient temper of a restless and rapidly progressive age. It would be foreign from our purpose to attempt an analysis of the great constitutional arguments of Mr. Webster above alluded to. They are familiar to every well-read member of the profession, and every politician in the country, and will take rank with the ablest expositions which have been made of the constitution.

From them the transition is direct to the parliamentary efforts of a constitutional character, which form so important a portion of the contents of these volumes; the speeches on the great Carolina controversy, and on the control of the public finances. It is our object, in the present article, to avoid a party view of the volumes before us, and of Mr. Webster's political relations to the country. But no generous adversary finds it difficult to award to an eminent opponent the just meed

of praise. No person is likely to honor our pages with a perusal, who, whatever may be his political preferences as to men or parties, can wish to withhold the tribute of respect involuntarily paid, by a discerning mind, to high displays of intellectual power, on the part of a countryman. Party divisions happily, in this country, are likely to be transitory. If we have reason to fear that they will never cease to exist; if our peculiar situation exposes us to an unmeasured diffusion of their baneful spirit, past experience and the nature of things not less conclusively authorize the hope, that the particular divisions will generally prove of short duration. Our institutions, and the state of society in the United States, furnish no basis for permanent distinctions. The party in power has always been, and always will be, obnoxious to the charge of seeking to extend, and to perpetuate that power, *per fas et nefas;* the party out of power, by a tendency equally natural and strong, assumes the popular ground of limitation, correction, and reform. Circumstances, varying in particular cases, decide the duration and success of the controversy. The opposition may, for a long time, be so strong as to keep those in power effectually on their good behavior; or so weak, that their ranks will rapidly become too crowded for concert and unity. They then fall to pieces, and new combinations are formed. The course of the patriot may not always be as clearly defined as he could wish, as to measures of honest temporary expediency; but he cannot hesitate as to great points of public policy. He must love the Union, reverence the Constitution, study and aim to promote the great interests of the country, disdain to compromise his principles, — learn to estimate, at their just nothingness, the petty bribes of office, — deeply imbue his mind with an ever-present sense of the vast good or mischief to be wrought out or sacrificed for millions, by an honest or corrupt administration of government; and though last, not least, prize and cherish, as a portion of the best wealth of the republic, *the fame of its distinguished sons.*

It is this last object, and no less liberal purpose, that we would gladly be thought to have had in view, in the present desultory and imperfect notice of a book, which will undoubtedly be considered hereafter, as one of the most distinguished specimens of American eloquence, as the depository of some of the proudest efforts of American talent and statesmanship. We wish to regard it with a proportionate increase of that feeling of satis-

faction with which the South-American patriot prizes, even on the other side of the Cordilleras, the powerful appeal which it contains on behalf of the new republics; the masterly exposition of the principles on which the prosperity of the Hispano-American commonwealths must rest. We would not be cold in our commendations of that eloquence which has kindled enthusiasm on the plains of Greece, and in the hearts of the patriots, who, under obstacles and discouragements, here almost inconceivable, have built up a constitutional state on the ruins of a Turkish satrapy. Here, at home, we would have all men, of all parties, contemplate these powerful productions of a great American mind, with those feelings of honest *compatriotism*, (if we may venture on the word,) with which an American in Europe looks back to all that is great and worthy in his native land. As he crosses billow after billow of the great Atlantic, the lines of party difference, like the geographical features of the country, should fade from his sight; and if he have a true heart in his bosom, not more surely will the outlines of the landscape melt into the mist, than sectional and party prejudices will vanish from his mind. He lands in a hemisphere whose institutions, whose social system are uncongenial with our own, and he feels all his honest championship called into requisition. He hears his country misrepresented, derided, and vilified; he cannot spare one of the bright names which are her just boast. He will not deprive himself of the aid of one robust arm, nor shut his ear on the music of one eloquent voice. What is local party to him? He has another battle to fight. What are tariff, and nullification; administration, and opposition? He is an American citizen, and an American patriot; his prejudices subside; his national instinct rises, and he holds up to admiration whatever his country has produced, for which he can challenge respect and applause, from whatever pen it may have proceeded, from whatever lips it may have fallen.

Who now knows, who wishes to know, anything of the party divisions of other times? Who remembers that the Scipio, who destroyed, and the Cato, that counselled the destruction of Carthage, were bitter opponents? Who recollects that there were times when Samuel Adams and John Hancock did not speak to each other; that even in the revolutionary congress, there were parties, feuds, and intrigues? Time and the grave, the great reconcilers, have healed the

dissensions, and patriotism has embalmed the common good, which was sought, promoted, and established by willing or reluctant co-operation. Shall nothing but time teach the lessons of wisdom and kind feeling? Shall the tomb be the only temple from which the voice of patriotism shall speak with full effect? Is it impossible, before the last end, to tame the rage of detraction, — to do justice to contemporary worth?

NOTE.

Memoranda of the Conversation of Sir James Mackintosh.

The article on the life and writings of Sir James Mackintosh, which appeared in our number for October, 1832, included in the form of a note a few memoranda of remarks made by that distinguished statesman and philosopher some years before in conversation with the writer of the article. In a recent anonymous British notice of Sir James's "Life, Writings and Speeches," prefixed to the fragment of his history of the Revolution of 1688, we find the following allusion to these memoranda.

"Some *pretended* memoranda of his conversation have been printed in an American periodical work. He is made to say, Homer is the finest ballad-writer in any language. Sir James Mackintosh, like most Scotchmen, had an imperfect education in Greek. He must however have known enough of Greek and of Homer as well as of epic poetry and of ballads, to avoid an absurdity so outrageous. The reported conversations, on the whole, would grievously let down Sir James Mackintosh. They are not those of a man whose success was unquestionable in the most fastidious and intellectual society of the British capital."

And further in a note:

"The person who thus chose to make Homer a ballad-writer had doubtless heard something of the foolish paradox that the several books of the Homeric poems were unconnected rhapsodies, recited through the cities of Greece."

As to the genuineness of the memoranda which this writer describes as *pretended*, we could produce the original manuscript sent out from England at the time when it purports to have been written, and could have it verified in the good old English form by affidavit before a justice of the peace; but this, we presume, is hardly necessary. A statement resting upon the authority of this journal does not require, we suppose, to be substantiated by evidence against the naked denial of a nameless writer, who cannot possibly have had any knowledge of the matter in question. In regard to the value of the memoranda, we have certainly no

interest in overrating it, and we are quite willing that they should pass for what they are worth and no more. It is of course not to be expected that a few brief remarks, occupying two or three pages of this journal, would give a complete idea of Sir James's style of conversation. But as the responsibility for these observations, such as they are, rests upon him, it is but just to him to say, that at the time of their publication they attracted a good deal of attention, were copied into several of the newspapers and were incorporated entire into an article upon the life of Mackintosh, which appeared soon after in one of the best British reviews. They are certainly thus far curious that they are the only written memoranda that have yet appeared of the conversation of one who enjoyed for twenty years the reputation of one of the most brilliant talkers of the age.

We are so much accustomed to the discourteous tone in which the British writers express themselves in regard to every thing American, that we are hardly surprised at any new example of it, but we were not so well prepared for the want of familiarity with the most common points of classical learning, which is implied in these remarks of Sir James's biographer. That the poems of Homer, before they assumed their present shape, were unconnected songs, sung by wandering minstrels at private entertainments and public festivals, — that they were consequently in form as well as substance *ballads* in the strict sense of the term, — instead of being, as this writer imagines, an outrageous absurdity and a foolish paradox, is an historical fact of public notoriety. If he had proceeded as far in his classical studies as the title of the first book of the Iliad he would have found it numbered as Ραψῳδια Α', — *Rhapsody the First*; and a little research into that recondite authority, the Greek Lexicon, would have informed him that the meaning of the word *rhapsody* is a "collection of songs," or, more literally, *songs sewed together*. The Homeric poems carry with them, therefore, internal evidence in the very name of their present divisions, of having existed previously in the shape of unconnected songs. If this writer after mastering the title of the first book, had possessed perseverance enough to sound the depths of the note upon it in Clarke's edition, Vol. 1, p. 1, he would have found a little collection of historical authorities in support of the same fact. Homeri poëmata, says Clarke, ex Asia in Græciam primum transvexisse Lycurgum refert Plutarchus in vitâ Lycurgi sub initio et Ælian. L. xiii, c. 14. In Græcia diu circumferebanter non uti nunc habemus in duos libros disposita sed tanquam cantilenæ quaedam disjunctæ. Τὰ 'Ομήρου ἔπη (inquit Aelianus ub. sup.) πρόπαλαι διῃρημένα ἦδον οἱ παλαιοί οἷον ἔλεγον, "Τὴν ἐπὶ ναυσὶ Μάχην" καὶ "Δολωνίαν" τινὰ, καὶ "ἀριστείαν Ἀγαμέμνονος" καί "νηῶν Κατάλογον" καὶ τοῦ "Πατροκλειαν" etc. Libellos istos primum ordine disposuit, contexuit et quasi

consuit (ἐρράψωδησε) Pisistratus, qui primus Homeri libros, confusos ante sic disposuisse dicitur, ut nunc habemus." Cic. de Orat. L. iii, § 34. Πεισίστρατος ἔπη τὰ Ὁμήρου διεσπασμένα ἠθροίζετο. Pausanias Achaic. 7. 26.

Here are Plutarch, Ælian, Pausanias, Cicero and Dr. Clarke concurring in what our anonymous critic is pleased to pronounce a foolish paradox.

If there were any doubt about this matter, which is a fact, as we have seen, within the knowledge of every well-read schoolboy, we might refer to Dr. Bentley, the greatest Hellenist that England has ever produced, who remarks in his Phileleutheros Lipsiensis, p. 18, — "Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies to be sung for himself for small earnings and good cheer at festivals and other days of merriment. The Iliad he made for the men and the Odysseis for the other sex. These loose songs were not collected together in the form of an epic poem till Pisistratus's time, about five hundred years after." Whether all these poems were written originally by one person is a point upon which Hellenists are a good deal divided, although the current of opinion for the last half-century has strongly inclined to the negative; but all agree in what this writer calls the *foolish paradox*, that the Homeric poems, previously to their collection into their present form by Pisistratus, had existed for centuries in that of "unconnected rhapsodies recited through the cities of Greece."

So much for the classical learning of this very courteous and candid person. We may add, that he has made a quite gratuitous display of his ignorance, as Sir James, in the remark in question, makes no allusion to any critical theory on the subject of the origin and composition of the Homeric poems. The conversation had turned upon Shakspeare, of whom Sir James had spoken in the very highest terms, specifying particularly as one of his great excellencies the union of profound and just philosophical thought with an exuberant richness of imagination. The writer of the memoranda remarked in reply to this, with a view of drawing out more fully Sir James's opinion on the subject, that perhaps the reflections which we find in Shakspeare, and which strike us with so much force, may in part derive their point from the fact, that they lie very near the surface of practical life, and may have been for the same reason more accessible to a writer not possessing the habit of philosophical investigation. In answer to this Sir James remarked: "We do not however find such reflections in Homer:" and then added the observation at which his biographer now cavils: "Homer is the finest ballad-writer in any language. The flow and fulness of his style are beautiful, but he has nothing of the deep piercing observation of Shakspeare." If this writer had

not been blinded to the natural import of the language by the desire to sneer at an American publication, he would have seen, what every one else of course sees at a glance, that Sir James, as we have said, makes no allusion to any critical theory on the subject of the Homeric poems. *Ballad-writer*, as he uses the term, is synonymous with *epic or narrative poet.* He meant to say that Homer possessed the qualities required for excellence in epic or narrative poetry in the highest perfection, but that he did not combine with them the power of profound, philosophical thought which belonged to Shakspeare. This is what his biographer describes as an *outrageous absurdity.* With how much justice we leave it to the reader to decide for himself.

We cannot close these remarks without expressing our regret, that the task of furnishing the biography of Mackintosh should have fallen into the hands of a person every way so ill-qualified for it as the writer of this notice, who does not even agree with Sir James in his political opinions. The work is apparently from a Tory pen, and wears in many passages an air of studied and almost malignant depreciation. We take for granted that the family and friends of the illustrious deceased will feel the propriety of erecting a more valuable literary monument to his memory, and we trust that some of those who lived in his society will be able to enrich it with copious notes of his table talk. Conversation was one of the fields in which he chiefly delighted to display his powers, and his fame will not be sustained by the written memorials of his life unless there should be some fuller record of his sayings than the scanty collection, which we had the good fortune to preserve, and which we ventured to incorporate in our humble tribute to his memory, certainly without suspecting that we should subject ourselves by so doing to the "scoffs and sneers" of his pretended friends.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIX.

OCTOBER, 1835.

ART. 1. — *Gurley's Life of Ashmun.*

Life of Jehudi Ashmun, late Colonial Agent in Liberia. With an Appendix, containing extracts from his Journal and other writings; and a brief Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Lott Carey. By RALPH RANDOLPH GURLEY. Washington. 1835.

THIS volume is both a just and generous tribute to the memory of a good man ; — one of the martyr school, — whose names "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust." The capacities of his character were such, that had he lived in any age or country, their energy must have hurried them into development, and distinction too, as inevitably as the waters flow to the sea. They did so as it was ; regardless indeed, apparently, of their destiny for a while, and wavering here and there by "many a winding bout," through subterranean realms of shade ; yet true to themselves, through all things, — purified by the filtration they encountered, — accumulated, — accelerated, — and so struggling, and still struggling, onward and farther on, till finally the daylight gleamed, and they poured themselves forth to the sunshine, in the rejoicing rush of the cataract. Obscurity, penury, persecution, disaster, passion,

— what a history of them is recorded here ; and how vainly do they, each and every one and all together, contend with the unconquerable will !

These things, we know, have become comparatively common in our times, — almost common-place. It is emphatically the adventurous age we live in. The Argonautic was not half as much so. The Roman was tame in comparison. The Chivalrous was sluggishness itself. The spirit which belonged then to individuals, belongs now to the era. That which was little above the physical propensities, — the blind impulse of ambition or acquisitiveness, or both, — and was busied almost exclusively, of course, like the strong man's phrenzy, with wreaking its vengeance and wasting its vigor in sightless strivings to pull down the pillars of the great sanctuary of society, even over its own head, — that spirit (if it can be called such) is subdued at length in some good degree into subordination to the intellectual, social, spiritual instincts of man. New avenues are opened to his energies in these departments ; the world is no more divided between a camp and a charnel-house. Mind, instead of force, has become the arbiter of nations ; mind is the medium of influence, the measure of advancement, the minister to the gratification of those old longings of humanity, which, though never to be reasoned out of it, may yet be, and have been, a thousand times refined. A diligent minister it is, — indefatigable indeed, but willing and discretionary, — admitted to the privilege of advising and to the participation of results, — a companion and counsellor, more than a slave.

The spiritual instincts, strictly, are included in the catalogue of resuscitated powers. The manifestations of these are in their nature noiseless, and void of ostentation ; and their achievements are the same ; but they are none the less real, nor the less considerable, for the want of those qualities which most attract the admiring gaze of men. The missionary spirit, alone, were sufficient to characterize the age. It is the missionary age, not less than the mechanical, or the mental, as those have severally described it who chanced to be engrossed by its changing aspects ; — it is the age of each and all, — of glorious exertions, and great and splendid victories in all, — the age, as we began with saying, of adventure. The application of steam to purposes of navigation was an adventure. The railroad was another. Every discovery of science, and every

application of it in art and in practice, were others. So was the American Revolution; and so was the French. So was the Temperance Reform; and so was the Bible Society; and the whole organization of Public Benevolence; and the scheme of the Education of the People; — all of them, and myriads more, harmonious issues of that stupendous source of sublime events and experiments, — the mind of man, — fairly awakened at last from its slumbers, and, as a giant refreshed, relieving its panting energies with the luxury of *adventure*.

The life of Ashmun lay in an important division of this great field of enterprise. He devoted himself early to the cause of African Colonization, — itself one of the noblest demonstrations of the enlightened intellect, and courageous but considerate enthusiasm of the times. At a critical period in its history, he became its ruling director; and for years afterwards, — the pregnant years of the formation of its first character, — the responsibility of its whole regulation depended upon him alone, as the Colonial Agent of the Institution. Nor is it too much to say, that the absolute preservation of the Colony, and its present existence, may be ascribed to his incredible exertions of an equally incredible energy; united, indeed, with an extraordinary fitness in other respects, for the place he was found in at the momentous juncture referred to. Had the Colony utterly failed, and especially under the pressure of those gloomy circumstances, which it will be seen that Ashmun so effectually resisted and repelled, the shock, doubtless, would have proved fatal to the Association itself, and proportionately discouraging to the efforts of the friends of the subjects of that charity, as well as to that unfortunate people themselves, in every similar and subsequent department of benevolent labor, at home and abroad. The scheme of colonization, indeed, — any more than the design of meliorating the condition of that people at large, could not have been destroyed. That scheme was, and is, and will be, indestructible. It might have been, and probably would have been, as transplanters say, killed to the ground; — but killed to the root, it could not, and cannot be. Its principles are in the circumstances of the population of this country, essentially vital, not to say indispensable; and the application of them in experiment, however it might be or may be postponed or embarrassed, can no more be prevented, sooner or later, in one or another modification, than can the progress of

that population, and the growth of the country which contains it.

Ashmun was born in the little town of Champlain, New York, in 1794; and was the third child, among ten, of a respectable yeoman, who settled in that section at a period when it was a mere wilderness. He was designed for the farm, but a remarkable love of books, which he displayed in early life, decided his parents to give him a liberal education, and he commenced preparing for college at the age of fourteen. Soon afterwards, becoming deeply religious, he determined on adopting the clerical profession; and the firmness with which he adhered to this resolution, alone, unadvised, and tempted as he was, — tempted by his poverty and his ambition, — is a striking evidence of the early maturity of that moral character, which subsequently proved the security, and sustained the welfare of all that depended on his official management and personal exertion. Enticements seemed to assail him, indeed, with the express determination, so to speak, of turning him aside, or driving him back from his purpose; — sallying out upon him as he trudged along, —

"remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, —"

something after the fashion of the abusive apparitions in the Arabian Tale, who so doggedly beset the way of the pilgrim along the hill-side, in his search for the singing-tree. For example, three years after commencing his preparatory course, in which no doubt he was greatly delayed by his situation, we find him in the town of Troy, unacquainted with any person there, without recommendation to any body, and with a few shillings only in his pocket, casting about for some employment which might procure him the means of farther pursuing his studies. In numerous applications he was unsuccessful. At length, he fell in with an attorney, principal justice also of the village, who promised him the aid he needed, which was in fact but a *pou-sto*, in the business of "assisting him" a little, as the young man describes it "among his papers." This gentlemen was pleased with him, and he offered to give him a complete course of legal tuition, and maintain him meanwhile in the bargain, on the same easy terms which already left him the greater portion of his time for the prosecution of favorite pursuits. The justice, it seems too, "had a very small family, a

growing fortune, and treats me with the greatest respect."* Probably, however, the advantages thus tendered him were conditional, and required the abandonment of his first designs. We find him, therefore, making farther inquiries of a person in Vermont, and proposing to engage in some business, "the avails of which, *at the end of three more years* would assist him in acquiring an education." The resolution was clearly inflexible, and yet it is not till a year later that we find him in Middlebury College. Here he sustained himself, as so many others of the distinguished alumni of New England Colleges have done, by teaching a school as much of the time as the college regulations would permit, but pursuing his studies all the while with an unwearied zeal, which, while it essentially injured his health, soon obtained him a reputation and rank with the first scholars of the institution to which he belonged. Thus will the invincible spirit of an iron resolution triumph over every obstacle. He says of himself in his Journal, and that justly, speaking of his residence at Troy, "I believe that at that time no offer of emolument, or of earthly distinction, would have seduced me from my purpose." Such men are the "*tenaces propositi.*" Ashmun's proposition had been long before elected. He yearned for a sphere of spiritual usefulness, wider than the confinement of even any profession would allow him. He felt instinctively that such would be his true element in society; and from the hour his heart was bent upon that end, nothing but death could stand in the way of its attainment. Circumstances, indeed, did stand, like lions "in the way." Every thing opposed him. But what are circumstances to him who looks them fearlessly in the eye? The royal animal will not bear that scrutiny of a human soul; and all but unchangeable nature itself, — which still must submit to be harnessed and trained like a beast of burthen, — quails, and crouches howling away, under the same insufferable terror.

The young man's incessant application, as might have been expected, soon compelled him to abandon his studies altogether for a time, and to travel through Connecticut and other sections, for the restoration of his health. Doubtless, though he apparently succeeded in its recovery to a tolerable extent, it was but just tolerable after all; and there can be no

* Memoir, p. 23.

reasonable question that at this period were established the incurable sources of that irritability and feebleness, which covered so much of his after life with gloom, and so much thwarted his most anxious desires, and finally, in the prime of his days, forced him to yield to the trials of a foreign climate and a laborious station, — after struggling for years with both, — through mere exhaustion of this early enfeebled frame. How filled are the annals of American Colleges with cases of this kind! What hundreds of young men, with bodies and minds like those which Ashmun possessed at the outset, and with such character too, — such energy, ambition, zeal to be useful, — have thus broken themselves down in the fine flower of a noble vigor, that, duly husbanded, might have made them the blessing and praise of the world. Who can estimate the loss to literature, liberty, religion; — the loss from disease, and from death, alike, — the loss in what has been done, and in what has not been, and in how it has been done; — to say nothing of the misery endured, and the imbecility entailed, and of the ultimate incalculable influences of all, including the contagion of evil example, on the generations yet to follow us! How extraordinary that persons of sane mind in other respects, can labor under the horrible hallucination, that such a course will prepare them for usefulness; and that like the poor Hindoo, who would fain flatter himself that he honors his Maker by swinging his body in hooks, these miserable victims, even in the daily labor of their difficult suicide, deem themselves to be accomplishing the great ends of their existence! Ashmun was so reduced in Connecticut, it seems, as almost to despair of ever returning to his friends;* and yet his exertions, as Mr Gurley states, in several towns, were "frequent and great." No wonder that "hundreds felt his appeals as those of a dying man." He was dying. The whole of the residue of his life was a lingering torture. He struggled nobly, and accomplished wonders, — enough to prove the great things of which he was capable, — but the mind had battled the body till it was finally worn out and beaten down, and nothing remained for it, but to be dragged and dragged behind the chariot wheels, as it were, of its *enemy*, till its enemy itself became exhausted. We were prepared to expect from Mr. Gurley, an appropriate comment on this portion of the career of his subject, whose

* Memoir, p. 24.

memory, we need not say, none can hold in higher estimation than we do; but the evil, enormous as it is, has become too common to be relieved. Our professions are getting to be "encumbered" with invalids, as Napoleon once wrote to his obedient legislature, that his hospitals were, — at the same time, demanding a fresh body of "*men*, — *grown men*," — for it was the *boys* that drooped and fell by the road-side. The Biography we say, might have saved us this digression. The calamity has become national and alarming, till it assumes almost the hue of a crime. We *feel* that it demands at least a rebuke.

Ashmun, however, was destined yet to live many years; and his *vacation*, in spite of his injudicious use of a part of it, had the effect to restore his vigor in some good degree. He returned to College, and remained there some time longer. Pecuniary embarrassments then encountered him again, and he became a student at the Vermont University, where he was graduated with distinction, in the year 1816. As to the episode which follows next, in relation to the lady whom he afterwards married, we shall enter no criticism; we hasten to a more agreeable part of the history. He engaged as principal, at the early age of twenty, of a newly instituted seminary, at Brewer, in Maine,—since become flourishing at Bangor, — designed to promote Theological Education; and here he labored, as well in his official capacity, as in his private studies, and his missionary expeditions besides, with an amazing energy and a corresponding success, which make us the more regret that occasion should have existed for the following sharp and sensible advice, addressed to him by a venerable clergyman, a trustee of the school: — "You have preached twenty-five times in two months, that is thirteen [we should have said twenty-five] times more than you ought to have preached. You do right to tell me your faults, and I shall do right in reproving you. Hear me then. If you will persist in preaching at such a rate, your race will be short. You ought to begin as you can hold out. Preach only when duty calls, and attend more to a regular course of studies. Count me not your enemy, because I thus write. It is not the language of hatred, but of love." We thank Mr. Gurley for inserting these golden rules, even in a note. "Begin as you can hold out." It should be marked in marble on the walls of every room where the mind's martyrs burn themselves out by the

slow fire of the study. We want a new Temperance Reform, — not for those who *drink too much*, but for those who *think too little*.

For the history of Mr. Ashmun's residence in Maine, of the incidents connected with his marriage, and his various exertions at Baltimore, till he became editor of the Theological Repository, at the seat of government, we must refer the reader to the Memoir. At this period we begin to perceive the distinct tendency of his thoughts to the subject of African Colonization. The Review which he published of the second annual report of the Society, and in which he maintained the position that the Colony, to accomplish a benevolent design, must have for its basis the formation of the Christian Religion, is distinguished by the clearness characteristic of his mind, and has not been superseded to this day by maturer views regarding the same important topic. For three years, he discussed these matters in a desultory but increasingly interesting manner, till in 1820 he issued a periodical, intended to be exclusively appropriated to them. They had not, however, as yet, excited any thing like a general interest, and the work did not proceed. His resolution now wavered. It was not for lack of energy; but peculiar circumstances, which we need not here revive, filled him with distressing doubts of the influence of his ministry. He had already preached a year or two; but he undertook, in this stage of useless embarrassment, the study of medicine, and then he began law, — having his daily bread, all the while, to earn by his daily labor, added to what he calls, "The weight of a most losing literary enterprise." Still his destiny went on. At the request of a brother of the lamented Samuel Bacon, — a Massachusetts' man, from Worcester County, — who had recently deceased, in the earliest attempt to found a colony on the African shore, — he engaged in the composition of a memoir of that gentleman. It was extended to a volume of over three hundred octavo pages; and the work gives evidence of a vigorous enthusiasm and laborious reflection and research. Yet it occupied him apparently, with all his other engagements and anxieties brooding over him, but a few months of a single season. It seems that having got his materials together, he would shut himself in his room, and for days be visible only at his meals, or perhaps content himself with a cold collation, for which he trusted a servant; and whatever the weather might be, the day-break

was sure to find him on his way to his study, upon Pennsylvania Avenue, half a mile distant, there to remain incessantly busy with his volume, till a late hour of the evening. But the work was finished, and the writer survived. We find him in charge of a Baltimore expedition of African emigrants, with whom, in August 1822, he landed at Cape Montserado, sole agent, — his predecessors having by this time returned to America, — for the affairs of the little colonial settlement.

We shall not follow the course of the Memoir. That would be essentially to furnish a history of the colony, which, in fact, Mr. Gurley has done, for all the period of Mr. Ashmun's administration, embodying in his sketch a variety of documents and anecdotes of lively interest, which never before have seen the light, and whose value no person was better qualified to appreciate than himself. Whatever may be the disposition of the descendants of the first African colonists,

"In the long line of coming days,"

to do honor to the enterprise of their ancestors, — or the rational curiosity, in any quarter, to investigate the origin of one of the most remarkable movements of the age in which it began; or let its course be as it may, it never can be said that the foundations of the scheme were laid, as those of *other* states have been, in obscurity; or that the materials are wanting for tracing the growth of the oak, back even to its source in the acorn.

An outline of the situations severally in which Mr. Ashmun found the settlement at his arrival, and in which he left it at his death, — bearing in mind the means at his disposal, — will convey, perhaps, the best conception of the nature of his labors, and indeed no feeble estimate of his character also. It may at the same time be of service, in aiding those who are sufficiently ready to disparage and despise what has been done, — without much of a corresponding disposition to do anything themselves, — to do justice, at least, both to those of their fellow-citizens who have produced these results, such as they are, and to those who regard them as among the most extraordinary which human energy has, in any age, accomplished, or the wisdom of benev lence projected.

A purchase of territory from the native rulers had been effected previous to Ashmun's arrival, but neither was the negotiation as yet wholly consummated, nor were any documents

defining the limits of the premises in possession of the American party. The site of what is now Monrovia, on the Cape, as well as the greater portion of the peninsula, was a complete wilderness, overgrown with dense forest, entangled with vines and brushwood, — the haunt of savage beasts, — divided here and there only by the narrow pathway, cut by the natives, for access to the shore. In the bosom of this vast desert, just began the germ of civilization to be disclosed. A small spot had been scooped out, as it were, of the woods, almost as the barbarians in the neighborhood were accustomed to hollow a log for the purpose of their rude navigation. About thirty huts were raised, and a small store-house, insufficient for its purpose. Some of the settlers were still without shelter of their own. What public property there had been was chiefly consumed by a recent fire. No preparation had been made for the next expedition. The surrounding country was populous with hordes of savages, eager for booty, and ignorant of the character of these new-comers, — and, in fact, they had already made no equivocal manifestations of a most formidable hostile purpose. Finally, the whole population of the settlement, including the Baltimore emigrants, did not exceed one hundred and thirty, of whose ability for defence it is sufficient to remark, that but *thirty-five* were capable of bearing arms. What auspices were these for an American colony in the very heart of the slave-coast!

Nor were the immediate circumstances of Ashmun's landing better calculated to inspire him with sanguine expectations of success. The vessel was scarcely moored, when a violent gale, blowing directly on shore, forced her off with the loss of an anchor; and it was only with extreme difficulty that, after a vain attempt for forty-eight hours to sail out of the bay, the anchor being providentially recovered, she was at length brought to a fixed position, at the distance of some miles from the settlement. The weather continued boisterous; the boatmen became sick; the principal boat used in landing the cargo was lost; and it cost the Agent a month of incessant labor, finally to accomplish that indispensable labor. We shall see more of his trials in the sequel.

He commenced his administration with vigor immediately on his arrival. A colonial journal was opened. Inventories were made of the condition of the colony. A store-house was begun, and a building, first designed for a market-house, set in

order for the re-captured Africans, who had formed a part of the last expedition. Efforts were at once used to ascertain the disposition of the chiefs. The agent had interviews with King Peter, and King Long Peter; and made visits of conciliation to other potentates too numerous to mention. He extended the plan of the town. He gave the Africans a settlement of their own, and furnished them a system of instruction in all the practical arts of life. He made arrangements for receiving a few of the children of the natives into the colony, as pupils in civilization. And all this was subordinate to the great object of defence, and had been the work probably of less than a week; for as early as the 18th we find it recorded, — a constant record being kept by the agent himself, — that "the present martello tower was planned, laborers employed in clearing the site, and a particular survey taken of the military strength and means of the settlers." This survey shows a singular state of things. Of the Americans, "*twenty-seven, when not sick*, were able to bear arms," though, by the way, to bear them was *all* they could do, being wholly untrained to their use, as well as exhausted with other labors, now including the duty of keeping up a continual night-watch of no fewer than twenty of their number. Then there were five iron guns, and one brass one, belonging to the settlement, but unfortunately buried in the mud on the opposite side of the water; besides, that four of the pieces required carriages before they could be used at all. When to this account it is added that there was no fixed ammunition, and very little of any sort, and that only by great exertions and with much delay, was it practicable to load the only gun provided with a carriage, — we have a tolerable idea of the resources of the colony for defence against the myriads of barbarians who now hovered, by day and night, nearer and nearer, over what they instinctively regarded as already their appointed prey. We have omitted the mention of "forty muskets in store, *which, with repairing, were capable of being rendered serviceable*,"— that is, we suppose, provided there were any body to use them.

However, this was the element of Ashmun; and he now began to *live;* his indecision, if the remains of it had still lingered, floated away into thin air, like the mist of the morning. Thirteen African boys, of the United States' agency, were enrolled, and exercised in the use of arms. The guns were with infinite la-

bor, one by one, transported into town, and mounted upon rough carriages. The muskets were repaired. The ammunition was made up. The toil of clearing the skirts of the settlement from the thick woods around it, which furnished a cover for the enemy's approach, was commenced and carried on with energy. Military laws were issued, officers appointed, the settlement surrounded with abatis or other fencework, and the artillery stationed. The rains all this time were immoderate, and nearly uninterrupted. At length sickness came. Mr. Ashmun was seized with a fever on the 25th. His wife had an attack three days after. The times grew more gloomy. Intercourse was suspended with the natives, and their children recalled. The recent emigrants were gradually taken down, till by the 10th of September, only *two* of their number remained well. Ashmun, meanwhile, held on, and bated not one jot. For four weeks he maintained "a difficult struggle," as he calls it, with his disorder, but was never utterly discouraged. It was no uncommon thing for him during this period, to pass the night in delirious suffering, and the subsequent morning in directing personally the execution of the public works! What a magnificent spectacle of Christian courage and human energy, inspired indeed with more than mortal hopes! The whole history of the contests of civilization and Christianity for a foothold in Pagan territory, does not furnish a more brilliant illustration of the elements of perseverance, and success, which both comprise.

Take another scene. On the 6th, the Agent, having matured his plans, and guarded against the event of his own decease, by communicating them to the most intelligent of his people, called them all together, read his instructions, published the regulations which he deemed essential to the general welfare, and addressed them on their condition and duties. Six days after we meet with this passage in his journal: — "*Rain falls in floods. The sick all seem better, except Mrs. Ashmun. She is speechless and almost without the use of her reason.* There is no rational hope of her recovery. All remedies which her husband dares to venture, have been tried in vain." We scarcely need remark that no medical aid could be had in the colony. Again, he beheld "*a female of most delicate constitution, lying under the influence of a mortal fever, in the corner of a miserable hut, (to ventilate which in a proper manner was impossible), on a*

couch literally dripping with water, which a roof of thatch was unable to exclude." She expired on the 15th, and poor Ashmun was relieved of *her* distress. He remained in an extremely low state, however, himself, for several weeks more, — incapable even of motion at times ; and it was not till the 7th November that he was able to recommence his entries. Fortunately, his people had made good progress meanwhile. He had not only possessed these brave fellows of his plans, but of no small portion of a less communicable quality of preparation, — the invincible intrepidity of his own spirit.

Fortunately, also, — using this word in its popular acceptation, — through the diligent faithfulness of an unknown individual, the Agent was now informed of all the movements and counsels of his barbarous enemies, from day to day ; and it is but justice to observe, that he apprised them frankly that he was so, — at the same time warning them of his own wishes to continue at peace, and his equal determination, if attacked, to teach them "what it was to fight *white* men."* There had been, and was, no pretext of a cause of hostility on their part ; and he intended farther that no room should be left for the imputation to him, by his own countrymen, of a disposition, which no man could be farther from feeling, to embroil the colon yn a wanton warfare. The frightful odds arrayed against him, indeed, — and sure to be so, in case of any rupture, — is in itself abundant proof that he could cherish no notions of a belligerent *policy*. The miserable condition of the colony, too weak to resist even an ordinary attack, — his efforts in due season to conciliate his neighbors, — and his remaining during the whole difficulty strictly in a posture of defence, till, as mere lawyers say, he was "driven to the wall,"— are circumstances each of them equally and entirely conclusive on the samo point. That conclusion indeed would have seemed almost self-evident, but for the discussions which some persons have affected to raise in regard to it. It would be gratifying to be informed what more peaceable or more forcible policy, either, it would have been possible for him to pursue, — more peaceable to conciliate, or more forcible to prevent. Literally, "*as far as possible*," in our opinion, he followed the spirit of his divine master ; and we rejoice that, only in the exhaustion of that contingency, he was found adequate to the subsequent crisis.

* A synonyme on the coast for *civilized people*.

It came on apace. On the 7th he had advices of a fresh movement. He inspected his works, and reviewed his gallant little force, — assuring them, "as the cause was emphatically that of God and their country, they might confidently expect His blessing." The men slept on their arms, but the night passed, as also Saturday the 9th, and Sunday the 10th, without alarm, though only the women and children on the latter day were considered at liberty to attend divine service, and the enemy were heard of, as encamped in a force of from six to nine hundred men, only half a mile from the village. About daylight, the next morning, they marched on, just at a moment when the guard had incautiously retreated. The savages marched up with a front of ten yards, discharged their muskets, and ran forward to seize the post at which they aimed. Some confusion followed. The guard retreated farther, on the reserve. Luckily, the barbarians were caught by their avidity for plunder, which they stopped to search for in some scattered houses. The settlers rallied. Two guns were brought up. The second discharge staggered the whole native force. A few musketeers, besetting their flank, increased the agitation. In twenty minutes they recoiled. The guns made horrible havoc, in a mass of eight hundred men, fully exposed, and densely crowded. It was insufferable. They raised a yell of savage terror, and fled en masse to the woods. Their loss was very large, but never precisely ascertained; Mr. Ashmun gives the following account of the greater part of his own.

"One woman* who had imprudently passed the night in the house first beset by the enemy, had received thirteen wounds, and been thrown aside as dead. Another,† flying from her house with her two infant children, received a wound in the head, from a cutlass, and was robbed of both her babes; but providentially escaped. A young married woman, ‡ with the mother of five small children, finding the house in which they slept surrounded by savage enemies, barricadoed the door, in the vain hope of safety. It was forced. Each of the women then seizing an axe, held the irresolute barbarians in check for several minutes longer. Having discharged their guns, they seemed desirous of gaining the shelter of the house previous to reloading. — At length, with the aid of their spears, and by means of a general rush, they over-

* Mrs. Ann Hawkins; who after long and incredible sufferings recovered, and is yet living.

† Mrs. Minty Draper. ‡ Mary Tines.

came their heroine adversaries, and instantly stabbed the youngest to the heart. The mother, instinctively springing for her suckling babe, which recoiled through fright, and was left behind, rushed through a small window on the opposite side of the house, and providentially escaped to the lines, unhurt, between two heavy fires."

The force of the settlers amounted to thirty-five persons, including six boys, and about half of them were engaged, the rest duly maintaining their stations. The proportion of numbers, therefore, was at least *forty* to *one*, in the enemy's favor!

The lines were now contracted, the dead buried, the wounded disposed of as well as they could be, and the men freshly disciplined. On the 17th, half the people, as the journal states, had the extraordinary privilege of attending divine service. Fresh efforts were made for peace, but in vain. The 23d, was observed as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer. A Liverpool vessel put in, and served to keep off the enemy for some days. At this time, exclusive of rice, there was not fifteen days' provision in store, — the population were subjected to "allowances,"— the ammunition was insufficient for a general defence of even an hour;—and if to these facts we add that seven of the children were now in the hands of the natives, and quite a number of the people wounded and sick, not to say dispirited, we shall be able to appreciate the spirit which the Agent still continued both to exhibit, and to inspire, in a great degree, into those around him. The savages came on again, in the morning of December 2nd, in two opposite quarters. In one, three several onsets were most bravely resisted, with some carnage. In the other, they had four times rushed forward, and were driven back by the heavy guns. They then filed off for another post, but the Agent perceiving the movement, lay in wait from the stockade, and gave them as they passed such a reception as soon staggered them again. The order of retreat was issued, and the whole force, after a series of skirmishes, which continued over an hour, almost instantaneously disappeared. Their loss was very considerable, but less than before; their number was greater, — probably as many as fifteen hundred. Their plan of attack was judicious, and firmly supported, and their musketry managed with activity at least, since it seems "the quantity of shot lodged in the paling, and thrown within the lines was almost incredible." They loaded sometimes a foot deep, with iron

and copper slugs. They had cannon, but loading them was a half-hour's business, and the adroitness of the colonists in the use of the same articles, was by them ascribed to sorcery. Two of the latter were badly, and one mortally wounded. Mr. Ashmun received three bullets in his clothes, but escaped safe. The settlers universally behaved with the utmost coolness and vigor. On an equal distribution of the shot among the guns after the battle, *less than three rounds for each were found remaining!* And thus ended one of the most remarkable contests recorded in all the history of man. It saved the colony at the time from total destruction, and has preserved its peace, reputation, and prosperity, in a great measure, from that day to this.

It must have been noticed, how striking were some of the escapes of the Agent, as well as the colony. Another case of the kind occurred on the 3d, when an accidental alarm, given by a guard, proved the means of bringing relief to the settlement. It was a British schooner, with stores, and having on board the celebrated traveller Laing, by whose influence the chiefs were afterwards bound to a truce. A midshipman and eleven seamen, were left to see it preserved; *nine* of these died within a month. Mr. Ashmun relapsed again into his fever, but his guardian genius succored him by the opportune arrival of a medical Frenchman, who administered a violent remedy, which cured him. The captives were restored. Trade was opened with the natives, and visits made among them. A new expedition came out in May. About this time he wrote home, — "We are now about one hundred and fifty strong, all in health, have about fifty houses, including three store-houses, and a heavy, substantial stone-tower, mounting six pieces of ordnance. Harmony and industry in a good degree prevail. Thus you see we are prepared to go on and fulfil the anxious wishes of the friends of the cause, in relation to the cultivation of the lands, and the formation of a regular, moral and happy society." A change indeed! And all accomplished, within a few months, and by the energy of a single man! "A young man," too, — as his biographer, who has conducted this narrative with great animation, well remarks, — "and bred to letters, of retired habits, educated for the ministry of Christ, unknown to fame, the victim of disappointment, burdened with debt, touched by undeserved reproach;" — and, of course, he might have added, waiving his domestic afflictions, — with a feeble constitution at best, now

exhausted almost to the last degree of endurance, by a long process of delirious and wasting fever!

Dr. Ayres came out in the last expedition, and his presence somewhat relieved Mr. Ashmun of his labors, though he still continued acting as agent. It is a striking illustration of his character, how eagerly he embraced this little interval of comparative *leisure*, for a few months, — which doubtless his health demanded should be *so* used, — to rush freshly into the old habit of indefatigable application to his studies. Four hours daily, for three months, he devoted, in that enfeebling climate, to Blackstone's Commentaries; and French, and history, and criticism, and politics, and works of imagination even, and a good deal of constant composition besides, were added to the labors of the law. In the next March, we find him writing, as might be expected, to the managers, for an opportunity to return to this country, on account of his growing infirmities, — which however came not. His only relief was a voyage to the Cape de Verde Islands; in the preparation for which he ruptured an artery, and bleeding continually for twenty-eight hours, was reduced to the last point of exhaustion, when, — as his better star sometimes arose, when he looked for it least, — a French vessel came in sight, and a surgeon stopped his hemorrhage in half an hour. But we will not pursue the history in its details. Many of them, it would be as unpleasant as it is needless to revive. Of the misunderstanding between the Agent and the Board, and the explanation of it, a full account is published in the Memoir; but it is enough to remark here, that justice was done at last, and that both the Society and the public at large were finally convinced that, while the progress and prosperity of the settlement were wholly ascribable to him, as long as he remained there, — and a most essential proportion of them, from that time forward, — it would probably be vain to expect that the place, by his departure left vacant, could ever be supplied. Even by the close of 1826, "divinely assisted," as Mr. Gurley expresses it, "he had laid, immovably, on that heathen shore, the foundations of a Christian empire." The colonists were universally attached to him. The barbarians, who had fought him, now knew him by the endearing titles of "Head-man for all their country," and "Father of we all." An excellent system of laws was established. New and flourishing settlements had been founded, and great accessions of valuable territory made

in various directions. Two handsome churches adorned the village of Monrovia. Batteries, forts, a market house, a Lancasterian school house, a town house, and several other buildings were at this time going up. The colony was in perfect health. A colonial schooner was launched. The commerce had increased with such rapidity, that traders had made a profit of over $30,000 between January and July, in African produce sold to foreign vessels; and a New England merchant, who landed a cargo, worth $8,000, was paid for the whole of it in the course of ten days. There was a public library, at this period, of twelve hundred volumes. What a contrast to the state of affairs four years before! The annals of colonization, from first to last, furnish no precedent for it.

Mr. Ashmun continued in the colony till he was no longer able to discharge his duties, and a voyage was resorted to, as the last source of a hope of recovery. On the 25th of March, 1828, attended by the affectionate good wishes of all his people, he went on board the brig Dorris, "and with the feelings," says his Biographer, "which seek despairingly for expression, through the eyes of the dying, in their last fixed look upon an object which the heart holds fast to its final moment," left Africa forever. He spent some time at St. Bartholomew's, — felt his strength revive a little, and took passage for New Haven in July, — was exhilarated for a day or two by the joy of arrival among his friends, — relapsed again, — minutely arranged his private affairs, — bequeathed his little property to the cause of African missions, — dictated a letter of business, from his bed, on the last day of his life, — prayed over his little African ward, who stood in tears beside him, — affectionately parted with those who watched with him to the end, (including the friend who has given in this memoir so beautiful a proof of his appreciation of the martyr's character), — and at length "expired gently, and in a moment, on the evening of the 28th of August, 1828, in the thirty-fifth year of his age." We shall close the magnificent but melancholy scene, with the eloquent closing passages of the volume before us, including, it will be perceived, a sketch of one of the most touching little incidents it is possible to conceive. The reverential affection of Ashmun for his parents, and indeed the faithfulness with which he clung to every attachment, were among the most delightful traits, of even a character fitted as his was, to attract the fond admiration of all who knew him.

"A large concourse of the citizens of New Haven, and of the neighboring towns, united in a solemn tribute of respect to his memory, and attended his remains to the grave. The assembly had already filled the Central Church, to which the body of the deceased was conveyed, and the Minister of Christ just concluded his humble supplications to the God of all mercy and consolation, when a venerable, solitary female, entered the congregation, and with a look which told what her tongue might in vain have essayed to speak, approached the corpse. It was the mother of Ashmun! Every heart in that vast assembly beat fainter, as they beheld this aged matron, who had travelled for several days and nights from a remote part of the country, in the hope of embracing her living son, pressing her lips and her heart upon the coffin which concealed all that remained of that son in death, forever from her sight.*

"The Discourse of the Rev. Leonard Bacon, on this occasion, (which has been given to the public) was a just and eloquent defence of the spirit, that animates the martyrs to a great and good cause, and under the power of which Ashmun had sacrificed his life in the service of Africa. 'His example (said the preacher) shall speak.'

"'There have been men whose names are way-marks; whose examples, through successive ages, stir the spirits of their fellow men with noble emulation. What has been done for God, and for the souls of men, and for the cause of wretched human nature, by the lustre which gathers around the name of David Brainard. How many lofty spirits has the simple history of his toils and sorrows kindled and roused to kindred enterprise. Other names there are, which beam from age to age with the same glory. Howard, Clarkson, Swartz, Mills, — what meaning is there in such names as these. Our departed friend will add another to that brilliant catalogue. He takes his place

> 'Amid th' august and never dying light
> Of constellated spirits, who have gained
> A name in heaven, by power of heavenly deeds'

"'Let us praise God for the light of his example, which shall never be extinguished, and which, as it beams on us, shall also beam on our children, and our children's children, moving them to deeds of godlike benevolence.

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* "The warmth of the season rendered it imprudent to open the coffin, — a circumstance painful at the time, — but which left uneffaced in the memory of the venerable parent of Ashmun, those pleasing ideas of her son, which his early manly beauty had impressed upon it.

'Praise! for yet one more name, with power endowed
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image, on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness.'

"We have come to his grave. A simple, but beautiful monument, erected by the Managers of the American Colonization Society, in the church-yard of New Haven, (a spot which nature has made lovely, and which affection and piety have planted with trees and flowers, as if anxious to throw a charm and fragrance around the resting-places of the dead), bears the name of Ashmun. This monument may perish, but that name never. It is engraven on the heart of Africa.

"In his person, Mr. Ashmun was tall, — his hair and eyes light, — his features regular and cast in the finest mould, — his manners mild, yet dignified, — and in his countenance, an expression of the gentlest affections softened the lineaments of a lofty, firm, and fearless mind.

"He early saw the truth and felt the power of the Christian Religion. Its principles were ever living and active in his soul. The passions of youth might war against them, — in the conflict with temptation, they might seem, for a moment, giving way; but they were indestructible, — of the seed of God that liveth and abideth forever.

"In grief, and temptation, and reproach, — in want, and danger, and pain, — when so cast down by affliction, that his soul became weary of life, he acknowledged himself under the discipline of the Almighty; he praised the name of God with a song, and magnified it with thanksgiving. While, with David, he remembered the works of God and his wonders of old, his troubled thoughts were soothed, and he exclaimed, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' Strengthened by the consolations of God, his spirit rose towards the innumerable company of just men made perfect, who, once in tribulation like his, now stand inaccessible to misery or to danger, on the 'mountains of glory,' and seem to bend upon him looks of tenderness and love.

"'Such is the power of dispensing blessings which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow-creatures; for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular at the shrine. Those rare excellencies, which make our grief poignant, make it likewise profitable; and the tears which wise men shed for the

departure of the wise, are among those that are preserved in Heaven.'*

"Spirit of Ashmun! dost thou not look down upon me, while to that cause, to which thou gavest thy all, thy life, I dedicate this humble offering to thy worth? I cast it on thy grave, — for there, a potent and unslumbering spirit dwells, which will not leave it voiceless. Thou hast not lived, — thou hast not died in vain. I hear responded from ten thousand tongues, thou hast not lived, — thou hast not died in vain. The light thou hast kindled in Africa shall never go out; the principles thou hast exemplified, are true and everlasting. Thy country shall yet, — shall soon do justice; and when in all her borders no fetter shall be worn by the guiltless, — when upon Africa, now just awakening to a sense of her miseries, and stretching out her hands for help, she shall have conferred, in the free spirit of the Great Master of Christians, her language, her liberty, and her religion; rewarded with the gratitude of millions, and the honors of all nations clustering thick upon her, — Africa, — America, — the World shall know, thou hast not lived, — thou hast not died in vain.

'Thou hast left behind,
Powers that will work for thee! air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee! thou hast great allies!
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'"

We might have called attention to those portions of this work which discuss, in a very able manner, some of the most interesting subjects connected with the scheme of African Colonization; but these subjects have acquired in our day a commanding conspicuousness of their own, which, independently of the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Gurley for doing them justice, cannot fail to secure them sufficient consideration. Faults, also, could be pointed out in the composition; and the size of the volume, in our opinion, might be reduced beneficially for its circulation; but it is, as we called it in the outset, so intrinsically both a just and generous work, — so liberal and so laborious, alike, — that we can indulge in no disposition to criticise for a moment.

It would have been a far more grateful and a far more useful task, were there space for it, to illustrate from the pages of this single volume, as it would have been easy to do, with what surprising sagacity the mind of Ashmun, in the

* Coleridge.

infant stage of the scheme to which he devoted his life, had completely apprehended and anticipated all the principles subservient to its prosperity, and all the consequences involved in its issue. Its ablest advocates, even now, may gather convictions of its true character afresh from the study of his writings, as well as from the observation of his policy. No man more deeply felt, especially, how essential to the great ends of the Colony's establishment, — not to say to its existence, — would be found the reliance of its managers, and the cultivation of the character of its population, on the basis of the Christian religion, as a point of primary moment. He perceived, too, the importance of its commercial capacities, and the greater importance of sustaining its agriculture, its arts, its system of education, its strict morality, its health, its harmony with its neighbors, — in a word, of making it at all events, and above all things else, *a desirable place for the colored man to go to.* That is the sum and substance of the plan; and it is simple, intelligible, unexceptionable; and what is more to the purpose, practicable; and not practicable only, but available to an indefinite extent, — indefinite as the capacities of one continent to *furnish* the population, whose welfare is and was the first consideration for its maintenance, and for its institution, — and as the providentially inexhaustible and splendid abilities and fitness of the other continent to *receive.* All this is substantiated; and the colony, therefore, should it perish to-day, no more than Ashmun, "would have lived in vain." It would have accomplished a great purpose, — the great purpose of all others, — the establishment of a conclusive experiment in fact, and of an inevitable inference in reason, that the degree of the extension of that experiment, and its benefits hereafter, may now safely be left to the experience, added to the intelligence, of the American people; and that it will be limited only by the amount of the energies which those powerful agents, severally interested in its development, from time to time, shall themselves be willing to expend in its prosecution.

To make the Colony, we say, a desirable resort of the colored man, implies everything necessary to the utmost triumph of the scheme. It implies everything in the mode of the management, and everything in the nature of the results. It implies, as Ashmun well knew, a scrupulous care in the selection of emigrants, and a slow and cautious progress of the settlement for many years, — a policy, from the temporary

postponement of which to the gratification of a general eagerness to hurry the benefits of the institution, all its temporary inconveniences may be plainly deduced. It implies, not emigration of more colonists, but education and care of those already gone over; not the increase of the Colony as a prime policy, but its welfare first, and of course its increase after; its reputation; the already beginning series of new experiments, rising around it, (like the flourishing Pennsylvania and Maryland settlements), each improved by the practice of the last, and by the genial light of the period in which it originates; the gradual growth of a system of voluntary emigration; the spread of a prosperous commerce; the whole chapter of colonial influence on the African continent, and the slave-trade of the coast; the promotion of science; the propagation of Christianity; in fine, as we said before, the indefinite amplification of the entire scheme, with all its immense and endless issues.

ART. II. — *Modern Law of Nations.*

1. *Ward's Law of Nations.* 8vo. 2 vols. 1795.
2. *Vattel's Law of Nations, by Chitty.* 8vo. 1829.

PROMINENT among the peculiar traits of the European civilization, are the intimacy of connexion and constancy of intercourse prevailing in all the diverse nations of Christendom. This appears in the mutual interchange of their natural and manufactured productions; in the passage of science, arts, opinions, fashions, from one country to another; in the social communication continually taking place among them; in their possessing a common religion, a common taste, an historical reminiscence in common, and substantially a common intellectual advancement and condition. Their association as nations is, to be sure, continually subject to interruption by war; but, even in the prosecution of war, in pursuing the business of reciprocal destruction, they observe certain usages and rules of warfare, which still mark them as the one great organized Christian Commonwealth of Europe and America.

To understand precisely the actual state of things in this respect, we have only to conceive any country, the United States for example, — or, which will make it still clearer, one of the

States, as Massachusetts, — to possess identically the same laws which it now does, except that no public functionaries exist, having authority to enforce those laws; no executive or judicial magistrates, no regularly recurring legislative assembly. There is an admitted law of the land, which the good obey, and the bad violate, as at present; its leading doctrines are well settled; but there is no superior power, by which they may be enforced upon delinquents; and if an individual who has entered into a contract with another, refuses to fulfil it, or if an individual assails another in any of his rights of person or property, the only means of redress, which the latter has, are to endeavor by arguments to convince him of his wrong, and then obtain reparation of the injury, or to induce him to agree upon some special tribunal to adjust the difference; and if the party aggrieved fails in this endeavor, nothing remains for him but to muster his domestics and friends, and compel the other to do right if he may by high-handed force. Perhaps, in the case supposed, the neighbors of the parties, perceiving one of them to be manifestly in the wrong, will volunteer their aid in punishing the wrong doer. Perhaps, without undertaking to judge between the two, they may interpose from sentiments of benevolence to prevent the effusion of blood, or from selfish motives, on account of the great inconvenience to the whole society, occasioned by the warfare of any of its members; and in either case, they may first offer their mediation, and if that is rejected, they may compel a cessation of hostilities, by the overwhelming superiority of their combined strength. The case put is not a mere imaginary picture of things. It is true, in a qualified degree, of all barbarous communities, where the right of private war is more or less prevalent. — Such, at one period, was the social condition of every country in modern Europe; and such are the international relations of Christendom in our own time.

Take any familiar event in the public history of the United States, for instance, and it will be seen, that we have truly represented the relative condition of the civilized nations of Europe and America. War is raging between two European powers, France and Great Britain. A French cruiser encounters an American merchant-ship, unarmed, peacefully pursuing her course on the high seas; arrests her; forcibly dispossesses her unresisting crew; removes whatever of her cargo may be valuable and portable; sets fire to her, and burns her

to the water's edge; or, if it happen to be convenient to him, places a prize-master on board, and sends her to France for sentence and condemnation. What ensues? Negotiation; the use of argument on the part of the two nations, one affirming, the other denying, that a wrong has been committed and requires reparation. Well, the allegation of wrong implies a rule of right; and each party, in fact, appeals to the *law of nations*, and cites the law-books where it is found recorded and explained, in addition to the special compacts which may happen to subsist between the parties, in justification of its own view of the case. They admit a common law, by which they are bound. But is either of them a vassal of the other, and amenable to its laws and tribunals of justice? By no means. Each of them is a sovereign power; that is, not subject to any common government, although recognising a common system of laws. France admits that, unless her conduct is justified by the law of nations, or by treaty, the United States are entitled to indemnity for the injury inflicted on the person and property of an American. It may be, that France is convinced of the illegality of her proceeding, and promptly makes reparation; or it may be that, without spontaneously yielding so far, and yet feeling amicably disposed, she proposes to refer the difference to the arbitrement of some common friend as umpire. If, however, each of them is self-willed, or the question be such as no text or analogy in the law of nations reaches, and they be too firmly persuaded each of its own right to yield anything, then, as they have no common court or superior, before which one party may compel the appearance of the other, the matter remains, for a long series of years, a subject of mutual discussion; and may, after all, terminate in war, the ultimate reason of kings, the only final arbiter between sovereign states.

But suppose that the depredation, concerning which we reason, instead of being committed by one of the civilized nations of Christendom, were the act of some people out of the pale of Christianity, for instance, one of the Barbary States. In the first place, the fact would have differed; for the crew of the captured merchant-man would have been killed on the spot, or sold into slavery, and the captors would not have troubled themselves to obtain a legal adjudication upon the prize. Secondly, the course of proceeding would have differ-

ed; for although we, the civilized and Christian party, should probably talk much of the law of nations, yet we should speedily discover that the parties did not know or acknowledge any common law of nations; and the question would resolve itself immediately into one of superior strength, to be tried only by recourse to war.

In substance, therefore, the law of nations, which men speak of, is the law of the civilized nations of Christendom. We say, substantially; for in our own time, the weakness of the various Mahometan, or other unchristianized communities of the Old World, or rather the increasing relative strength conferred on the European races by their superiority in all the arts of peace and war, has the effect of gradually extending the Christian law of nations far beyond the limits of Christianity. Still, the position is in the general true; that it is only the law of Europe, and its colonies, and of the nations descended from European colonies, and associated by all the ties of blood and religion to the peculiar civilization of Europe.

Nor is the occasional violation, or even deliberate denial of this or that maxim of the law of nations; nor its fluctuations, by reason of the new pretensions of belligerents in time of war, which impair its symmetry, and of the more frequent improvements introduced into it by the progress of civilization; nor the old and yet unsettled controversy among jurists, as to the foundation and binding obligation of international law, as whether it derives force from immutable nature, or from convention and usage: — neither of these considerations affords any impeachment of international law, as the admitted common code of the class or set of nations to which we belong. For, if we consider well the municipal law of any country, we shall detect in each one of these particulars, a perfect analogy between the law of nations and the municipal law. They differ essentially, neither in foundation, which is mixed of reason and of positive institution; nor in susceptibility of violation, and of change for the better or the worse; but only in the consequence following upon infraction, that is, the mode of redress and enforcement; there being in the one case a tribunal for adjudging between them, there being in the other case, none. And they correspond in form; treaties in the one case answering to statutes in the other, and each having its decision and usages received as obligatory.

When we come to discuss the social relations of sovereign states as members of the great community of civilized Christendom, we necessarily encounter the same current of abstract question, as in discussing the social relations of individual men as members of a single community; namely, the question of conscience, native moral sentiment, divine command, or actual consent, or whatever else be the rule of duty, — a never ending dispute, which runs through the moral writers of Greece and Rome, as of modern Europe. Without embarking, however, upon this wide sea of moral speculation, we propose, in this article, to present a brief practical exposition of the origin and nature of those important principles of peace and war, which constitute the supreme law of Christendom. The works, placed at the head of this article, afford us abundant material for the purposes in question.

Our intellectual cultivation is founded upon the knowledge of the Greeks and Romans; and our taste in the fine arts is purely and exclusively Greek. But our laws of national intercourse differ essentially from those of both Greeks and Romans; and although we derive our political institutions through the invading barbarians, our immediate ancestors, men remarkable for their ferocity, yet our maxims of national law are eminently superior in justice and humanity to those of Greece and Rome.

Begin with the Greeks. They, it is well known, accounted all other people barbarous; and the name of foreigner among them, instead of being a title of hospitality, was synonymous with enemy. Isocrates refers to it as the opinion of his countrymen, that foreigners were their enemies by nature.* Conformably with which notion, Aristotle, in running over the arguments used in his time to justify the institution of slavery, cites the doctrine that foreigners had, and could have, no claim of right as Greeks.† And on the same principle, as we read in Justin, the Phocæans, so late as the age of Pisistratus, pursued piracy as a trade, it being accounted in those times an honorable occupation.‡ Between Greek and Greek, how-

* Orat. Panathen.

† Aristotel. Politic. Lib. I. c. 4, in Gillies, Vol. II. pp. 35, 36.

‡ Hist. Lib. XLIII. c. 3. Namque Phocæenses, exiguitate ac macie terræ coacti, studiosius mare quam terras exercuere, piscando, mercando, *plerumque etiam latrocinio maris, quod illis temporibus gloriæ habebatur*, vitam tolerabant.

ever, men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, and having a common religion, it might be supposed there would be more of reason in their national intercourse. Quite otherwise. The only doctrine of international right which they seem to have held was this: that men are bound to such duties as they specially contract to perform. Accordingly, the people of one city distinguished those of another, as being either *ενσπονδοι* or *εκσπονδοι*, in compact, or out of compact, as the case might be; and in the latter alternative, the people out of compact were considered and treated as out of law. Thus, in multiplied examples, all over the history of Greece, we read of prisoners being slaughtered in cold blood; unsuccessful generals executed; the absolute annihilation of cities; the murder of ambassadors, and wanton punishment of hostages; and all the worst acts of savage cruelty perpetrated, not by soldiers in the hot blood of battle, but upon the deliberation and vote of public assemblies.

In Rome, as in Greece, the same word, originally, signified a stranger and a foe. *Hostis enim apud majores nostros is dicebatur*, says Cicero, *quem nunc peregrinum dicimus.** And the civil law, in explaining the Jus Postliminii, lets us into a remarkable trait of ancient manners. If, says the text, we have neither friendship, nor hospitality, nor a treaty made for the sake of friendship, with a people, these indeed are not enemies; but anything of ours which reaches them becomes theirs, and if a freeman of ours is taken by them he becomes their slave; and so it is with anything of theirs which falls into our hands † By still greater reason, of course, did the persons as well as property of public enemies become lawful prize of war. Tacitus says, that there was more slaughter in civil wars than in any other, because the captives were not available as plunder.‡ What suffering and ignominy the Romans inflicted on prisoners of war, we know by numberless proofs and in signal examples. Livy presents them all at one view, in a speech ascribed to Vibius Virrius, of Capua.§ "The torments and contumelies which an enemy of Rome has to expect, I can, so long as I am free and my own master, escape by a death at once easy and honorable. For I will not see A. Claudius

* De Offic. Lib. I. c. 12.
† Digest. Lib. XLIX, Tit. 15, Lib. 3.
‡ Hist. Lib. II. c. 44.
§ 7 Liv. Hist. Lib. XXVI, c. 13.

and Q. Fulvius pluming themselves in the insolence of victory; nor will I be dragged in chains through the city of Rome, the spectacle of a triumph, to be then cast into prison, or to be bound to a stake, and, my back lacerated with rods, bend my neck to a Roman axe; nor will I see my country consigned to devastation and fire; nor the matrons and virgins of Campania to violation." It is evident that Livy alludes to these things, as the ordinary incidents of captivity; and individual cases of extreme cruelty occur from time to time in the history of the Republic. Thus, after the defeat of the Teutones by C. Marius, their wives sent a deputation to the Romans to make stipulations for their chastity and freedom; and being refused, they voluntarily inflicted death on themselves and their children.* Hence, the fury with which the ancients sometimes defended their cities to the last extremity, and then destroyed themselves, rather than submit to the laws of war, as in the case of Numantia. And the famous anecdote of the conduct of Scipio with respect to the captive princes, illustrates the same point; since it was deemed a marvellous instance of virtue in him to abstain from doing that, which, if any modern general were to do it, would render his name proscribed as a hissing and scorn in all Europe.

At the same time, the Romans had the elements of a law of peace and war, and far surpassed the Greeks in the equity and reasonableness of their military usages. They were remarkable, indeed, beyond other ancient nations, for the observance of their engagements, and for the frequent exhibition of traits of generosity and honor, in their magnificent career of universal domination. Thus, they introduced the practice of a regular declaration of war; and instituted a body of heralds. They held, also, in express terms, that it was unlawful to fight without military enrolment or commission; and that even in the art of war itself, there were maxims of equity proper to be observed. Wherefore, Fabricius refused to have Pyrrhus assassinated; Camillus restored the children of the Falisci fraudulently delivered up to him by their tutor; and Regulus returned to Carthage to suffer the certain doom of a cruel death, in redemption of his parole of honor. They enforced upon others the rules of war observed by themselves; for they des-

* Florus, Lib. III. c. 3.

troyed Corinth, one of the noblest of the Greek cities, professedly because it had infringed the rights of ambassadors. And a similar cause, by the way, led to the destruction of Athens by the Persians. In short, Rome made approaches to a system of public law; and, accordingly, we see that the texts of the Roman Institute and Pandects are, to this day, occasionally cited on controverted points of international intercourse; but after all, the system itself is the growth of the later days of Christian Europe.

For the barbarians came in upon the empire, not only without any settled notions of international law, but thoroughly steeped in military usages, utterly atrocious, abominable, and abhorrent to all sense of reason or justice. It was a part of the very religion of the Scandinavians, such as they had, to familiarize themselves with bloodshed. They counted death by violence in their own persons, as the surest passport to their heaven of drunkenness and brutal fury; and of course, humanity in war, regard for the rights of enemies, was unknown to their hearts or their lives. In truth, the tribes which overran the Roman Empire, were desperate savages, with whom to conquer was to destroy. They swept over the civilized world, like a tropical hurricane, levelling all things in the dust before their fierce career. The *Vandals* have given their name to wanton barbarism. In the midst of the splendid monuments of ancient art, the civilization, science, and religion of Rome, they were Scythians still, lapping themselves in blood like wild beasts, and filling the earth with desolation in blind, aimless rage of cold-blooded ferocity. They made it their boast, that "horses might run without stumbling, where houses and cities had once stood." In the single reign of Justinian, the waste of human life, occasioned by the barbarians, has been estimated at six millions of persons. Reflect on the mass of suffering implied in such a fact. It is notorious, indeed, that practices which common civilization has driven out of existence, at least in Europe, were then received as acts of mercy; as to spare the vanquished inhabitants of the empire from massacre, and to reduce them to servitude in ransom of their lives, was the very height of humanity among the rugged Goths and Franks.

In this period of universal desolation and misery, what was it which gave the first check to the savage career of the barbarians, and opened upon the darkness of Europe the dawn of

better days? Manifestly, the influence of the Christian Church, which, from the beginning, labored assiduously and successfully to convert, and, of course, to humanize the barbarians. When Alaric, in the midst of the sack and pillage of Rome, gives command to respect the churches of the Apostles; when Luitprand leads off his troops from the same city at the entreaty of the Pope; when the Saxons and Franks begin to emancipate slaves upon the bed of death as an acceptable offering to God; and when the rude conventions between the different tribes of barbarians are coming to be drawn up in the name of Christ and the Holy Trinity: — then, we perceive plainly enough, that there is a blessed alterative medicine at work in the disordered frame of European society, slowly but surely counteracting the sanguinary tenets and usages of the ferocious children of the North.

Centuries, however, elapsed, filled with anarchy and bloodshed, ere a regular code of international law existed, or was even conceived; that long period of transition, which ensued upon the death of Charlemagne, and preceded the re-organization of Christendom after the crusades. It will be curious and instructive to advert to some of the customs of national intercourse, the rude elements of a public law, which are observable in the events of this period, down to the time of the revival of intellectual cultivation and the arts, and the discovery of America.

Early in this period, we find that the Saxons, Franks, Goths and Lombards, who had appropriated the chief part of Europe, were already advanced so far in civilization, that, when the kindred race of the Normans began to descend upon the coast of Britain and France, the cruelty they practised was become abhorrent to the posterity of the first hordes of invading barbarians. This difference between the Normans on the one hand, and the Saxons and Franks on the other, continued long after the peaceable establishment of the former in France; for Matilda of Scotland, a foreigner and neutral princess, who happened to be in England at the time of the Norman Conquest, was obliged to assume the veil, like many other Saxon ladies, as the only means of protecting her chastity against the followers of William of Normandy. Bad as this was, it showed that the cloister at least had come to be respected; and the

usages, which obtained elsewhere in Europe, were not such as to reflect much shame on the Normans by comparison.

For instance, the mutilation of captives was a common incident of war. So also was the use of poisoned weapons, and the poisoning of the wells of a country or town through which soldiers were to march. Prisoners being considered at the mercy of the captor, they were treated as a kind of hostages for extorting advantages from their friends and countrymen. Foreigners taken in battle were sometimes tried, condemned and executed as for treason in the breach of municipal law. It was no rare thing to execute officers, taken prisoners in the defence of a military post, to punish them for holding out longer than pleased the besieger. No farther back than the sixteenth century, it was a relic of old barbarism, still held as parcel of the law of nations, that strangers coming into a country without a safe conduct, were liable to arrest and detention. Throughout the middle ages, princes and generals were accustomed to take infinite precaution against the danger of personal violence when they met for conference or negotiation; as for instance, by having their interview on different sides of a strong barrier. Cases frequently occur of open disregard of the rights of ambassadors, nor were the heralds, indispensable to communication between hostile princes or states, uniformly safe. Hostages were subjected to every species of cruelty, such as imprisonment, mutilation, and massacre in cool blood. And, in the process of improvement, the practice of holding prisoners to ransom took the place of reducing them to slavery, and became a source of private emolument, just as regular and settled as the right of the landholder to the products of the earth.

Meanwhile, however, the different nations of Europe had respectively acquired their distinct public organization; alliances and other conventions were become frequent; princes appealed to the mediation of other princes, and addressed themselves to the common judgment of Christendom; occasional diplomatic relations between them gradually came into more constant use; and thus the elements of the modern law of nations began to develope themselves all over Europe. It is time, therefore, now to point out the great usages and institutions of the period under review, so far as they bear upon our subject, and to explain their operation and influences.

In the outset we have Christianity, preëminent in its general influence over the civilization of Europe, and distinctly useful in respect of the reciprocal relations of sovereignties. Of sovereignties, because, in those times, Europe was divided, not into nations exclusively, but into federative sovereignties, somewhat similar in principle to the organization of the United States, except that the sovereignties were composed for the most part of the feudal barons in behalf of themselves and their vassals, not of the vassals in the aggregate, considered as a state or political community.

Remember that the invading barbarians were pagans, emphatically so, and the professors of a superstition of drunkenness and blood; and that the first glimmering of civilization, discernible among them, dates from their conversion to Christianity. Remember, also, that the Christian religion, in contrast with most other forms of worshipping God, discountenances the shedding of blood either in sacrifice or war. That is, viewed in the light of a moral code, Christianity is a pacific system. Hence, upon the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity, that effect instantly followed, which it was natural to anticipate; a mitigation of the universality and ferocity of war, as previously waged all over Europe. Then began the custom of appealing to peace, as the means of sparing the effusion of the blood of fellow Christians. The Emperor Charlemagne cites the texts of Scripture upon this point in his Capitularies, just as our Puritan forefathers did with reference to ordinary crimes, in the laws of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. But the church did not content itself with good maxims, the inculcation of anti-belligerent doctrines merely in words. It cast about successfully for the means of innovating practically upon the existing usages of war. To this end, it began by establishing that Pax Ecclesiæ, Peace of the Church, which figures conspicuously in all the early laws of the barbarians, of whatever tribe or locality; that is, the prohibition of acts of violence in churches, monasteries, and other places consecrated to the worship or service of God. "We have all one Heavenly Father, and one Spiritual Mother, which is the Church," says the law of the Saxon Aethered, "and therefore we are all of us brethren; and the peace of the church is the great peace to be cultivated by a Christian." Having thus obtained an immunity from war in behalf of certain places, the church next betook itself to procuring it

for certain days, being the Lord's day, and other chief holidays traditionally observed by the Roman Church. To enforce the prohibition of warfare and other worldly acts on those days, it was ordained that those who transgressed it should be deprived of Christian privileges in life and after death. A remarkable incident rendered the efforts of the church in this particular conspicuous. It was pretended that a bishop in Aquitaine received a message from God, enjoining peace under the immediate penalty of divine vengeance; wherefore ensued the *Treuga Domini*, or Truce of the Lord, a complete cessation of hostilities for the space of seven years; and the church availed itself of the occasion to re-enjoin the perpetual immunity of the chief holidays, including three days of each week, from the evening of Thursday to the morning of Monday, so as to include the days of the Passion and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.* And associations of barons bound themselves by treaty or deed to keep the conditions of the Treuga Domini. In obedience to a similar pretended revelation, the prelates and barons of the south of France assembled and made a league, called the Brotherhood of God, for the purpose not only of observing, but of enforcing, peace.

This example illustrates the humanizing influence of the tenets of Chistianity upon the international relations of Europe. Its influence as a visible institution was yet more important, as displayed in two ways, namely, in the authority exercised by the Pope prior to the time of the Reformation, and in that of the Œcumenical Councils.

Though, in the early ages of Chistianity, it is undeniable that the bishops of Rome were but as other bishops, and invested only with diocesan authority similar to theirs, yet the political position of Rome, as the capital of the Christian world tended to impart superior dignity and importance to its bishops. Accordingly, the Council of Chalcedon ascribed to Pope Leo the title of Œcumenical, that is, universal, bishop; and the general superintendence of the church, thus conferred on the Roman See in the time of the Roman emperors, was confirmed by Charlemagne, after the conversion of the barbarians, — extended by the forged code of Decretals, falsely ascribed to Saint Isidore, — and established by Hilde-

* Robertsons's Charles V. Int.

brand. In the plenitude of its power, the Papal See claimed to hold the keys of heaven as the successor of Saint Peter; and thus, not only to exercise a general superintendence over all ecclesiastical persons, but also to excommunicate, and thus to depose lay sovereigns, by declaring them unfit to reign, and so to give and take away kingdoms. Unwarranted by scripture or positive institution as this stupendous usurpation of the Pope may have been, its existence is not the less certain. All the inhabitants of Latin Europe concurred in recognising him as the religious head of the church. But the limits between political duty, and moral and religious duty, are not easy to define at any time. Least of all were they clearly marked out in those times, when the clergy alone possessed whatever intelligence there was in the world. Thus it came about that Western Europe was resolved into a grand community of nations, having an elective chief, who was their infallible censor in all points of morality and faith, the mediator between earth and heaven, the great casuist for the solution of all difficulties, the judge for the redress of all the wrongs of all mankind, and the political as well as moral and religious director of the affairs of Christendom. If it were compatible with the imperfection of human nature that this extraordinary power, based upon the religious respect and confidence of the world, could have been administered in the spirit of its origin, with unqualified purity and wisdom, it would have united all the nations of Christendom in a holy brotherhood of peace, and exemplified on earth the celestial government of the Deity. Its abuse, in the ordinary course of human affairs, by the meddlesome and all-grasping ambition of the Roman See, occasioned its overthrow; but not before it had done much to combine and cement together the sovereignties of Europe in a great Christian republic.

Innumerable instances of the beneficial exercise of this parental superintendence of Christendom by the church, occur in the history of all the chief nations of Europe. It began before the dissolution of the empire. Theodosius, having slaughtered seven thousand men at Thessalonica, without discrimination of the guilty from the innocent, approached the church at Milan to pay his accustomed devotion, unconscious, or at least unthoughtful, of his crime. St. Ambrose boldly met him at the gate, and addressed to him a severe but affecting admonition on his injustice,

forbade him to enter, and sent him away, great as he was in the yet undivided control of the whole Roman empire, a penitent and humbled man. The same thing continued among the oldest of the Christianized barbarians. Thus, when Lotharius, the first king of Lotharinga, repudiated his wife to marry another with whom he had previously lived in criminal intercourse, the Pope interposed, and compelled him, after a long struggle, to return to his duty. And examples of it abound in the centuries preceding the Reformation. When Henry II. of England was tortured by the undutiful conduct of his turbulent sons, he poured out his agony into the bosom of the Pope, as the spiritual consoler and guide of Christendom. Nothing less than the authority of the Roman See would have procured the release of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from captivity. Repeatedly the church compelled great princes to give up individuals unjustly detained, as in the case of the three daughters of Tancred of Sicily thus wrested from the Emperor Henry VI., and of the infant son of the King of Aragon, held captive by Simon de Montfort. We mention these particular examples, rather more than the familiar ones, of the interposition of the church in political questions, for the reason, that this kind of parental supervision of sovereign states and princes by the See of Rome, is a most peculiar, and yet little notorious trait of the law of nations, as observed by Christian Europe in the middle ages.

The Œcumenical Councils were, as Voltaire justly remarks, a genuine European senate. These councils, in their inception, were ecclesiastical merely; but in process of time they were extended for common convenience, so as to embrace the temporal concerns of Europe. Instances occurred of the trial and deposition of princes on these occasions; and in the settlement of all the great controverted questions of the day, the Œcumenical Councils assumed a jurisdiction quite as broad as any of the European congresses of our own time, and were constituted in the same way, of princes in person, or represented by their ambassadors, except that they usually comprised a large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, in addition to the temporal sovereigns, and settled the religious equally with the political affairs of the commonwealth of Christendom.

There is another doctrine, introduced into the law of nations, by the Roman church, which we ought not to omit indicating

as an extraordinary instance of abuse of power; and that is, the view of the relation between Christian and Infidel held in those times, and exemplified in the crusades and in the conquest of America. Without dwelling upon the fact of the crusades, look at the grant of the East and West Indies, made by Pope Alexander to Spain and Portugal. This concession proceeded on the idea, which obtained in Europe after the preaching of the crusades, that countries, inhabited by a pagan people, were lawfully open to invasion and subjugation by the first Christians, for the purpose of conversion. The same principle is recognised in the first patent of Henry VII. to the Cabots.*

Next to Christianity, in their influence upon the reciprocal relations of the states of Europe, deserve to be considered the Feudal System, and that singular offspring of it, the institution of chivalry. Allusion has already been made to the universal prevalence of bloodshed in the middle ages. This, it is notorious, grew out of the feudal right of private war, as it was called, exercised by men of noble or gentle blood, all over Europe, who held themselves sovereigns in everything except such duties of allegiance as they specially contracted to their respective feudal superiors, and retained the rights of peace and war amongst many other reserved attributes of sovereignity, in that spirit of personal independence which characterized the invading barbarians. Thus it happened that Europe was covered with castles, each the strong hold of an armed chieftain, who carried on military operations at will. To what excess this practice was carried, may be judged by the fact, that in England alone, at the conclusion of peace between Henry II. and Stephen, there were eleven hundred and fifteen baronial castles ordered to be destroyed in the process of public pacification. While Christianity did so much to check and eventually abolish this custom, the monstrous evils it occasioned were also counteracted, in some sort, by the association of Chivalry, which, amid the universal deprivation of society, made it a point of honor to perform those acts of virtue and patriotism, which the law did not enjoin, or which, if it did enjoin, there was no political organization competent to enforce. And these two institutions, the Feudal System and

* See Hazard's Collection, Vol. I.

Chivalry, had the effect of increasing the natural dependence, or rather connexion, of the different nations of Europe, by means of the mutuality of relation, which they introduced among princes and barons of separate countries. Thus, the kings of England long did homage to the kings of France, for their possessions on the continent. And there was a never-ending series of intricate interlacements of feudal or chivalrous relations among the sovereigns of the continent, especially in Germany, where the feudal system prevails to this day more than in any other part of Europe.

But, after all, the great body of law-text, appertaining to the international relations of Christendom, is the result of treaties, conventions, deeds and charters, constituting the positive institute of the public law of Europe and America. These conventions were, of necessity, founded upon the institutions, opinions and ways of thinking and acting, which prevailed in European society; they were designed to give the solemnity of stipulation or promise to contemplated acts; and they introduced changes into the existing laws and usages of Christendom. Some of them were singular incidents of the personal rights of sovereignty, acquired by European princes in modern times; especially treaties of marriage, and instruments of devise, gift or sale, whereby the boundaries of states underwent alterations in form unknown to the ancient republics of Greece and Italy. Thus the See of Rome obtained the territory of Avignon by purchase from the Countess of Provence. Thus, also, we ourselves acquired Louisiana and Florida, the one from the Emperor Napoleon, and the other from Ferdinand of Spain. The United States, however, be it remarked by the way, being a government of social compact, not of prescription, made these purchases upon very questionable grounds of constitutional right; the presidents who negotiated the treaties of purchase, and the congresses which sanctioned them, feeling justified by the great utility of the thing and the acquiescence of the people, in thus doing what there is no authority for doing set down in the constitution. It is clear, on the other side, that the United States, although they be borne out in buying the territory and population of other countries, yet cannot sell their own; still less can they give them away; or alienate them by devise, which happens to states held in hereditary sovereignty by individuals under the prescriptive laws of Europe. Im-

portant in the highest degree, among the consequences of personal sovereignty, is the effect of marriage upon the nationality of a people. Thus England and Scotland were made one kingdom ; thus Castile and Aragon were united to constitute Spain ; thus the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary came to form but parts of the duchy of Austria ; and thus the counts of Flanders became the kings of Spain, and the Indies.

To go into an explanation of the vast number of treaties of peace, allegiance, or commerce, entered into between the European nations, would be neither more nor less than the writing of a legal treatise, when our sole object is the limited purpose of elucidating the question of international law, as affected by the progress of civilization in modern Christendom. What we have said will serve to account for the gradual melioration of the usages of the nations of Europe, in their military and international relations, down to the sixteenth century, the epoch of the colonization of America, and of the general revival of learning and the arts in Europe. That century is memorable for the happening of various things, which materially affected the intercourse of nations, and, in fact, moulded that intercourse into the body and spirit which it now exhibits.

In the first place, the Reformation put an end to the general superintending and appellative jurisdiction of the Roman pontiffs. This event, also, subdivided Christendom into two classes of states, Protestant and Catholic, which for a long time regarded each other as natural enemies for the cause of religion alone, just as of old the Christians had been accustomed to regard the Mahometans. Thus the Roman See proceeded against the Albigenses as infidels, the objects of a regular crusade, or war of the cross. On the other hand, Elizabeth of England aided the French Huguenots and the insurgent Netherlanders, as a point of duty to their common cause of Protestantism. These considerations, however, yielded very soon to

The second great political question of that age, which ever since, indeed, has been prominent in the affairs of Europe, namely, the preservation of the balance of power. This idea like so many other of the great intellectual conceptions of modern times, had its origin among the Italians, who were prompted by their own domestic divisions, and the belligerent operations of the French and Imperialists, to organize great confederations of states to protect the weak against the self-ag-

grandizing schemes of the strong, and thus maintain the chief political divisions of Europe unchanged. This object, it would seem, is on the whole the predominant one in the negotiations and wars of Christendom from that day to this. It has powerfully contributed to fix the existing law of nations; being an application to the intercourse and relative condition of nations, of the same doctrine of counter-checking powers and balanced interests, which pervades the domestic policy of the constitutional states of Europe and America, and being equally instrumental in each case in substituting observance of law in place of perpetual recurrence to brute force.

Thirdly, the great extension of commerce at this period, created a necessity for more stable rules of public intercourse than obtained before; in connexion with which ought, indeed, to be considered the tendency of the art of printing to draw closer the intellectual associations of the inhabitants of different countries, to multiply their ties, and of course to humanize their general intercourse. Thereupon ensued

In the fourth place, that important improvement in the international relations of Christendom, of resident embassies, protected by the privilege of ambassadors from civil and criminal process in the country where they were accredited. This remarkable custom arose from the unity of the nations of Christendom as one great republic, composed of parts allied by treaties of marriage or policy, intimately associated in commerce, literature, arts, and religion, and possessed of a paramount public law. Extraordinary embassies, that is, messengers despatched for a special and temporary object, between people and people, are of course coëval with the very existence of society in all regions of the globe. Not so with ordinary resident embassies, as used by Christian states at the present day. They were unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the lateness of their introduction into modern Europe is a well-authenticated historical fact. Sir Edward Coke tells us that Henry VII., "that wise and politic prince, would not in his time, suffer liege ambassadors (that is, resident ambassadors) of any foreign king or prince within his realm, nor he with them; but upon occasion used ambassadors.*" To be sure, the Pope had long been accustomed to have such ministers in other countries, by the name of *nuncios*; which natu-

* 4 Inst. 155.

rally happened, by reason of his general authority as the head of the church. But Ferdinand of Aragon is said to have been the first secular prince to imitate the example of Rome in this respect. At present, therefore, each of the Christian states maintains, in the court of its allies, or of countries with which it is not actually at war, a public agent, who, though he serves in the capacity of a sort of spy upon the actions of the sovereign near whom he resides, yet being recognised and understood as such, acts in full honor, and is indispensable to the business of the world as now transacted, for the protection of the subjects or interests of his own sovereign. This innovation was another great step in the advancing civilization of Christendom. The failure of the Turks, and of other nations out of the pale of the Christian religion, to imitate us in this matter, is among the decisive proofs of their persevering, if not inveterate, ignorance and barbarism.

Finally, the publication of the great work of Grotius, entitled "Of the Right of War and Peace," was in itself an event of infinite importance. There is nothing, which more eminently illustrates the intrinsic value of intellectual cultivation, and which is better calculated to stimulate a scholar in the pursuit of knowledge, than the capacity it gives him of nobly serving his race, in spite of the reverses of political or social fortune, to which all men are alike subject. They, who tread the slippery paths of popular favor, and who encounter all the hazards of party distinction and party hostility, have a consolation to carry along with them, in addition to the consciousness of upright intention, and the possession of a self-sustaining temper; things which are indispensable to happiness in all walks of life, but especially in the ever-present cares and responsibilities of public service. Though they be driven from the post of honor and power by the judgment of men, there is a resource of which only the judgment of God can deprive them, by depriving them of his own highest boon of cultivated reason. Whatever talents He shall graciously vouchsafe to them, they have the power, in any event, to employ for good, perchance for fame, in the record or investigation of truth for the instruction of their fellows. History is full of splendid examples in point. Dante, stripped of his rank and station in Florence, a homeless exile, a wanderer among the courts of Italy, wrote that Divine Comedy, the great classic poem of his nation. So, also, Milton, no long-

er the secretary and champion of the English Commonwealth, but proscribed, and merely suffered to live in his desolate poverty and blindness, composed the immortal Paradise Lost. Nay, cast from the heights of political greatness, for the mean and odious crime, or at least the imputation, of selling justice at the price of gold, a disgraced statesman, an impeached judge, did not Sir Francis Bacon construct the New Organ of the Sciences, which diverted into other and better channels the whole erring current of human thought, and thus gloriously atoned for a million such acts of weakness, rather than guilt, as were proved upon him to produce his downfall? The composition of the great work of Grotius in question, was a consequence of his own expulsion from power, and his exile into France. We profess that we have inspected the mouldering towers of the old castle of Louvestein, with an interest which few monuments of art would have awakened, associated as it is with the imprisonment of Grotius, and, above all, the heroic self-devotion of his noble-hearted wife, who gained admission to his prison with a chest supposed to contain books, wherein he escaped, while she remained behind herself to meet and to defy the resentment of his enemies. In his adopted country, Grotius composed that work, which, in the name of a treatise, founded upon historical precedents and conventions, was, in fact, a code of the European law of nations, and the great authoritative guide in the public intercourse of Christendom.

As modified in the period intervening between the ages of Grotius and our own, as practised at the present day, and especially as contended for in the United States, the law of peace and war, or the rule governing the intercourse of civilized nations, presents to us a number of interesting points for discussion, which, however, do not come within the scope of the present inquiry. We refer the curious reader, who seeks for information upon this subject, to the works of Puffendorf, Barbeyrac, and other authors of the school of Grotius; but more especially to the numerous collections and treatises of a later date, among which Vattel's book is by general consent received as the best manual for common reference.

ART. III. — *Matthias and his Impostures.*

Matthias and his Impostures, or the Progress of Fanaticism, Illustrated in the Extraordinary Case of Robert Matthews and some of his Forerunners and Disciples. By W. L. STONE. 12mo. New York. 1835.

A BITTER satire upon the age and country. Robert Matthews, an ordinary, illiterate creature, without natural talent, without attainments, without any extraordinary sagacity, or much low cunning, without fervid enthusiasm or even the show of it, without courage, without a prepossessing exterior, appears in the first city of the United States, three or four years ago, and announces himself to be the SUPREME BEING. No very great publicity is given to his pretensions, but there is no affectation of mystery or concealment about them ; and he finds persons who receive and reverence him, in the character which he thus impiously assumes. These his disciples are not exclusively the needy and dependant, flattered by a little worthless notoriety ; nor the stupidly ignorant, easily overwhelmed by a parade of scripture argumentation ; nor the mere fanatic, hovering on the verge of insanity, and easily driven over the line, which separates an overwrought imagination from a diseased understanding. His dupes are indeed but few, but among them are men of good common education, of fortune, and of the most respectable standing in society. One of them, victim as well as dupe of the vulgar and impious knave, is thus described by Mr. Stone :

" Mr. Pierson was a native of Morristown in New Jersey. He passed through the several grades of apprentice and clerk, in the city of New York, much to the satisfaction of his employers, and was a highly respected merchant for many years, enjoying the confidence and esteem of a large circle of acquaintance among business men. Amiable, intelligent, and pious, he was the devoted friend of religion and humanity; and few men spent more time and money in these objects, and in the cause of philanthropy, than he. He was originally a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Beekman-street, and subsequently an elder in the Mission Church in Bancker (now Madison) street. In 1822, he detached himself from the Presbyterian connection, and became a member of the South Baptist Church, in which he was for several years a deacon of exemplary character and deport-

ment. Indeed, he would have been an honor to any church, where meekness, charity, and an unostentatious devotion to the service of his Master were regarded as cardinal virtues. There was not a symptom of undue enthusiasm, — not a particle of fanaticism, — about him; on the contrary, he was uniformly regarded as an unusually judicious, discriminating, and consistent Christian, full of charity and good works; and the same characteristics distinguished him in all the ordinary concerns of life. He was a favorite among Christians of all denominations; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that no layman in New York, exerted a more salutary and holy influence."

Such was the character of Mr. Pierson, with whom the systematic impostures of Matthias may be said to have had their commencement, as they also had their calamitous close. Mrs. Pierson was, if possible, a person still less likely than her husband, to fall a prey to such an atrocious delusion. She was the eldest daughter of a clergyman in the city of New York, "long known," says Mr. Stone, "as the pious, benevolent, and, despite of his great age, zealous and active chaplain to the penitentiary, almshouse, and other public institutions. Mr. Pierson was her second husband; — her first marriage had been unfortunate, and her second took place after an irreproachable widowhood of several years. She is thus described in the volume before us:

"In person, Miss Stanford was small, but graceful; and her features, though not, strictly speaking, beautiful, were of a most intellectual cast, — full of expression, and eminently pleasing. Her mind was one of a high order, and it had been exceedingly well cultivated. Her conversation was remarkably interesting, not only from the intelligence, information, and good sense by which it was characterized, but also, and still more, from the pure spirit of benevolence and piety which it invariably displayed. The kindness of her disposition was indeed remarkable; the writer was intimately acquainted with her, and, for nearly four years, in the habit of seeing her almost every day; and, during all that time, he can truly say, that he never heard her utter a single word, or knew her to do a single act, indicative of peevishness, envy, ill-humor, or any other unamiable quality. She was mistress of several accomplishments, but that in which she most delighted was music. Of this she was a proficient; and it may be mentioned, as an evidence of her fondness for it, that she had acquired great skill, not only on the piano and in singing, but also on the flute and flageolet. She had originally belonged to the

Episcopal church; but, with her last husband, ultimately joined the Baptists.

"Such is a brief sketch of the remarkable and unfortunate couple, whose names are closely interwoven with the residue of this history. United and happy in each other, — possessing an abundance of this world's goods, — with every social, moral, and intellectual quality, that can render life delightful, — the hands of both ever open to the calls of the needy, and the equally pressing demands of those whom they supposed to be hungering for the bread of life, — to all human probability they had a long career of usefulness, virtue and honor before them. Least of all could it have been anticipated, that their suns should set so soon, and go down, as they did, in gloom and sorrow."

Nothing but positive judicial evidence of the facts could have made us believe that individuals like these could have become the dupes of a fraud, as monstrous and abominable as that of Matthias.

It ought in charity, and for the credit of human nature, to be stated, that they did not fall at once and without preparation into the pit. They were, it seems, members of a fanatical community, which had subsisted for five or six years, before the appearance of Matthias, and which appears to have been originally gathered and mainly upheld by a person, whom our author discreetly indicates as Mrs. ***, to whom the unenviable credit seems to belong of having been the original mover of these delusions. The meetings and exercises of this community, the members of which gathered themselves into what they profanely called a church, to the number of twelve, in the city of New York, though marked with the characters of arrogant fanaticism, running into various excesses, such as preposterous abstinence from food, and wild notions of supernatural communications, do not appear to have gone beyond the limits of absurdity and extravagance. There is, however, one scene described by Mr. Stone, dated from a period prior to the disastrous appearance of Matthias, which our readers may think in contradiction to this remark. It would have formed a high wrought chapter, in a work of fiction, and is all but incredible as a passage of real life, in the world around us.

Mrs. Pierson became sick, and her husband, now wrought into a state of mind ready for any extravagance, relying on the literal applicability of the passage in the Epistle of James, Chap. v. 14 and 15, assembled his church and solemnly performed

the ceremony of anointing the unhappy patient, in the confident expectation, although her life was despaired of by the physician, of her miraculous recovery. The rest of the extraordinary narrative we must give in Mr. Stone's words.

"It is not known or believed by the friends of Mrs. Pierson that she altogether approved of this fanatical procedure, notwithstanding what it will soon be perceived her husband said upon the subject; or, if she did, her mind and body had become so much debilitated by disease, that her own views at this time need scarcely be taken into the account. Either way, however, it is now of but little consequence. In a very few days after the anointing she was no more of this world, — her purified spirit having ascended to the bosom of her Saviour.* Preparations were made for the funeral, as usual, and a large number of special invitations were issued, Mr. Pierson himself declaring, however, that it would be no funeral, but rather a resurrection. Indeed, he seemed to be fully persuaded that she would that day be restored to life again by the prayer of faith. The universal respect which the deceased had enjoyed while living, as a lady of eminent piety and unbounded benevolence, would of course have produced a large attendance at her funeral, to say nothing of the peculiarity of the case. About two hundred persons attended, a majority of whom were females. There were also several clergymen of different denominations present. From the lips of one of these, the writer has noted down a full account of the whole of the solemn and awful procedure which followed, and by a physician who was also present he has likewise been favored with a written account. The latter remarks, — 'The hall and rooms being filled, I stood upon the piazza, which opened by a large raised window into the parlor where the corpse lay in a coffin, clad in grave-clothes. Soon after I took this position, where I could see and hear the anticipated ceremonies, I was questioned by several persons whether I believed that she would be raised. As I saw they were followers of Mr. Pierson, and addressed the same question to others who looked sceptical, I evaded a direct answer.'

"Meantime Mr. Pierson was sitting in an adjoining room, open-

* In relation to the disorder of which Mrs. Pierson died, a medical gentleman, acquainted with the whole proceedings at the Bowery Hill, remarks in a letter to the writer:—"I always attributed Mrs. Pierson's sickness and death to her excessive fasting, being so frequently repeated and long continued. Indeed, it is very probable that Mr. Pierson himself lost both health and reason from the same cause. I had frequent occasion to speak to patients whose health was so rapidly declining, in relation to the mischief of this delusion, and received for answer that they belonged to the Retrenchment Society and must fast.

ing into the parlor where the corpse was laid, with the utmost tranquillity and composure. One of his clerical friends sat with him for a time, and as the funeral seemed to be delayed, he at length suggested that they had better proceed, and inquired whether there was any particular order of service which he wished to be observed. His reply was, — 'wait a minute;' and he sat with the same unmoved composure a time longer. Taking an open bible in his hand, he then rose, and entered the room of the assembly, where the body lay, and a scene ensued which almost baffles description. He approached the coffin with a measured and solemn tread, and with deep solemnity, and a hollow sepulchral voice, read the following passage from the Epistle of James, v. 14, 15.

"'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them *pray over him, anointing him with oil,* in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and THE LORD SHALL RAISE HIM UP.'

"Having read the passage, and looking round upon the audience, with deep and solemn emphasis, he added, — 'This dear woman has been anointed in the name of Israel's God, and in obedience to this divine command; and I believe that God will fulfil his promise.' He then repeated the last six words of the quotation several times, emphasizing the word '*shall,*' with great force and feeling, and proceeded to argue that the whole passage was to be understood *literally,* which he affirmed to be its certain infallible meaning, as revealed to him and to that dear woman (pointing to the corpse), and in this faith, he said, she died. He then related a remarkable *revelation* made to him in a carriage as he was coming out from the city a short time previous, and declared, that the same *revelation* was simultaneously made to his wife, then nigh unto death. He stated that the word of the Lord came to him and commanded him to have faith in that promise, and in that faith to conform to the conditions, and the promise should be fulfilled. When he arrived home, he found his wife anxious for his return, and she told him, without hearing anything from him touching the extraordinary communication from heaven which he had received on the way, that the Holy Ghost had directed her to instruct her husband in the faith of St. James's testimony, and assured her that she should be raised.

"Mr. Pierson farther proceeded to say, that finding that the *moment* she had received the revelation was the *identical time* when his manifestation was communicated, he felt it his duty, and so did that dear woman, (again pointing to the corpse), to do as the Lord had commanded them. He accordingly collected together a number of pious friends who were in the faith, and they proceeded literally to anoint her body with oil, and pray over her,

trusting in this promise, 'The Lord *shall* raise him up.' And though her physicians had told them that she must die, for the consumption had destroyed her lungs, they knew the Lord, the Heavenly Physician, could heal the sick, and even raise the dead; and they had strong faith in His word, that if they anointed her, and prayed, the promise would be fulfilled, for 'the Lord *shall* raise him up.' In that faith, he repeated, that dear woman died. And after exhorting all present to exercise similar faith, and affirming in the language of the Saviour, 'she is not dead but sleepeth,' he commented on the wickedness of unbelief, and the sin of doubting the word of God. He then unequivocally declared, that whereas the elders of the church had anointed her with oil and prayed over her, if she were not raised up *to-day, now, on the spot, the word of God falls to the ground.* But, expressing his full confidence that the miracle would be performed, for the strengthening of the faith of His disciples, and that the mouths of gainsayers might be stopped, by her instant resurrection, he invited all present to unite with him in prayer. He then spread forth his hands over the coffin, closed his eyes, and began a solemn and impressive prayer. The following sentences he *repeatedly* used with most impassioned feeling, and with very little variation of language. 'O Lord God of Israel! thy own word declares that if the elders of the church anoint the sick and pray over him, the Lord *shall* raise him up. We have taken thee at thy word; we have anointed her with oil, and prayed the prayer of faith, and thou knowest in this faith the dear woman died, and in this faith we thy children live. Now, Lord, we claim thy promise! God is not man that he should lie, and if this dear woman is not raised up this day, thy word will fall to the ground; thy promise is null and void; and these gainsaying infidels will rejoice, and go away triumphing in their unbelief. Lord God! thou canst not deny thyself. Thou knowest we have performed the conditions to the very letter. O Lord, now fulfil thy promise, — now, Lord, — O let not thy enemies blaspheme, — show that thou hast Almighty power, — thou canst raise the dead, — we believe it, Lord. Come now, and make good thy word, and let this assembly see that there is a God in Israel!' Thus he continued to pray with a loud voice and great effort for nearly an hour, when he closed and sank down into a chair, apparently much exhausted but yet with the calmness and serenity of perfect and entire conviction. The manner and matter of the prayer had evidently a wonderful effect upon the audience. The attention of every one was riveted upon the preacher, and all eyes, save those of the afflicted and weeping relatives, were fixed upon the coffin, as anxiously as though they themselves had yielded to the

delusion, and were expecting to see the lifeless body rise up in full health and vigor before them. In the course of the enthusiastic effusion, a number of ladies who were in the faith, and one of whom, as the writer has been assured, was Mrs. * * *, stood around the coffin, looking intently for the miracle, and occasionally touching the face and hands of the corpse, expecting to discover signs of returning life. This they continued to do, during the solemn pause which followed the prayer, and a drop of blood, oozing at the moment from one of the nostrils, inspired strong hopes that she would indeed be raised up; and two of the ladies stepped up to one of the physicians present, and inquired whether that circumstance was not a token of returning life. Upon this point he himself says, 'I could suppress the emotions produced by this scene no longer, and after telling them it was an infallible evidence of death rather than life, and a token of incipient putrefaction, I followed them into the room and questioned the Rev. Mr. ——, who stood by and saw and heard this solemn mockery, to address the people, and if possible to remove the erroneous impressions which would otherwise result from our afflicted brother's delusion.' The effect of the whole scene is described as having been paralyzing. A breathless silence prevailed. They looked at each other, and even the clergymen present seemed to know not what to say. The appeal to one of them, however, made by the physician, as just noted, was responded to in a very judicious and appropriate manner. He rose and remarked with emphasis, — 'Yes, this beloved and lamented Christian SHALL rise again, — AT THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST! for it is the promise of God, that all those who are Christ's, he will bring with him at his coming.' This remark was followed by a series of timely observations, which had the effect of tranquillizing the feelings of the audience. He proceeded to explain the passage in St. James, and rejoiced in the certainty of its fulfilment. 'The Lord will raise her up, but not to-day, nor to-morrow; yet, dying in the Lord, she shall have part in the first resurrection,' &c. Several friends then united in requesting the sexton to close the coffin, which was strenuously opposed by a few of the disciples, who insisted that they must wait till 12 o'clock, (it was a morning funeral, and had been appointed at 10 o'clock), when the miracle would certainly be performed. In the sequel, when they found it did not take place, the failure was ascribed by Mrs. * * *, Mrs. ——, and other votaries of Mr. Pierson, to the unbelief of some of the persons present, and they upbraided them upon the subject.

"Mr. Pierson said nothing himself, but seemed to be lost in devout contemplation, and sat with perfect confidence, awaiting the moment when his prediction would be verified by the restoration of his wife. He was viewed by those not laboring under the de-

lusion, as an afflicted brother, who was entitled to all their sympathies, in his melancholy bereavement, and his yet more melancholy state of mind; it was at first apprehended that he might interpose objections to the interment of the body; but he did not; and it was laid in its narrow bed in the church-yard in Amity-street. Some of Mr. Pierson's particular friends accompanied him back to his now desolate home, for the purpose of endeavoring to converse with him, and if possible, restore him to a sound state of thinking, — re-adjusting the balance of his mind. But all was in vain. He now believed as firmly that she would be raised at 12 o'clock at midnight, as he had done that she would arise at the close of the prayer at noon. Under this impression, he directed her sleeping apartment to be set in order, the bed made up, night-clothes prepared for her accommodation, and all the little affairs arranged, as for the reception of a bride. He also sent down to the city, and procured such delicacies as he supposed would gratify her taste.

"On the following day, in conversations with his friends, who continued their attentions to his singular case, he still insisted that she would rise again: God, he said, had promised it, but had not specified the particular day. He now believed her resurrection would take place at sun-rise on the following Sabbath morning; and such was the strength of his faith, that he actually repaired to the grave early on that morning, taking his little daughter with him, to receive her embrace. And yet down to this period, upon every other subject than that of religion, and his religious duties, his mind was as regular, and apparently as sound, as it had ever been. In all business matters, moreover, he was as accurate and acute as ever."

It is easy to perceive, that such an individual as Pierson here appears, was at the mercy of any one, who should take the trouble to delude him. Matthias had probably heard of the extravagances here described, and of the existence of the community, in which they were practised. He was accordingly received without scruple, when he presented himself among its members. Mr. Pierson had already received, while in an *omnibus*, on the way to his place of business in New York, a supernatural communication, proclaiming him [Pierson] to be Elijah the Tishbite and John the Baptist; and Matthias with a shrewdness, of which we perceive few other examples in the narrative, recognised him in that character and as his own forerunner.

Matthias, or Robert Matthews, for that, to use his own style, is his Gentile name, is a native of Washington county, New

York, about forty-five years of age, of respectable parentage. It is stated that several members of his family have exhibited marks of mental eccentricity, and some of them of insanity. He was left an orphan, at a tender age, and carefully educated by his friends, in the communion of anti-burghers. He came to New York, at the age of twenty, as a journeyman carpenter and joiner, and was a first rate workman. In a few years, he saved money enough to return into the country and establish himself in trade. He became a professing member of the church, and though deemed somewhat vain of his parts and elated at his success, and unduly fond of dress, his conduct was unexceptionable, and his standing in the community fair. He married suitably in 1813, and continued in his business as a country trader till 1817. He then failed and returned to New York, to resume his former handicraft. This he pursued with some unsteadiness, but without any thing in his conduct to be noticed. In 1827 or 1828, he established himself in Albany, and sometime after this became, according to Mr. Stone, highly excited on religious subjects, by attendance on the preaching of two clergymen at Albany. He applied for admission as a member of a church formed by one of them, which appears to have been refused him, in consequence of a want of regular standing, in the church to which he belonged in Washington county. He exhibited thus far, no traces of a disorganized mind. He soon plunged with excessive zeal into the temperance reform, enjoining on his family abstinence not merely from intoxicating liquors, but from animal food. In 1829, he began to neglect his work, and pass his time in exhorting his fellow-journeymen. As this conduct caused him to be discharged from his employment, he took to street-preaching, principally on the subject of temperance. Having made a convert of one of his fellow-workmen, they procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed, "rally round the standard of truth." This they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitude whom their strange appearance and demeanor attracted. His conduct, however, was not such as to cause him to be excluded from the public religious conventions, at which he occasionally appeared and took a reputable part. In 1830, he publicly proclaimed the conversion of Albany as an object he was commissioned to effect; and his warnings being

unheeded, he denounced the impending destruction of that city.

Thus far he appears to have felt his way, with some caution. He now began to let his beard grow, and intruded himself into religious meetings, announcing himself as a divine teacher, commissioned to convert and rule the world. At this period occurred an incident, which, as it looks more to us like real insanity than any other part of his conduct, we are inclined to quote, as going farther than any thing else to give him the benefit of that plea: —

"Like the Jewish prophet of evil to the city of Jerusalem, during the siege by Vespasian, Matthews continued his denunciations of wo against the city for several days, — frequently urging his wife to fly with him from the approaching destruction. Finally, about the middle of June, soon after midnight, he aroused his wife and her five children from their slumbers, and told them they must fly with him to the hills, as the city would be destroyed the next day. Not being able to persuade the former into his belief, he then declared his purpose of escaping himself, with his children, leaving the mother to destruction. The eldest daughter, however, being of age sufficient to discover the wildness and absurdity of her father's conduct, refused to accompany him; the mother clung to the infant; while the semi-lunatic or impostor took with him his three little boys, — the eldest six, and the youngest but two years of age, — and departed in the dead of night.

"The mother at first thought but little of the occurrence, having seen his vagaries so frequently of late, and presuming that by morning light they would all be safely at home again. But morning came, and the day passed, and they did not return. He seemed indeed to have left the city, nor could any trace of him be discovered. Her anxiety now became intense, as also was that of the citizens to whom she communicated the circumstances. An alarm was given, and the people turned out in great numbers to search for the wanderers. It was seriously apprehended that the father might have put them to death and destroyed himself. The unhappy mother's distress increased with every succeeding hour; the press sounded the alarm; and the mayor issued a proclamation, announcing the facts, and offering a reward for the return of the children.

"But a few days elapsed, however, before tidings were received that the fugitives were all safely housed in the town of Argyle, Washington county. Matthews had a sister living in Argyle, a distance of forty miles from Albany; and it subsequently appeared that the cruel parent had travelled the whole distance, regard-

less of the tender years of his children, without stopping, — going the whole way on foot, — and arriving at the house of his sister shortly after midnight, and in twenty-four hours from the time of his departure from Albany. Under any other circumstances, the children would have sunk midway from fatigue; but the terror in which they were kept by their father seemed to invest them with supernatural strength.

"Arousing his sister and her family from their sleep, he greatly terrified them by his conduct. They had heard nothing of his strange proceedings; and his incoherent ravings, coming thus suddenly upon them, and at such a gloomy hour, were appalling. He declared that he had fled with his children from Albany, which was to be destroyed on the day of his flight, and he supposed that his wife and the remaining children, who, like the sons and daughters of Lot, had refused to escape, were destroyed also. His sister admitted them with fear and trembling, not doubting that he was raving mad. Having partaken of some refreshments, notwithstanding his fatigue, and the still greater weariness of his children, — sinking from exhaustion, — he would not allow them to be taken to bed, or to leave his side, until after the performance of his evening devotions. He then pulled a Bible from his bosom, and after reading a chapter, and singing a hymn, in which his children were compelled to join, thus closed this first day of his wanderings as a prophet."

That a father not insane should compel three children, the oldest not over six and the youngest but two years of age, to travel forty miles, in twenty-four hours, is all but impossible. It resembles nothing we ever read of, but the barbarities of the savages in their incursions into the frontier settlements of the United States, in the last century.

The day after this mad *hegira*, it being Sunday, Matthias appeared in the village church, denouncing the impending destruction of all kingdoms, nations, and institutions not founded on the word of God. He was removed from the church as a disturber of the public worship, and sent back to Albany. Here he pursued the same course of extravagant conduct. He was frequently arrested and examined as a lunatic, but as often discharged. He sold his tools, and announced to his family, that they must live on faith, and the roots and herbs which they could obtain in the woods.

It was at this time, that he assumed the name of Matthias, and gave himself out as a Jew. And here we cannot but remark, on the aptness of the parallel instituted between the impostures of Matthews and those of John of Leyden, in the

fifteenth century. Mr. Stone remarks that "the similarity of the cases is so remarkable, as almost to lead to the conclusion, *although heretofore repudiated*, that the more recent impostor had formed himself and his creed designedly on the model of his ancient prototype." Although our author here seems disposed to reject the idea of such a designed imitation, we do not consider it improbable. Matthews, though grossly ignorant, may, in some popular historical work, have seen an account of the Munster delusions, and the points of resemblance are certainly striking. There is one, which Mr. Stone has not noticed, superficial in itself, but very likely for that reason to catch the fancy of a sorry knave like Matthews; — we mean the identity of name. The prime mover of the fanatical insurrection at Munster was *Matthias*, a baker of Leyden. As our Matthias had his Pierson and Folger, respectable citizens, his namesake of the sixteenth century made converts of Rothman, the first preacher of protestantism at Munster, and Knipperdoling, a burgess of good birth and considerable eminence. Having succeeded in driving out the magistracy, and erecting a kind of political bedlam of their own, Rothman and Knipperdoling were invested with a nominal authority like that of Pierson and Folger, at the Sing Sing Mount Zion; but, says Robertson, "this was nothing more than form; for all their proceedings were directed by Matthias, who, in the style and with the authority of a prophet, uttered his commands, which it was instant death to disobey." He commanded "every man to bring forth his gold, silver, and other precious effects, and lay them at his feet;" he obliged his followers to eat at public tables, on a footing of equality, and prescribed the dishes, which were to be served up every day; — he gave the name of Mount Zion to Munster. In one thing the comparison fails. Robert Matthews appears to be a poor spirited creature, and has invariably flinched in the hour of trial; the Matthias of the sixteenth century had the bravery of true fanaticism, and marching out with thirty chosen men, of like temperament, attacked the army of the Bishop of Munster, and was killed. What the modern Matthias would have done, had his delusion spread, like that of the Anabaptists, and placed him at the head of an ignorant and maddened rabble, such as was to be found in a large European city, in the middle ages, it is impossible to say. Nor are we sure, that we do not do him injustice in calling his courage in question. The man who had the nerve, at the present day

and in the city of New York, to advance from one step to another, till he openly claimed to be the Supreme Being, — and to undertake to personate that character for a year or two, — before numerous witnesses, — in the face of the world; — and yet not insane; — if not entitled to the credit of moral courage; must possess some new kind of mental energy, some diabolical sixth sense of hardihood, not merely equalling but far transcending the ordinary manifestations of bravery. The electric eel is but a poor mud-bred wriggler, unarmed with fang, claw, hoof, horn, or trunk, but the war-horse quails under his benumbing blows. We have seen it stated, that even the respectable judicial tribunal, before which Matthews was arraigned, seemed, for a moment, non-plussed at the frantic vociferation, with which he denied their jurisdiction.

The commencement of his itinerant career is related by Mr. Stone, in the following terms; —

"It was now that he assumed the name of Matthias, and gave out that he was a Jew. He then departed upon his mission for the conversion of the world, taking a western course, for the purpose of visiting his brother in Rochester, and everywhere attracting attention, from the length of his beard and the novelty of his behavior. This brother, as has already been remarked, was a rare mechanic, — inventive and curious. Before his death, he had obtained between thirty and forty patents for as many different mechanical discoveries. The itinerant preacher soon quarrelled with his brother, however, and his stay in Rochester was but for a fortnight; and it was then, and from thence, that he commenced his first grand apostolic tour. While in the anti-masonic region of New York, he declaimed against free-masonry, as against what he considered other abominations of the land. Directing his face towards the setting sun, he traversed the Western States, through the deep forests, and over the prairies, until he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. From thence he turned his steps to the south-east, — recrossed the Father of Rivers, traversed the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and penetrated the Cherokee country, in Georgia, and commenced preaching to the Indians. Here he was seized by the authorities of Georgia, and imprisoned; — but he was an overmatch for them. They knew not what to make of his conduct, nor what to do with him. His appearance was eccentric; his kindling eye flashed with fury as he poured forth his maledictions upon them; and they were at length constrained to unbar the prison-doors, and bid him depart. From thence he bent his footsteps to the North, and passing through Washington, came to the

city of New York. He immediately visited the brother-in-law heretofore mentioned, and was at first very mild and agreeable in his manners and conversation, though of course forbidding in his aspect, since his temporal affairs did not then enable him to array himself in broadcloth and gold, and fine linen, and his beard presented a most unchristian appearance. On being asked why he had assumed such a disguise, — why he had abandoned his family, and conducted himself so strangely, he soon became greatly excited, grew furious, and uttered a shower of bitter curses. Foaming with rage, his eyes kindled with passion, and he denounced his relative as a devil with great violence, — declaring that he had burnt his fingers by coming into the devil's house. He thereupon departed in a towering passion.

"Little is known with certainty either of his proceedings or his tenets and pretensions at this period. He remained for some time in the city of New York, exhibiting himself frequently in various parts of the city, grotesquely but meanly clad, and sometimes mounted upon an old and half starved horse, — wandering from place to place, — preaching whenever he could find listeners, — and attracting little attention, except from the younger members of the population, who used to gather round him with wondering eyes, and an evident disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, which was kept within bounds by his fierce looks, and his apparent activity and strength of body. As yet his proceedings were seldom, if ever, mentioned in the public prints, and although some curiosity existed respecting him, it was confined to a narrow circle of observers."

Mr. Stone gives a detailed, and a very interesting account of the rise and progress of a fanatical community in New York, previous to the appearance of Matthews, and forming an apt preparation for him. We have already alluded to this circumstance; and for farther detail, we must refer to the work itself. Nor will our limits allow us to recapitulate the gradual steps, by which he obtained a mastery over the small circle of his deluded followers, and at length persuaded two of them to convey to him, "*according to the forms of the Gentile law*," the title to a beautiful country seat at Mount Pleasant, on the North River, to which he gave the name of Mount Zion, and where he established "the Father's House." Here he collected his own children, one or two domestics of both colors, and these, with the families of Pierson and Folger, appeared to have formed his kingdom. A very curious narrative, drawn up by Mr. and Mrs. Folger, and containing such details as they deemed it ex-

pedient to communicate, forms a part of Mr. Stone's work. The facts set forth in it seem to be principally those, which appeared in evidence on the trial for the murder of Pierson. The newspapers have teemed with these and other details of a character still more monstrous and disgusting. Mr. Stone makes a strong appeal to the charity of the public to withhold their belief from these latter statements, and we are willing, for the credit of our common humanity, to leave the force of that appeal unimpaired.

The audacious career of Matthews was finally arrested by the death of Mr. Pierson, under very suspicious circumstances. The little community at Mount Zion was already beginning to grow weary of the intolerable and senseless severities of Matthias. He was a perfect barbarian ; and if he had not lost his wits, had lost, if he ever possessed them, all the good feelings of the human heart. Privation of the comforts of life, hard labor, interminable vociferation which he called preaching, the cowskin, and frantic curses were the cheerless delights of his paradise. At last Mr. Pierson, who appears to have been afflicted with some kind of fits, became rapidly worse. The remorseless wretch allowed him to receive no medical assistance ; not even the ordinary aids of nursing and diet. If he fell from his bed in his convulsions, he was allowed to lie on the floor ; and when the common sense of Mrs. Folger revolted against the ghastly fanaticism that ruled in the establishment, and insisted that he should have a draught of cold water, the inhuman knave poured it down, from a height of four or five feet, into his throat, as he lay gasping. "This operation," says Mrs. Folger, "caused a shocking noise or gurgling in the throat, which she could not remain to hear." The rest we give in Mrs. Folger's words.

"When she returned, this noise had ceased, and Matthias had ceased to give him drink. Mr. Pierson had fits now in rapid succession, and the peculiar noise he made could be heard in every part of the house. The colored woman inquired if she should remain with Mr. Pierson, but Matthias said, no, and directed her to go to bed, and retired himself. Mrs. Folger and the colored woman sat up with him, however, until 12 o'clock, when Mrs. Folger laid herself down, only to rest, feeling that her health required it ; but she did not sleep, — constantly hearing Mr. Pierson until after one o'clock. Not long after the peculiar noise from Mr. Pierson ceased, she heard Matthias go to his room.

Following thither herself, she met him coming from it. The moment Matthias saw Mrs. Folger, he said Mr. Pierson was dead. Mrs. Folger was struck with surprise, and asked him how he felt, or what he thought, — she does not know which; — he replied, don't ask me now, and retired to his room."

Matthews was indicted for murdering Mr. Pierson, and the case seems to have turned on the decision of the question, whether he was poisoned. The testimony of Dr. Condict, given after a *post mortem* examination, was pretty strong in the affirmative; — but a chemical examination disclosed no poisonous substance in the contents of the stomach. We have no doubt that, on this evidence, he was rightly acquitted, although we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that arsenic was administered by Matthews to Pierson. It seems to us a stronger case could have been made out of the inhuman refusal of all proper medical and other care, and the mode in which, by pouring water from the height of four or five feet into the mouth of a dying man, his death was evidently hastened by suffocation. Matthews was acquitted on the capital charge; but sentenced to three months' imprisonment for scourging his daughter, and one for contempt of court.

Among the highly curious materials of this work are copious extracts from the diary and private papers of Mr. Pierson. They disclose plainly enough the melancholy secret of his own easy infatuation. At the bottom of all the ascetic humility of enthusiasts of this stamp lies a fund of egregious vanity and righteous self-conceit. One of the earliest entries in his diary is to this effect.

"*Monday*, 3*d Jan.* 1830. Lord Jesus, thou has committed to my care great and precious talents, some of which I see, and others I may not perceive. O, Lord, I wish to improve to the utmost all those talents thou hast given me. I would not bury one of them, but diligently improve them for thy glory. Now, Lord Jesus, I do humbly entreat thee to unfold to me in a clear manner these various talents. Show me their excellency, their value, and how to improve them in the best manner. Leave me not in ignorance concerning any one, nor suffer me to neglect or misimprove any one.

"O, Lord Jesus! help me, for I need help in these things. Lord, make thy grace sufficient for me, that I may improve thy gifts; and so that having, more may be given me.

"*Answer.* I will undertake for thee; thou seekest to glorify

me, and I will help thee: thou shalt prosper abundantly; and to him that hath, more shall be given."

Mr. Stone considers this passage as clear proof of decided *monomania.* Charity would gladly admit the explanation. Insane *he* may well be called, who, weak and stupid enough to mistake a miserable strolling driveller, as the Maker of heaven and of earth, — as such to reverence, to fear, and to endow him with lands and goods, — talks about his "great and precious talents." But let as spare this unhappy victim of a delusion, to which he paid the forfeit of his life, amidst the torments of neglected suffering. We must pardon even the arrogance, which could accept, from the miserable hands of Matthews, the prophetic commission of John the Baptist, when we see him, by a severe retribution, handed over to that merciless impostor in his dying hours; — deprived of decent atthndance; — of the comforts of a kindly tended dying bed; — left to writhe in his agonies on the floor, within the sight and hearing of the monster, who had probably hastened his end by still more active and diabolical appliances; and who mocked even his thirst for a cup of water.

We must refer to Mr. Stone's work for several highly judicious remarks, on the faults of character in the individuals most nearly concerned, which favored the growth of these delusions, and on the kindred extravagances of the times, which, though, they escape the like condemnation, are of scarcely less flagrant enormity. He deserves the thanks of the community for the pains which he has taken, to present an intelligible and instructive account of this extraordinary imposture; particularly in laying it, in a readable form, before all classes of the community. It furnishes much matter for deep and anxious reflection.

No one can perceive, without acute distress of mind, the living proof, confirmed by evidence in a court of justice, and of undoubted notoriety, that the fence which separates sanity and insanity is so slight and so easily broken down. Had any rational man, six years ago, been asked his opinion, whether it were possible, that a creature like Matthias, (or any other creature, not possessed of faculties more or less than human), could appear in our streets, our churches, our houses,—arrayed in a tawdry and nonsensical parade of fine dress, — a green frock-coat with plaid silk lining, — and announcing himself in an incoherent jumble of scripture quotations, tasteless

visions, and frantic curses, as the Supreme Being, — the answer would have been, that it was impossible, unless under circumstances, carrying with them proof positive of insanity. But such a phantom has appeared, and often as his insanity has been alleged and examined, it has been disproved. But if, supposing his appearance had been granted possible, the further question had been asked, would he find any persons weak, deluded, lost enough to believe on him, the answer would have been an indignant negative. But they are found: — the intelligent merchant, — the shrewd man of business, the pious church officer, the exemplary father of a family, the affectionate and irreproachable wife; — these are his victims; and when we say they were insane, it is merely because nothing but insanity accounts for the hideous delusion. They did not believe, because they were insane; — but we say they were insane, because they believed. If men who keep about their business, maintain their characters, make bargains, make money, and give no other proof of an impaired intellect, can fall into the belief of so revolting, so amazing a fraud and lie, who is safe? What lesser fraud and imposition may not be proposed, with the certainty of finding ready acceptance; — and who can have the heart to undertake the propagation of truth and the exposure of error, with such woful demonstration of the imbecility of the human mind?

This, however, is happily not the view of the subject in which we feel obliged to rest. It is too true, that history gives us abundant proof, that there have, in all ages and countries, been more persons than, but for such proof, could have been believed, who are prepared to fall easy victims, to *any* and *every* imposture. We rather think the more absurd it is, the readier access it finds to weak intellects. They are dazzled with the very magnificence of the pretension. If Matthews had come along, pretending merely to be a wise and learned man, he could have taken no hold of the imaginations of any class of the community, and would have continued, as he began, a ragged, sordid cheat. But the audacious loftiness of his claims was calculated, at once, either to revolt or stupify. The mass who heard of him, no doubt set him down, without ceremony, as a madman; but of those who did not so regard him, while the greater part considered him as a blasphemous imposter, some few of weak intellects, — (on which the seed of delusion might fall, as on a soil prepared by being long and deep-

ly harrowed and wrought over, till fanatical credulity was ground into their very souls,) — would be caught and overborne, by the very monstrosity of the imposition. But with all the imbecility of the human judgment, the aptitude to be deceived, the relish for high-seasoned and stimulating impostures, — the passion for being not merely deluded, but mocked, insulted, outraged by the hideous enormity of the fraud ; — with all this, the success of Matthias was limited. His kingdom, we believe, did not exceed a baker's dozen of all ages, sexes, and colors. He took the first step and with success ; but contrary to the maxim, *the first step did not cost.* A rich harvest of fanaticism had been sown and had sprung up. It was already ripe, yellow, full-eared, thick-kernelled, nodding to the sickle. He found no difficulty in enlisting his Rothman and his Knipperdoling. His John the Baptist was ready trained to his hand. His town-house and his country-house, — his carriage and his wardrobe, — and a well-stored purse, — these he had for the asking. But beyond the narrow circle of his first dupes, the delusion did not spread. The common sense of the community erected a wall around him, which he could not pass. His fanaticism seemed destitute of the quality, which makes fanaticism dangerous ; it was not contagious.

This was owing, no doubt, in some degree, to the extreme poverty of his intellect and meanness of his ambition. With such means as were thrown into his hand ; an establishment ; a fortune ; a matured jargon ; the nucleus of a community ;—his pretensions admitted, by some decent and intelligent persons ;— the ice broken ; the frightful and heaven-defying boldness of his pretensions worn off by familiarity ; the first shock met and borne by the public ; it is fearful to think what he might have accomplished, with some discretion and skill. Had he made his Mount Zion the abode of purity and of benevolence ; of an attractive and inoffensive pageantry,—had his asceticism been as humane, as it was merciless ; — had he imitated the good husbandry of the Shakers, or rested in the irreproachable austerities of self-denying enthusiasts of ancient or modern times, he might have founded a sect ; — and had he lived in barbarous ages, and added to his other qualities, a military fanaticism, he might have played the part of the prophet of Mecca. But

> " Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
> Loyal and neutral, in a moment ?

Poor Matthews's head was turned by being able to wear laced ruffles at his wrist and ride in Mr. Folger's carriage. His kingdom had come, because he had bread and butter for his children, and the undisputed authority to rave, from morning till night, at a half a dozen moon-struck men and women, in disjointed texts of Scripture and fanatical maledictions. He would not have had the audacity to project the imposture, but in the absence of the judgment and common sense necessary to carry it on.

As the moral of the whole book, we would deduce the importance of fortifying that bulwark against delusion, which consists in the intelligence of the people. It will not be practicable, perbaps, by the most diffusive system of education, entirely to obviate the possibility of renewed attempts like this; but they never can gain head, in a well informed community. Here and there, a bold and unprincipled impostor will arise, and find dupes even among those seemingly too enlightened to become his victims. But he will make no impression on a well informed public. In order to any considerable success among intelligent men, in any plan of fanaticism, there must be a considerable mixture of social thrift, nay of redeeming virtue. We have alluded to the Shakers. Anne Lee was no better than Matthews; — but her disciples, at the present day, have settled down into a score of communities of hard-working husbandmen, who plague themselves with their austerities, do no hurt to the community, and have been driven from the blasphemous pretensions of their founder, by the mere force of deference to the good sense of the age. Such probably will be the fate of the Mormonites, who (as the patriotic clergy before the revolution use to phrase it, in their prayers for the British ministry,) will no doubt "be brought to reason or to ruin." The fanatical excesses of their leaders will prosper in proportion to the ignorance and barbarity of the secluded corners of the frontier settlements, where they may fix their abode, and will be modified and disappear, as the light of an intelligent population breaks in upon their uncouth and heathenish midnight.

ART. IV. — *Classic Mythology.*

Scriptores Rerum Mythicarum Latini tres, Romæ nuper Reperti. Ad fidem codicum MSS. Guelferbytanorum, Gottingensis, Gothani et Parisiensis, Integriores edidit ac Scholiis illustravit Dr. GEORGIUS HENRICUS BODE, Ordinis Philos. Gotting. Assessor, Societatis literar. quæ Cantabrigiæ Americanorum floret Socius. Celles. 1834.

Three Latin Writers on Mythology lately discovered at Rome. A more complete Edition, from Manuscript Texts at Wolfenbuttel, Gottingen, Gotha and Paris, illustrated with Notes. By GEORGE HENRY BODE, Assessor of the Philosophical Society at Gottingen, Member of the Society of P. B. K. at Cambridge, America. 1834.

ABOUT three years ago, Angelo Maio, the discover and editor of the lost books of Cicero "de Republica," published the works of three Roman writers upon Classic Mythology. He supposes these writers to have been Hyginus, Placidus, and Leontius, who flourished after the commencement of the fifth century. The work before us is an edition of the same writers by Dr. Bode, improved by a careful comparison with manuscripts in the libraries of Wolfenbuttel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris, and illustrated with critical notes.

The name of the editor is a sufficient guaranty of the correctness and value of the work. Dr. Bode has long been known to the literary world as a profound scholar. His dissertation upon the Orphic Poetry,* which gained the prize at Gottingen, introduced him, in early youth, into the fellowship of the learned, with distinguished honors; and his career has since made good the excellent promise of his first efforts. Having resided for several years in one of the literary institutions of New England, and being well known and highly esteemed by American scholars, his departure for Germany, in 1828, was witnessed with regret by all to whom the cause of learning is dear. We learn with satisfaction that this gentleman is about to return to our land, in consequence of an invitation from the University at Cambridge, and to set up his household gods beneath the shades of Harvard.

* See North American Review, Vol. XXI, p. 388.

The collection of Roman writers on mythology, which Dr. Bode has edited, should be in the hands of every teacher, as it embodies, in a convenient form, the principal fables of classic religion, and will be found extremely useful as a book of reference. Copious extracts might be made from it, for the use of pupils, as the Latin is simple and easy, and though written at a comparatively recent period, is still for the most part classical in the construction.

The instructer must not, however, depend upon such works as this, for his knowledge of Greek and Roman mythology; the only resource for the faithful teacher is an acquaintance with classic authors. Let him drink from the very source of those "wells undefiled," whose waters have fertilized the world; let him hold communion, not through the medium of translations and commentaries, but in their original and matchless language, with those elder bards who have celebrated the praises of their gods in strains that will never be mute. The early epic, cheerful and serene as the unclouded sky in the theology which it embodies, the darker and more awful visions of tragedy, the lyric devotion, the "pictured page" of the historian, are the sources from which the genuine scholar must derive his knowledge of this most important branch of classical learning. With the hope of aiding the teacher in this pursuit, we intend to offer a few remarks which may serve as an introduction and guide to the study of classic mythology.

The classic mythology seems to have been regarded by the Greeks, with nearly the same veneration with which the Hebrew nation regarded the books of their sacred writers. The poems of Homer, Hesiod and a few others of their early bards, constitute what may be called a Greek bible. They give, according to the popular notions, a history of the creation and of the gods, and then, devoting themselves to the particular history of one nation, they detail the nature and origin and progress of Greece. The Greeks believed themselves to be the favored people of heaven; — the mighty heroes the ancestors of their race, were allied to, and descended from, the gods; — not a hill-top in their land, — not a river nor a fountain, but was the favored abode of some deity. Their faith, though not based on truth, was sincere and deep, and seems to deserve our respect and our earnest consideration.

These remarks, however, do not equally apply to the religion of Rome, as we find it embodied in Latin literature. An

important distinction is to be made by the student between the religion of Greece, which is contained in the poems of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, and the dramatic writers, and that of Rome, as set forth in the writings of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. It may be explained in a few words; the poets of Greece were, in some degree at least, believers in the religion which they celebrated; the poets of Rome were not. The Romans, it is true derived their worship, in part, from the Greeks; and the general features of the two are similar. Probably, too, the worship of the uneducated class in Rome, in the days of Augustus, was as sincere as that of the same class in Greece in the time of Solon; but the more elevated ranks, the enlightened and educated men in Rome, either regarded it as a vain and worthless superstition, or amused themselves with its poetry; they placed no faith in it. As it is from this class, however, that the student of the present day must derive his knowledge of Roman religion, it seems to be worth a moment's attention to investigate the differences which this want of belief has introduced between Greek and Roman mythology, as embodied by the poets.

In the first place, then, the characters of the gods, as they are portrayed by the Greek poets, are more elevated and pleasing, than they are made to appear by Roman writers. They are chargeable with great deficiencies in both; they are haughty, tyrannical, passionate; occasionally displaying the most ridiculous weaknesses of humanity; but in the Greek poets they are invested with the majesty and glory of immortals. We feel, as we stand in their presence, that they are not of earthly race; they inspire us with awe; they vindicate their celestial nature. In the Roman poets they are endowed, not with immortal natures, but only with more than human power. They are essentially human in their language and actions.

The Greek writers abound in descriptions of the personal appearance of the gods; they exhibit them in every variety of situation and employment, with a minuteness of description which might serve as a guide to the painter and sculptor. Phidias is supposed to have derived from Homer those grand ideas of the immortal forms, which he has embodied in marble and ivory. The Latin poets, on the contrary, give but few such descriptions. Who, for instance, could form any idea of the figure of Juno from the Æneid, through the whole of which she is made to play a conspicuous part? Many of the gods are

not mentioned in the poem; and with the exception of the sixth book, which we regard as a distinct and peculiar effort of genius, and one or two allegorical passages, the portraits of the immortals are extremely slight and indistinct. The Iliad, on the other hand, embodies almost an entire theogony; and the representations of the deities are made with such care and minuteness, that they seem to stand visibly before us.

The cause of this difference between the Greek and Roman poets is obvious. To Homer and Hesiod was allotted the proud duty of making known to their countrymen the gods who watched over them, and from whom they were descended. They rose at once to the rank and dignity of prophets. To them had been revealed the splendid vision of Olympus, the pavement of gold, the gorgeous throne of Jove, the flaming car of Minerva, the portals of heaven, watched by the Hours, and spontaneously unfolding at the approach of the celestial messengers. For them the impenetrable veil of the past had been removed, and they had gazed upon the infancy of creation, — they had seen primeval Chaos, and Love, eldest of the immortals, moving in solitude over the tenantless earth, — then, as a glorious vision, rose up before them the children of heaven in glittering array, immortal in their nature, and irresistible in their power. They had listened to the hymns of the muses, and received from their hands the laurel bough, the token of kindred inspiration; and they knew that from their lips would proceed, as the responses of an oracle, the religion of their land.

In the days of Virgil, Ovid and Horace, nothing remained to be declared respecting the gods. The early Greek poems were familiar to all readers, and the statuary, which was brought from Greece, had so established the persons and attributes of the deities in the minds of the people, that description seemed superfluous. It was only when allegory assumed the place of simple faith, as in the celebrated instance of Fame in the Æneid, that there was any occasion for minute or accurate representations of the celestial forms.

Another effect of the want of faith in Latin poetry, especially the Æneid, is to render the appearance and interposition of the gods in reality, what it is very properly called, — machinery. It is mere machinery, and in many instances nearly as clumsy as the abortive contrivances of a theatre. In Virgil, it is like the strings and wooden joints with which the

limbs of a puppet are moved. In Homer, it is the natural and spontaneous motion of the muscles, easy, graceful, and strong.

But, to the modern student, the most important consequence of this difference in the degree of faith reposed in their religion by the Greeks and the Romans, is undoubtedly to be traced in the moral effect of the study, as pursued in the one language or the other. In forming an opinion of the propriety or indecency of any work, the first and most important consideration is the intention of the writer. Was his object a bad one? Did he intend to excite the passions, to throw a false lustre upon vice, to bewilder the ideas of right and wrong? Was his mind, in a word, filled with impurity, a source from which no good thoughts could proceed? It is the spirit, not the letter, which constitutes the objection to a work. Who would think of applying the term indecent to a work upon surgery or natural history? And, on the contrary, how easy it is to clothe the most revolting ideas in the language of refinement! Moreover, the mind of the reader must be in a depraved state to discover indelicacy where the thoughts of the writer were unsullied; — none but the falsely educated, or the depraved in their imagination, would discover food for the passions, for instance, in the sculpture of Greece; and so it is with regard to the descriptions of the gods.

It is with such views, that we must examine the Greek and Roman mythology. In the former we shall find, it is true, a few passages which should be sealed up from the student; but they are very rare, and do not appear to have been dictated by impure minds. In general, the Greek writers are singularly free from the charge of indecency; — their own thoughts were evidently unsullied; they never degraded their beautiful theology, by rendering it the exciter of unholy passions; they never descended from the lofty station they occupied as the interpreters of the gods, to minister at the altars of indecency and wantonness.

But the same undefiled spirit is not always discoverable in the poets of Rome. There, poetry was the growth of a dissolute and ribald age. Epicureanism had usurped the place of religion, and had spread its seducing snares round many of the noblest minds. Lucretius and Horace were professedly its disciples; — and Ovid, in his voluptuous elegance, must also be ranked with them. From every side arose the sound of

revelry and debauch; not yet degraded to the vulgar wantonness of Messalina, but warbling in the delicious and ensnaring lays of Horace and Catullus, as, crowned with garlands and redolent of perfumes, they reclined through the live-long day in the shades of the luxurious gardens of Mæcenas, or on the banks of the rushing Anio. By such minds as these, the fair religion of Greece was viewed only in its poetic form, and was easily perverted to the channel of their licentious dreams.

Wherever, then, the mythology of Greece is found degraded by later writers to the base office of exciting passion, of arraying indecency in the garb of allurement, it is to be set down as unworthy of its origin; as throwing no light upon the sincere worship of the ancients, and adding nothing to the knowledge of the student, except to shew him that the poets of Rome flourished in a degenerate age. To the scholar we would say, then, expurgate your Horaces and your Ovids, till not an obscene thought shall stain their pages; and you may be sure that nothing will be lost in your inquiries respecting the classic religion.

With these exceptions, much of beauty and grandeur may be discovered in the classic mythology, whether we study it in the Greek or in the Latin language. Nor shall we find much difficulty in distinguishing its most remarkable and interesting characteristics. The first and most important of these is, that it invests matter with mind; it beholds in the visible world only the embodying of spirit, — the dwelling-place of the unseen and unsubstantial essence of life. In the view of the early Greeks, the world was not merely instinct with life, it was the habitation of divinity. As the human body is the tabernacle of the soul, so they believed the universe around them, the heavenly bodies, the earth and sea, rivers and fountains, trees and flowers, mountains and valleys, to be only the haunts of superior and more etherial nature. But they saw that the frame of man is perishable; it grows old and dies, and is no longer the habitation of spirit. On the other hand, the elements seem to be eternal; the world shows no signs of age; the rivers flow on in undiminished grandeur through countless ages. The ceaseless rolling of the immeasurable sea, the undimmed lustre of the sun and moon and stars, the everlasting hills, the freshness and glory of returning spring, all spoke to them of eternal duration; and they believed that the Soul, which had enshrined itself in a home, over which time has no

influence, must likewise be eternal; it was more enduring and of greater power than the soul of man, which needs its habitation but a span of years, and then consigns it to decay and oblivion; it was divine in its nature; it was God. Hence, in their eyes, outward nature was invested with a dignity and grandeur, which rendered it holy, and impressed them with veneration and awe. It was the embodying of the divinity; their deep and dark groves, their fountains, the mountain tops, the firmament, the unexplored caverns of the ocean, were consecrated as the permanent habitation of their gods.

It was this trait in the classic mythology, which rendered it so highly poetical. With the Greeks, all that belonged to poetry belonged also peculiarly to religion. The same name was applied in their language to the prophet and the bard; and they hailed the fancies of the poet as revelations from their gods. Hence, as the Grecian bard sang the praises of the immortals, the lively minds of that gifted race welcomed and repeated the beautiful fictions, which added new charms to their religion. In man's connection with the outward world, they beheld his communion with the gods. Was the fair youth drowned in the dark waters of the sea? It was the tutelary nymphs who, enamored of his beauty, had carried him down to their blissful abodes, to enjoy with them an eternity of happiness beyond the reach of the pains and sorrows of human life. Was the lovely maiden lost to her companions, as she gathered flowers on the fields of Ætna? She was not dead; she was reigning in awful pomp over the world of shades, by the side of her stately consort, who had braved the hated light of the upper earth to win her. The fires that blazed from the unfathomed crater of the volcano, the planets that glittered in the firmament, the golden clouds, bathed in the effulgence of the setting sun, the winds that wafted perfumes from the balmy south, or rushed in their terrors from the unknown north, the mysterious songs that echoed from the shores of Ausonia, the enchanted fruit that ripened in the garden of the Hesperides, the trees that dropped amber on the banks of the king of rivers, were all intimately connected with this poetic religion, and spoke to man of his dependence on the gods.

The effect of thus embodying divinity in the outward world, was to increase very rapidly the number of deities. Every spot had its peculiar genius; each element was the habitation of a God; no branch of human industry, no pursuit in which

body or mind was engaged, no portion of the varied universe was without its tutelary deity. The number of gods, worshipped in Greece, is said to have been about thirty thousand; and they became so numerous in Rome, that it was at length found necessary to dispose of them by colonization. This vast number of deities is generally spoken of by writers on mythology, as a disgraceful feature in the religion of Greece and Rome; as only rendering their idolatry more disgusting; and as a still wider deviation from the worship of the true God. We are, however, inclined to view it under a more favorable aspect; it may be regarded as the natural conclusion of a mind, enlightened by no revelation, but discovering the traces of more than mortal power in every object of the universe; — perceiving new forms, and more wonderful indications of creative spirit, the farther it investigated nature, and assigning to each varying department a peculiar divinity. Could such a mind have extended its research still farther, it would undoubtedly have found in the endless wonders which present themselves, the proofs of a still greater number of deities, and have multiplied the theogony far beyond the point to which it was actually carried. But the question at once arises, to what result would such progress have at length extended? When and where would it have been arrested? To this we can only reply, that we believe its tendency was towards the knowledge of the one Infinite and Omnipotent God. To enlightened and reflecting worshippers, the word needed but to be spoken, which could explain the mystery of the universe, and make it plain, that in every portion there was but the same all-pervading nature; which could reconcile the contradiction of the elements and explain their union; which, like the key-stone of the universe, was to bind all in perfect and indissoluble order; — and this word was God. Towards this grand idea, the religion of Greece seems to us to have been constantly verging; it beamed on the soul of Socrates; it hallowed the thoughts of Plato; it was not unknown to the vast mind of Cicero.

Another remarkable characteristic of the classic religion, was its intimate connection with the concerns of life. It was not peculiarly set apart for certain days and particular rites, and consecrated exclusively to temples and sacred spots. True, it abounded in ceremonies; it reared to the honor of the gods temples, whose proportions are immortal; and enshrined within them those matchless forms, which have been the wonder of

all succeeding ages; it honored certain days of every year with august celebrations; but it found other shrines as sacred as the altars of the Parthenon; other rites as holy as the mysteries of Eleusis; other days as religious as the Saturnalia and the Thesmophoria. The domestic worship of the ancients, especially the Romans, is among the most beautiful portions of their religion, and seems to have been considered of equal importance and sacredness with their public rites. It had even greater attractions; the hearths, where burned a fire as pure as that over which the victims were immolated, seemed to be the shrine of the domestic affections; the altars of the Genius of Home. Here, were offered up the vows of conjugal fidelity, of parental love, of filial duty; here was the last retreat from sorrow and adversity, the innermost citadel of the dearest of man's possessions. The Penates, who never abandoned the individual over whom they had peculiar charge, who shared with him alike his prosperity and his misfortunes, who retreated with him from his burning and tottering mansion and his ruined city, and, wherever he again established his home, still presided over the new precincts and made them holy; the Lares, who watched over the weary traveller and guarded him from harm; the Triviæ, who lighted his footsteps; the Genii, who presided at the happy birth-day, were all of a character to attract the love as well as veneration of their worshippers. But the classic worship extended even farther than this; it conferred a degree of sanctity upon all the occupations, interests and amusements of men, and rendered them acts of religion. For every branch of industry, every recreation, every enterprise, civil or military, there was some peculiar presiding deity, to whom acceptable homage was offered by the very act performed.

From the whole land of Greece, then, arose one universal sound of devotion and praise. The laborer worshipped his gods by his toils in the garden and the vineyard; offerings of praise ascended from all who were engaged in the different vocations of active life; from the shepherd, and the goatherd, and the mariner; from the hunter who followed the moonlight chase over the hills of Bœotia, the virgins that revelled on the vine-clad steeps of Taygetus, or bathed in the waves of the Sperchius, the bards and the heroes who contended for the prize at Olympia, the warrior who rode triumphant over the

field of carnage, and directed the storm of battle from his blood-dripping car.

Finally, the classic mythology was characterized by the grand ideas which it revealed, and through which it acted with almost incalculable power on the national mind, both in Greece and Rome. It distinctly taught the doctrine of immortal life after death; of happiness for the good, and punishment for the wicked. The belief in the soul's annihilation seems never to have been generally entertained in Greece. Homer speaks of a dim and shadowy existence, which continued after the termination of the present life, though not of a nature to console and cheer by the prospect. Achilles gives a melancholy representation to Ulysses of his existence in the world of shades. But visions of a happier existence seem also to have visited the mind of the great poet. In the fourth book of the Odyssey, where Menelaus relates to Telemachus the splendid prophecy of Proteus respecting himself, we find a beautiful description of the Elysian fields.

Pindar, in his second Olympic, gives a beautiful picture of the habitation of the virtuous after death.

"————they,
Alike by night, alike by day,
Behold the glory of the sun;
Their lives unlaboring pass away;
They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground,
Not yet upturn the waters of the sea
For empty aliment:
But in the blessed company
Of spirits, by the gods with honor crowned,
Men who rejoiced to keep their oaths unshent,
Their days through tearless ages run.

And they that thrice above, below
This earth, with transmigrating entity
Have stood their trial, passing to and fro,
And from the unjust society,
Have kept their souls aloof and free;
They take the way which Jove did long ordain,
To Saturn's ancient tower beside the deep;
Where gales, that softly breathe,
Fresh springing from the bosom of the main,
Through islands of the blessed blow.
And flowers, like burning gold of hue,

Some on the green earth creep;
Some bourgeon on the splendid trees;
Some in cool nurturing streams their blossoms steep;
The blissful troops, of these,
For their twined wrists inwoven bracelets wreathe,
And garlands for their brow."

But besides this, there was still a higher state of being, which, though attained by very few, seems to have held out hopes and encouragement to all. Those great men who, by their splendid achievements, by the good they had done to their country and to mankind, by their patience under labors, perils and suffering, their piety and obedience to the gods, their incorruptible faith, their justice, their filial reverence, had far distinguished themselves above their fellow-men, were not merely rewarded by a life of peace and pleasure in the Elysian fields, or the islands of the blest; they were transferred at once to the glorious mansions of Olympus, allied to the immortals, invited to the *symposium* of Jove, and worshipped by grateful mortals, in whose minds the memory of their benefits was never to fade away.

It is worthy of remark, that this apotheosis of their heroes seems to have been more distinctly impressed upon the belief of the Greeks, than the after-existence of the virtuous. Death was to them the greatest of enemies; and the hope of a future life does not appear to have been sufficiently strong to deprive their last moments of terror. The great object, the absorbing wish of the Grecian hero, was to conquer death, to which he believed that his gods were not subject. The religion, which held out to him the hope of allying himself to the immortals, and thus escaping the passage of the dark valley, must be regarded as rising in its attractions and the sublimity of its promises, above anything that paganism had previously offered.

But the action of the classic mythology upon the minds of its believers was not less remarkable in the new ideas of power which it disclosed, than in the hopes it held forth. It was distinguished by making known the existence of greater Power, than had before been conceived by any save those who worshipped the true God. It went beyond the elements and revealed their Creator; it enshrined in the stars a ruling Spirit; it assigned to the universe a Master; it spoke to the mind of a superior Intelligence; and the influence which it thus ex-

erted was attended with consequences so remarkable, that it is worth a moment's attention to trace them.

The revelation of the knowledge of greater power, of vaster intelligence, in a word, of mind, differing in capacity, not in nature, from the human, is necessarily attended by an increase of capacity in the mind to which this knowledge is conveyed. When the sublime idea of Infinite Power has dawned upon the soul, it increases capacity by awakening thought. It appeals to the deepest and most intense interests of man; it speaks of his eternal nature, his powers, prospects, hopes and destinies. Such knowledge, also, gives the proper direction to thought, leading it into paths which terminate in the Infinite, and preventing the waste of strength on subjects which are obscured by falsehood, and which can never afford satisfactory results. It directs the mind to all that is immutably true, reveals the everlasting laws of taste, and leads to the study of the intrinsically beautiful. It increases the powers, because it addresses itself to a kindred immortality; because it speaks to the profound and eternal principles of the mind, as "deep calls unto deep."

Moreover, the mind is strengthened by the knowledge of infinite power, because in this way the qualities are developed in their just proportions; every principle of the mind is exercised alike; and one faculty is not allowed to grow up at the expense of others. The moral powers are thus cultivated equally with the intellectual, reason is elevated, hope is placed on a sure foundation, thought is illumined, all becomes radiant with life and energy, and the soul grows up in immortal proportions, which are to gather new power and loveliness through eternity.

But besides this, the knowledge of an infinite power is necessary to reconcile and harmonize the various faculties and propensities of the mind. If it be true that the mystery of the universe around us, the conflicting elements, the varying worlds, the thousand different existences, can only be explained by the knowledge of God, much more is this the case, with regard to the universe of soul, in which the apparent contradictions are greater than those in the world around us; the passions that rage are fiercer than the winds and the waves, the powers stronger than the elements, the hopes and aspirations loftier than the stars. The idea of the Infinite reconciles the jarring elements, shews the object and explains the agreement of the

faculties; it reveals the soul to itself, satisfies its doubts and apprehensions, and shews the perfection of its nature, in which all the varying powers and apparently contending elements have, in reality, but one common object, and are united in the end in perfect and uninterrupted harmony.

Briefly, then, the idea of the Infinite increases the powers, by developing the germ of immortality and infinity, which is wrapped up in the soul, as the sun calls forth the fruit from the tender bud. It speaks with a kindred voice to every faculty of the mind; it meets with genial power every lofty thought, every high and holy imagining, every aspiration for a better and purer state of existence. It opens a boundless field for the operation of mind. Here, "may the heart muse till the fire burn;" here, ardent hopes will meet with no repulse; here, visions of greater loveliness than the earth can boast, not transitory and fading like the vain fabric of a dream, but founded in truth and enduring to eternity, thoughts that will never die, rise up in beautiful succession, and respond to the glorious power which summons them.

Of this nature, though in a limited degree, was the influence exerted by the classic religion upon the minds of its believers. It established the worship of mind instead of nature, made known to man a vaster intelligence, and directed his worship to objects of a nature in reality superior to his own. Religion, then, began to elevate instead of degrading the mind, as it had done before; hope was held out as a motive, instead of fear; morals began to be inculcated, and duties of a higher kind than mere outward ceremonies were taught. Human nature seemed to be exalted above the condition in which it had previously existed; men began to know and to reverence their own souls, to comprehend the power and duration of mind, its triumph over matter, its divine origin.

To this influence of the classic religion, we attribute in a great degree the learning, refinement and power of the Grecian nations. It elevated the national intellect, and with superior intelligence came immediately superior power, and a mighty progress in the arts and literature. It was then first made known to the world, that the most precious possessions of a country are its worthy children, the best riches are intelligence, and freedom, the companion of intellectual cultivation. This great lesson was taught in the strains of Homer and the

living marble of Praxiteles; it was repeated in every revolving Olympiad; it was illustrated by the countless myriads of Persia, who came like waves of the sea to spend their vain strength at Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ.

The religion of Greece, then, accomplished a mighty work. It actually advanced mankind one step, never to be retraced, on the way to that degree of knowledge and refinement for which they seem to be destined; and in some degree put an end to that worship of material existence, which had previously degraded and chained down the mind. In the fulness of time, too, this religion was doomed to fall, because the truth was but partially found in it, and because men were ready for higher and better things. Like the beautiful fairy in the eastern tale, who perished for the want of the vainly sought promegranate seed, the spirit of classic mythology at length passed away; but not till it had conquered and destroyed the hideous genius of material worship, and restored the deformed soul to its original and lovely proportions.

If these remarks are just, they will do something to rescue the study of the classic mythology from the opprobrium that has been cast upon it; to shew that it may be pursued without corrupting and degrading the mind, and that there are beautiful and interesting features in it, if we will but seek for them. Still, it will be asked, What is the use of studying this mythology? Why spend our time upon the discarded and forgotten notions of a people who lived, at best, in the glimmering light of paganism, and who can exert no influence upon the present state of society?

To this we reply, in the first place, that it is the key to ancient art; it explains and renders interesting what would otherwise be incomprehensible and vague as the unknown hieroglyphic. Without the knowledge of the mythology, the collections and remains of Grecian and Roman art would be devoid of meaning, and of comparatively trifling interest; the beautiful forms of the Apollos and the Venuses, the majestic proportions of the Pantheon, the storied frieze of the Parthenon, would convey no definite idea to the mind; and those noble halls and galleries, where the traveller gratifies his longing eye, and the artist awakens his genius at the shrine of divinities in whose lineaments the fire of elder inspiration is yet burning; the grand and solemn ruins over which thousands of years have spread their sacred mantle, those frescoed walls on which the Luculli

and the Cæsars loved to gaze, the mosaic pavements which graced the halls of Cicero, would speak only insoluble enigmas. The objects of classic art, which have been preserved, and the fabled religion of Greece and Rome, respond beautifully to each other; and they should be studied in connexion.

The mythology, however, does more than merely satisfy curiosity as to the name and attributes which each statue represents; it reveals to us the spirit of ancient art, shews us the causes which called it into being, the secret of its development, the mystery of its perfections. We have already pointed out that remarkable characteristic of the religion of Greece, by which it universally invests matter with mind, assigning to every object in nature its own in-dwelling deity. But it went beyond this: not content with worshipping through the outward form of the universe, it sought to gaze directly upon the spirit with which matter is inspired, and to behold face to face the divinity who was but too faintly exhibited in his works. Hence arose sculpture, the earliest and the latest effort to reveal the divine existence to man; it assumed, as was to be expected, that form which is superior to all other natures, and fashioning it in ideal beauty, shewed to adoring multitudes the splendid manifestation of celestial being, in the forms of the Jupiter of Phidias, the Venus of Cleomenes, and the Apollo of the Vatican.

But of still higher importance, is the connexion of the mythology with classic literature, especially to the American student, for whom access to the highest objects of art is difficult or impossible. This argument in favor of the study of mythology is the one most commonly brought forward; it is remarked, and with propriety, that much would be unintelligible in the classic writers without this knowledge, — many allusions would be lost, — many passages obscure, — much of the interest diminished. These remarks are undoubtedly just as far as they extend; but they do not seem to do justice to the cause which they attempt to vindicate. The knowledge which they imply may be of a very inferior sort, a mere catalogue of idle names or school-boy tales. We are far from insisting upon a minute knowledge of names and dates in this branch of learning. For the professed scholar, indeed, it is necessary; but such knowledge should not be a principal object with the student. Were no other light to be thrown upon classic literature by the mythology, than the gossiping information too com-

monly given in our schools and those of England, that certain names stand for certain individuals, or places, that Pan means the god of shepherds, Minerva the goddess of wisdom, Arethusa a woman changed into a fountain in Ortygia, and so on to the end of the chapter; if no deductions are to be drawn from these facts, and mythology does nothing more than announce them, the study of it may perhaps deserve to be ridiculed. But it extends far beyond this; it does not merely illustrate ancient literature; it absolutely called it into being, and constitutes the very spirit of its existence. The deep devotion of the early Greek poets, connecting the history of their nation with the worship of the gods, and ennobling their origin by the revelations of their religion, first gave birth to their literature. It was the result of profound faith and ardent devotion; the picture of a mind, in which patriotism and poetic imagination were beautifully blended, and fixed their stamp indelibly upon the thoughts. To appreciate this literature, it is necessary to assume, as far as possible, the state of mind which dictated it; to stand in the place of the poet; to look back with him upon an ancestral race of heroes and demi-gods, now enshrined in the palace of Olympus; to behold with his eye the glorious train of the immortals, watching over the concerns of man, and directing the universe; in short to comprehend the spirit, not merely the outward form of his religion.

The different influences, exerted upon literature by the classic religion and by Christianity, may be remarkably illustrated by a comparison between ancient and modern tragedy. The leading characteristic of Greek tragedy, as Schlegel remarks, is the idea of fate upon which it was founded. The notion of fate, as thus illustrated, was of the most dark and awful kind. As understood by the tragedians, fate was consummate and irresistible; power, swaying alike the gods and mortals; for man it was the most dreaded of enemies, uncompromising and merciless, propitiated neither by prayers nor sacrifices, accepting no worship, offering no good. It was manifested in the power of the elements, which conquered and destroyed him; in the majestic rolling on of time, in the misfortunes and sorrows of life, and lastly, in the dreaded event of death. Nor were the gods more exempt from its terrible influences; their immortality only subjected them the more surely to its power; in the sufferings it inflicted upon them, they longed for death; but they longed in vain. Fate, as thus conceived, seems to

have resembled, in respect to its power, our idea of the power of Providence; but in all other points the ideas of Fate and Providence are widely at variance. Providence is a power which calls into being, clothes with beauty and develops in perfection. Fate exerted no influence but to crush, torment and destroy; it gave birth to no new existence, nor added anything to the beauty of creation; it found no pleasure in happiness, no sorrow in misery; dark and mysterious as the night, it was only seen by the lurid glare of the ruin it wrought. Providence exerts a benign action on the mind, calling forth thought and developing moral worth. Fate operated upon the mind only through physical suffering; it carried on an eternal warfare with the soul, whose indomitable will defied, while it submitted to necessity. Providence confers inward power; Fate sports with outward weakness; the former unfolds the immortal principle contained in the soul, and reveals the prospect of eternal life; the latter encompasses the mind with the dark shadow of death, or terrifies it with the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery. Fate, as thus viewed, constituted the spirit of Greek tragedy. A power, from which there is no hope of escape and no appeal, which is superior to the might of the gods themselves, implacable as the storm and inevitable as time, afforded subjects for tragedy in the ordinary pursuits of life; but still more in the immortal existences, the splendor of whose station only rendered their sorrows more conspicuous and awful.

This idea of Fate led to a very remarkable difference between ancient and modern tragedy, in the choice of subjects of suffering. Ancient tragedy sought for its heroes the most exalted, powerful, and even virtuous characters; it delighted to exhibit the sublime spectacle of an immortal nature, overwhelmed by the power of fate, yet in the midst of calamities and sufferings not to be imagined without horror, bearing up against an eternity of woe, and defying and even insulting the force to which it is compelled to yield. Unlike the awful creation in which the interest of the Paradise Lost is centred, the heroes of ancient tragedy were often the friends and benefactors of mankind; or if they were stained with crime, it was not the result of their own will, but of the malignant operation of a destiny which they could neither foresee nor avert. Modern tragedy, on the other hand, seems to choose for subjects characters which, however virtuous and attractive, fall short of

the splendid attributes with which the ancient heroes were invested. They have not the same power of endurance and indomitable will; they yield to sorrow; they make us weep for their frailty, their tenderness, their misery; they seek relief from the weight of woe in death; and the genius of modern tragedy chants over them, as they go down to the tomb, her solemn and heart-melting requiem, far differing from the sublime and triumphant strains which are sounded forth by the unconquered and immortal heroes of the Grecian drama. In general, the characters to which the interest of Shakspeare's tragedy principally belongs, are not of the highest intellectual or moral power. Goethe's remarks upon Hamlet will apply, in this respect, to many of the other characters. In his fine critique upon this play, he remarks, "To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him, the present is too hard. Impossibilities are required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind."* There is a yielding to misfortune, a feebleness, which equally seems to mark the characters of Lear, Romeo, Othello and Macbeth. The character in Shakspeare, which appears in some points to approach nearest to the subjects of ancient drama, is Lady Macbeth. In the power of her mind, in the boldness and decision with which she plans and executes crime, in her scorn for weakness, her freedom from fear and remorse, she may well be compared with the Medea of Euripides. Still, there are vast differences between the two. Lady Macbeth is absorbed by one ruling passion; the love of power, the burning desire to reign. In the horrors of the chamber of murder, at the awful feast where the dead mingle with the living in their revels, in the haunted

* Wilhelm Meister.

sleep-walk, she still clings to the blood-stained diadem with which crime has encircled her brow. There is no tragedy for her; her march is triumphant to the throne; and the last words we hear from her, reveal a mind still victorious over remorse. She is to be regarded as the source rather than the object of tragedy; she seems in a degree to supply the place of fate; through her influence Macbeth is urged on as by the impulse of destiny to the commission of crime; her power sustains, nerves and encourages him, and opens the path of ambition through torrents of blood. The veil is drawn over her fall; to witness it would add nothing to the interest of the drama; she retires when her task is finished, and the victim of her power and her crimes gathers into himself the depth of tragedy, which marks the close of the piece.

Like Lady Macbeth, Medea is endowed with uncommon powers of mind, boldness in crime and remorselessness of conscience; like her, she is absorbed by one ruling passion, her love for Jason. But the tragedy of the piece consists in the misery and despair with which she is surrounded. She has severed, one by one, the ties which bound her to the society of man. An outraged parent, a murdered brother, a home abandoned and left desolate, monarchs insulted and destroyed, are the sacrifices offered on the altar of her fidelity and affection for one to whom she clings as her last, solitary hope. There seems no farther retreat for her; one green spot alone remains in the wilderness her crimes have created around her; if the storm sweep over it, she is lost. The extreme misfortune, the uttermost extent of woe, is now impending; the play represents her at the moment when Jason, forgetting all that she has accomplished and all that she has sacrificed, is about to repudiate her and espouse another woman. We follow her with a dreadful interest through the ravings of despair, the conception of new and more daring crime, the struggles and agony of a mother's tenderness, contending with the pride, and hatred, and revenge of an immortal; and when, triumphant over herself and almost over fate, she disappears at last with the words of taunting and scorn on her lips, we know that she has lighted a fire in her bosom which will burn and torture her forever.

Such is the power of ancient tragedy, manifested in the voice of wailing, mingled with pride and scorn, which comes from the rock of Prometheus; in the depth and intensity of hatred and

despair in Electra; in the involuntary crimes of Œdipus, and the awful revenge of Orestes.

The cause of this difference between the subjects of ancient and those of modern tragedy is obvious; it consists in the belief of the omnipotence and the benevolent character of the deity, which has taken the place of the dark visions of fate that terrified the ancients. Their supreme power was malignant, inexorable, hostile to man. The Christian beholds in Omnipotence goodness, equal to its power; the one depresses and renders desperate; the other sustains, encourages, makes triumphant; the former was the source of tragedy; the latter conquers woe. For the Christian, there is a power which upholds and consoles in the midst of sorrow; which renders misfortune easy to bear; which robs death of his sting, and the grave of its victory. The great mind, which is fortified by this power, is beyond the reach of tragedy; in the midst of the trials and sadness of a mortal career, there is still open beyond it a blissful existence, a light shining from heaven, which sheds its lustre upon the vale of tears, and cheers the heavy-laden way-farer to his eternal home.

Lastly, the classic mythology is worthy of attention, as making known to us our own nature. This we deem the highest object of study, and the one which all efforts of learning ought to keep constantly in view. The erudition of editors and commentators, the researches of the antiquarian, the lore of the university and the monastery are wasted, except inasmuch as they tend, directly or indirectly, to promote this great object. The literature that does not contribute to this end is of little value, and soon perishes. Poetry must shew forth the nature of man by harmonizing with it, by resting on its principles, by proceeding from its depths, by reflecting as a mirror the human soul, or it will not be enduring. The same may be said of history. He who supposes that the importance of this branch of learning consists in the precedents it affords, in the amount of experience, the wisdom of ages which it sums up, errs greatly. The history of one age can be no guide to the statesman of another, except as far as it makes him acquainted with human nature, reveals to him the secret springs of action, and shews the influences by which man may be acted on singly, or in masses. Its true object is to portray an eternal nature, by representing its operations. But nothing shews forth the soul with such undisguised clearness and fidelity as

religion, the embodying of the profoundest thought, the most ardent and devout aspirations, the most far-reaching hopes. Whether religion be revealed from God, or the result only of a mind speculating upon itself and the universe around, it is in harmony with our nature, it speaks to the thoughts which previously existed, and unfolds the germs which are innate in the soul. In this way alone can it find any response; were religion to speak to us of attributes and qualities of which we are not conscious, it would gain no credence, but would be a dead letter, powerless and transitory. All religion, which is sincerely believed, which is enshrined in the heart, is in the likeness of the mind; and it reveals our nature more than anything else, because it embraces the whole circle of our faculties, and calls them forth in their just proportions; because it is the most solemn and unfeigned outpouring of the heart. Hence, one of the first inquiries respecting newly discovered tribes or nations, is with regard to their religion; and from the answer, we draw more certain deductions with respect to their intellectual and moral qualities, and their general character, than from any other facts concerning them. If we could become intimately acquainted with the religion of every country and every period, we should perhaps know far more of the variety, power and beauty of the mind, than we do at present.

But there is much of which history takes no note; — many of the deepest and most sacred attributes of man. The religion of the different ages and nations ascends in sublime concert from every portion of the habitable world; from the banks of the sacred Ganges, the mysterious haunts of Memphis, the olive groves of Attica, the blood-stained halls of the worshippers of Odin, the gorgeous temples of Mexico, the pleasant hunting-grounds of the Delaware, over which the benign spirit of the south breathes a second and lovelier summer. Millions of high and noble minds, unknown to observation, and seen only by the Author of their being, have blended their ardent devotion in the solemn anthem of the nations. Their longing desires, their deep-seated hopes, the offerings of gratitude, the faith of the mother weeping over the tomb of her children, yet believing that her treasures are laid up in heaven, the love which death cannot conquer, and the friendship which the grave cannot sever, may have passed without notice on the earth; — but there is a history whose records are written in heaven, and whose living page, blotted perhaps with the tears

of the recording angel, is unrolled before the throne of the Almighty. It is the history of man as a religious being; the history of the soul; of its errors in the darkness of paganism; its efforts to burst into futurity; the fair creations which it summoned up, lighted by the fires of imagination, yet ever varying and fading like the glories of a sunset sky; its long wanderings, when, roaming dove-like over the encompassing deluge, it found nought but the olive branch of hope, and finally the rapture with which it welcomed the tidings of Revelation. In this momentous history, the religion of Greece and Rome occupies no small nor insignificant place. It shews the utmost verge which man, unaided by light from heaven, can reach; the native dignity, and grace, and athletic strength of the mind; the stern force with which, like the primeval race of Titans, it strove to mount to Olympus; the sublime resignation with which it awaited the coming of the last great foe. Happily for the scholar, happily for all who would be versed in the lore of the soul, this eventful portion of the spiritual history of man has been embodied in a literature, which is destined to endure till human nature itself shall be changed.

Art. V. — *The Laboring Classes in Europe.*

1. *A Lecture on the Working Men's Party, first delivered October 6th, before the Charlestown Lyceum, and published at their request.* By Edward Everett. Boston. 1830.
2. *An Oration delivered before the Trades' Union of Boston and Vicinity, on Fort Hill, on the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of American Independence.* By Frederic Robinson. Boston. 1834.
3. *The Rights of Industry, addressed to the Working Men of the United Kingdom.* By the Author of "The Results of Machinery." Philadelphia. 1832.

We have not selected the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, because they are recent, or unknown

to our readers, but in order to enable us to direct the public attention to the subject of which they treat.

There is no more universal characteristic of human nature, than a disposition to find fault with our present condition, whatever it may be. Every body praises the age that has gone by, and looks forward to a future day as one which shall bring relief to all present inconveniences. It is this propensity to discontent, on which modern reformers are so ready to seize for the purpose of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. They assume the existence of acknowledged evils, and thence endeavor to draw the conclusion that the cause of these evils is what they would pretend to reform. They depict the horrors of poverty, the pride and luxurious indolence of the rich, and forthwith preach up a crusade against wealth, and the laws by which it is protected. In this way, covert attacks are daily made upon our own institutions and laws; and as their conclusions are apparently drawn from acknowledged facts, honest minds are often deceived, and discontent is excited, when no cause of complaint in fact exists.

There is no more common mode of attempting to mislead the public sentiment, than by describing a state of things existing in other countries, and assuming that it exists also in our own. Men talk very correctly of the evils of an established aristocracy, with its hereditary wealth, its vices and its power; and having done so, they stamp the picture with an American name, in order to excite jealousies among our own citizens; when, in fact, the description is no more a delineation of American manners and institutions, than a Norwegian landscape resembles the vine-clad hills of France or Italy. It is thus that the outcry about the rights of the "working men" has been raised so loudly in our country. We are told of the condition of these classes in England; of the starving mechanic and the oppressed manufacturer; of the poor-houses, crowded with healthy laborers, destitute of the ordinary necessaries of life; and in the same breath an appeal is made to the mechanic and manufacturer here, to subvert the laws, which grind down the laboring classes to the dust; as if there were some real analogy between our condition and that of England, in respect to the laws which regulate property, the means of subsistence, or the rewards of industry.

So many appeals have been made of late to the prejudices of the people, and so much misconstruction and misrep-

resentation have been resorted to, with the view of exciting discontent in the community, that we have been induced to compare the condition of the laboring classes in the United States, with that of similar classes in some of the European nations. In pursuing this investigation we have had particular reference to the rate of wages, the burden of taxation, the means of subsistence, the facilities for acquiring education, and the share, if any, which these classes have in the government. The sources from which our facts have been gathered are, among others, books of travels, statistical tables, the leading English reviews, reports of Parliament, speeches delivered before that body, and other works which appeared to be of an authentic character. Our notice of several of the European nations, however, must be exceedingly brief, because the picture of the life of their peasants is too uniform to admit of much detail. Poverty, degradation, and toil, from generation to generation, form the epitome of their personal and political existence.

In most of the Northern nations, in particular, the laboring classes are alike strangers to what an American calls liberty, and to what are here regarded as the essential comforts of life.

In Norway, farms are cultivated by a class of laborers, called "house-men," who receive from the landlord a house and a quantity of land, and in return work for him at a low, fixed price, whenever he demands their labor. The ordinary food of the peasantry of the country is bread and gruel, both prepared of oatmeal, with an occasional intermixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury which they rarely enjoy.

In Sweden, the peasantry are comparatively well educated; that is, most of them can read and write. Their dress is prescribed by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish and gruel, without meat. In some districts their houses are mere log-cabins, covered with bark or turf; and, we believe, throughout the kingdom they are in general little, if at all, superior to the rude structures, which the settler rears in our western wilds.

In Denmark, the peasantry are still held in bondage, and are bought and sold together with the land on which they labor. Their food and dwelling houses are similar to those which we have just described.

In Russia, the bondage of the peasantry is even more complete, than it is in Denmark. There are, properly, but two

native classes; the noble, and the peasant, or serf. The intermediate class of industrious and independent men, who transact the commercial business of her cities, are principally foreigners, not permanently resident in the country. All the land in the empire is owned by the nobles, and whenever any portion of it is sold, the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estate. These have generally about half the time at their own disposal; but are at all times liable to be called upon to labor for their masters. The better class of the peasants live in cottages, with stables or barns attached to them, but a great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds, but sleep upon bare boards, or upon parts of the immense stoves by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the luxury of animal food, or even the addition of butter. During some seasons of the year the women are employed in the fields, as they are in many other parts of Europe.

In Poland, the condition of the serfs or laboring classes is, if possible, more degraded than in Russia. The nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. If a plebeian strike a noble, his punishment is death. We quote in this connexion the language of a recent traveller: "I travelled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland, or Denmark." Another writer, describing Poland in 1826, says, "the peasants live in wooden huts, covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes, sometimes, but not generally, peas, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat, and the chief drink is water or the cheap whisky of the country." These, it must be remembered, are not the paupers of the country, supported at the public charge, and fed by the labor of others. They are the working men; the only class that engage in honest industry and toil. They cannot rise from their state of degradation; this is alike forbidden by the long established customs of these countries, and by harsh and oppressive laws.

In two of the countries we have mentioned, Norway and

Sweden, the peasantry are represented in the diet, and of course, possess some influence in the management of the affairs of government; while in Denmark, Poland, and Russia, they must obey the will of others, and are subject to the scarcely limited control of their hereditary masters.

Germany comprises a large number of separate states, in which the condition of the laboring classes varies according to the character of their respective laws. In some, they are comparatively free and well educated; in others, the feudal burdens are still imposed upon the cultivators of the soil. In Prussia, for instance, where, notwithstanding the despotic character of the government, the people are more intelligent and free than in many of the German states, a common citizen was not, till the year 1807, permitted to purchase the estate of a noble. Nor were the nobles, prior to the year 1810, subject to any tax upon their lands.

In general, the inhabitants of the protestant states of Germany are more free and better educated, than they are in those where the catholic religion is the established one. In Austria, the most powerful of the states, the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during every day of the week, excepting Sunday. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage. In Hungary, their condition is, if possible, still worse. There is no intermediate class between the noble and the slave. The whole population exceeds eight millions, while there are only sixty thousand noble families. The nobles own the land, do no work and pay no taxes. The laboring classes are obliged to repair all the highways and bridges, are liable at any time to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce of their labor to the church, and one ninth to the lord whose land they occupy. They are also subject to various other duties and impositions. The following anecdote, which is related by a recent traveller,* will illustrate the condition of the laboring classes in Hungary. He spent a few weeks at the residence of one of the most respectable Hungarian noblemen. Taking a walk one afternoon with the count over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with

* Russell.

sufficient humility. He immediately sent to his house for some servants, and ordered them to seize, bind and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. The visitor entreated the count to put an end to such a punishment for such a trivial offence, if it were one at all. The answer was, "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares for them, give him twenty lashes more." And they were accordingly administered.

We might also state various facts, to shew the depressed state of manufactures in some of those states, and the almost starving condition of many of the artizans; but our limits will not permit us to enter into this detail.

In many of the German states, the means of education are extremely limited. In Austria the press is under a severe censorship, and nothing finds its way to the public eye, excepting what the cabinet may choose to publish. The reply of the emperor, during the session of the congress at Laybach, to the teacher of a public seminary, has often been quoted. "I want no learned men, I need no learned men, I want men who will do as I bid them." It is said that in Hungary, of whole villages, not an individual can read or write; and that, of the inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania and Croatia, all of which are within the Austrian dominions, twelve millions are entirely ignorant and uninstructed.

These remarks will present a view of the condition of the laboring classes in the states and kingdoms to which we have referred. It would be little better than mere repetition, to enlarge upon the state of the idle nobles and beggars of Italy, the priest-ridden people of Spain, or the unemployed and impoverished tradesmen and artizans of Holland or Belgium. We shall, therefore, pass at once to France.

Although our intercourse with that kingdom in the way of trade and commerce is so frequent, we know comparatively little of the actual condition of the great mass of her population. Her past history is in a measure familiar to all, but it is not so easy to determine or describe, with precise accuracy, the civil rights which are enjoyed by the people at the present day. The revolution effected a great change in the feudal condition of society and property. In 1820, about one half of the whole population were landed proprietors. About two thirds of them are now engaged in agricultural pursuits, and of

these, about five millions are not proprietors. Of the manufacturing population, between four and five millions of laborers are destitute of property.

We have not room to enter into detail as to the condition of the manufacturing classes in France, but if we can credit the statements of travellers, it is more wretched than even that of the same classes in England, to which we propose to allude more particularly, before we close. We may, however, remark here, that we have good authority for saying, that the highest wages of a cotton manufacturer in France are not more than five shillings and sixpence a week. Even these are higher than the wages of similar manufacturers in other countries on the continent. In Switzerland and Austria, they are four shillings, in the Tyrol, three shillings and ninepence, in Saxony, three shillings and sixpence, and in Prussia, two shillings and sixpence. The wages of cotton manufacturers on the continent of Europe, may be considered as varying from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents, weekly.

The population of France may be stated at thirty-two millions. Of these, seven and a half millions receive less than twenty dollars a year for their support; and nearly twenty-three millions of the inhabitants are compelled to procure the necessaries of life with from five to eight *sous*, (about the same number of cents,) daily. To an American, this statement seems to be hardly credible. Such a pittance would be insufficient to supply the meat, bread, and tea, or coffee, with their usual accompaniments, which are daily found on the tables of all classes of our citizens. The French are, consequently, compelled to live with proportionate frugality, in order to live at all; and we are informed, that seven and a half millions of the people do not eat meat, or wheaten bread. They live upon barley, rye, buck-wheat, chesnuts, and a few potatoes, and their drink is water.

In 1820, more than one hundred thousand, — one seventh part of all the inhabitants of Paris, — received support from the public charity; and one third of the inhabitants who died during the year, died in hospitals. We have no means of comparing the present state of that city with its condition at that period; but we are not aware of any material improvement in these respects.

The consequence of this general poverty of the laboring classes is, that they are compelled to work incessantly for the means of daily sustenance. During certain seasons of the

year, the women are employed in field labors. The ordinary implements of French husbandry are ill adapted to aid the farmer in his toil, and cows and asses, oxen and horses, are often seen yoked together to the same plough. It is stated by Simond, a late accurate and intelligent traveller, that the common wages of a hired laborer upon a farm, were two hundred francs yearly for men, and one hundred for women. This would give to the man in our country thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, and to the woman eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, annually. But he adds, that in consequence of short seasons, laborers were at that time very willing to work for their bread only.

The poverty of these classes, however, does not protect them from taxation. We have seen that a large proportion of the whole people are proprietors of the soil, either as owners or lessees; and we can, therefore, form an idea of the extent of taxation in France, when we learn that the taxes upon the lands are equal to one fifth of its net produce. So that a man, who should rent his farm for one hundred dollars a year, would be compelled to pay twenty dollars of that amount into the public treasury for taxes. This burden would, of course, fall upon the laboring classes, — the tillers of the soil.

The condition of the people of France, as respects education, varies in the different departments. In the northern and eastern portions of the kingdom, the people are better educated than in the central and western sections. In the northern provinces, fifty-two out of a hundred of the population can read and write ; in the eastern, fifty-five out of a hundred; while in the western and central parts, from twenty-seven to twenty-five only in a hundred are able to read. This statement will serve to indicate the difference which exists between the condition of the laboring classes in France, and that of the same classes in Massachusetts, for instance, where scarcely one native citizen in a thousand is destitute of the rudiments of a school education.

We cannot dismiss this portion of our subject, without briefly inquiring how far the people of France are permitted to take part in the affairs of government. The members of the Chamber of Deputies, the popular branch of the government, are chosen by the people ; but the qualifications of candidates for office, as well as of the electors, are so high, that the mass of the people are, in fact, far from having any important influence in

the election of the deputies, and in making the laws. No man can be an elector, who does not pay a direct tax of two hundred francs, (thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents ;) and when we remember the proportion of those, whose whole income does not exceed that amount, we perceive, at once, how small a number are qualified to vote. Thus, of more than thirty-two millions of inhabitants, far more than twice the amount of the population of the United States, less than one hundred and seventy thousand are qualified to vote in elections ; so that, with all our restrictions, we have more than half as many electors in Massachusetts as there are in France, although her population is more than fifty times as great as ours. But even this boon, confined as it is to the rich, and wholly denied to the laboring classes, is of comparatively little value to the people. Every officer who comes in contact with them, from the minister of state to the petty constable of the village, is appointed by the crown, which has in its disposal more than one hundred thousand offices. The consequence is, as might be expected, that the government controls the elections, and a great majority of the deputies of the people are, in fact, but the creatures of the crown.

We ought not entirely to overlook the church establishments upon the continent, which, whatever be their form, must, in the end, depend for support upon the industry of the laboring classes.

In France, all religions are nominally tolerated, but the catholic is the national faith. The clergy exceed forty thousand in number, and cost the country, exclusive of fees, gifts, and other allowances from parishes, communes and departments, thirty-three million and nine hundred and eighteen francs annually.

In Spain, also, the burden of the church establishment is felt with great severity. There are in this church eight archbishops ; forty-four bishops; one hundred and thirty chapters ; sixty thousand two hundred and thirty-eight secular priests ; fifteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-four inferior clergy ; three thousand and six monasteries and convents ; seventy-one thousand five hundred and eighty-five monks and nuns.*

* A singular mistake upon this subject is made by the writer of an article in the fifty-fourth volume of the Edinburgh Review. He says, "that the Spanish church rejoices in 58 archbishops ; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots ; 936 chapters ; 127,000 parishes ; 7000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities ; 46,000

The archbishop of Toledo has a revenue of six hundred thousand dollars, and the incomes of the other ecclesiastical dignitaries, though smaller in amount, are very large. Vast masses of property are locked up in the possession of the church.

We have been detained so long upon the continent, that we must hasten to what was once our father-land. With a common origin, a common language, and, to a certain extent, a community of laws and institutions, we are enabled more accurately to bring the true condition of our own citizens to the test of a comparison with that of Englishmen, than with that of any other people. It is her boast, that her citizens are the most free of any in Europe, and we are, therefore, led to examine, somewhat minutely, into the extent of those rights and privileges, which form their precious birth-right.

The first consideration that strikes us in this investigation, is the entirely artificial state of society in England. Everything is regulated by law. The tenure of property, as well as the constitution of government, the gradations of society, the commerce and trade of the country, the prices of agricultural produce, the value of rents, and a thousand other things, which bear more or less directly upon every class in the community, are either controlled by statute regulation, or what is equally imperative, by ancient usage. Every citizen, high or low, from his cradle to the grave, is hedged in and bound by rules and regulations, altogether arbitrary and artificial. Whatever progress reform may have made, it has wrought but little change in what may be called the domestic condition of society.

We cannot pass by Ireland in our inquiries, though we are aware that any picture we might borrow from the numerous accounts which are given of that wretched people, would seem to be highly colored and exaggerated. To one born and educated in New England, it is well nigh incredible, that human nature can sustain the sufferings and privations which the laboring classes of some districts in Ireland have long endnred. It is not our purpose to speak of the causes of this state of things,

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monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns." The account which we have given, is derived from Count Alexandre de Laborde's *Itinéraire descriptif de L'Espagne*, published in 1809, a work of unquestionable authority. We are not aware that any material change has taken place since that period, tending to affect the accuracy of his representation.

but only to present some facts in relation to that unfortunate people, that our own citizens may know the true value of their own blessings.

The population of Ireland is about eight millions. In 1791, when it was about half as numerous as it now is, an enumeration was made of all the dwelling houses on the island. They amounted to seven hundred thousand. From the character of these houses, we may infer, in some measure, the condition of the inhabitants at the time. About one hundred and thirteen thousand of these dwelling houses were occupied by paupers. More than five hundred thousand had only one hearth in them, leaving a very small proportion which were so constructed as to accommodate their inmates with more than a single fire. The number of dwelling houses has probably doubled since that time, but we are not aware that the ratio of poverty has decreased. The soil of Ireland is owned by comparatively few individuals. These let out their lands in large tracts to jobbers or "middle men," who, in their turn, underlet them to *cottiers*, — a class of peasants who occupy and cultivate them, The proprietors of the soil live principally in England, or on the continent, and the cottiers, or cultivators, form the bulk of the Irish peasantry. Each of these occupies a cabin, and from a quarter of an acre to four or five acres of land. Their cabins are described as "four mud walls, with one entrance, and frequently without windows or chimneys." "Numbers have not a bed, or even a bed frame, sleeping upon straw or heath upon their clay floors." We might suppose this to be an exaggerated account, if we had not seen enough of Irish modes of living along the routes of the railways in our country, to confirm the truth of the description.

The rents paid by the cultivators for their lands vary in different counties, and according to the quality of the lands. But as the proprietor must live in luxury, and the jobber must be well paid by his speculations, and all this must come from the rents of the land, and as, moreover, the country is overstocked with population, whereby a great competition for land is created, the occupier is compelled to pay, in rent and tithes, the utmost farthing in his power. The Irish acre is nearly twice as large as ours, and the highest rent paid is ten guineas an acre. It varies from that sum down to four guineas. In some districts rents are from six to nine pounds, and in others, from four to seven pounds, per acre; so that, by our mode of

computation, the rents vary from eight or nine dollars up to twenty-four dollars the acre. Whatever the amount may be, "it is," says a writer, "as nearly as can be calculated, fully and literally the whole produce of the soil, saving the small reserve of potatoes necessary for the subsistence of himself and family." And in addition to all this, his personal services must be rendered to his landlord whenever they are required. While he is compelled to pay a rent so onorous and unreasonable, the wages of a cottier, if he labors for a wealthier farmer, are proportionately low. They vary from fourpence to tenpence daily, making an average of from fivepence to sixpence through the year, or, in our currency, from nine and a half to eleven cents.

Even the manufacturers fare little better, as respects wages, than the laborers upon the soil. A writer in the Westminster Review states, that the wages of linen weavers around Belfast, in 1825, were one shilling per day; that in many instances, after laboring twelve hours in a day, only two shillings and sixpence were realized in a week; and that, in Down, the wages of weavers were as low as fivepence or sixpence a day.

With such scanty means of livelihood, the Irish peasantry are obliged to subsist upon the cheapest food. Potatoes are their chief support, and to these is sometimes added milk or buttermilk, and occasionally bread. But a cottier can rarely indulge in the luxury of meat. Everything that he can raise, except his potatoes, goes to the landlord for rent, or to the priest for tithes, and when the potatoe crop fails, beggary or starvation is his only alternative.

Nothing has heretofore ground the industry of Ireland like her church establishment. Although five sixths of her population are catholics, the church of England is the established one, and her clergy are supported out of the tithes of the lands. Some changes have been recently made in the constitution of this church, by a prospective reduction of the number of the archbishops and bishops, from twenty-two to twelve, and of course of the amount of their aggregate revenues, and by the removal of some serious impositions; but we are not yet able to ascertain the extent of the relief, which will be thus afforded. For less than one sixth of the people, there are seventeen hundred clergymen, whose aggregate income is one million three hundred thousand pounds, or more than five and a half millions of dollars. This, it will be remembered, does

not include what the catholics pay their own bishops and priests, nor what the presbyterians pay their clergy. The salaries of the latter, however, do not exceed one or two hundred pounds by the year. Who can wonder, then, to hear complaints from the Irish of their church and tithe system, drawn, as the tithes must be, from the very life blood of the laboring classes? "I have seen," says a writer who is quoted in the Edinburgh Review, "the favorite cow driven away, accompanied by the sighs, the tears, and the imprecations of a whole family, who were paddling along through the wet and dirt, to take their last affectionate farewell of this their only friend and benefactor, at the pound gate."

It would seem as if the Irish paid enough in church rates and other taxes, to entitle them to receive in return the means of educating their children. Even these are but partially enjoyed. In 1825, two hundred and fifty thousand Irish children were destitute of any means of education, and the instruction of those who had access to schools was very imperfect, and often almost worse than none.

In passing from Ireland, we can only glance at the hardy and industrious Scotch, so proverbial for intelligence and thrift. The population of Scotland is between two and three millions. The mode of living among the laboring classes, where meat, except on Sundays, is rarely used, would hardly satisfy the appetite of a New England working man, who, from his childhood, never knows the want of the necessaries or many of the luxuries of life. In the Lowlands, almost every individual is taught to read and write, but in the Highlands, education is very much neglected. In some parts of them not more than three out of ten are able to read.

The first great division of the population of England to which we shall advert, is into nobles and commoners. The titles of the nobility to their rank are either hereditary, or by gift from the crown. In whatever way acquired, their possessors form, as it were, a connecting link between the crown and the people.

Another marked distinction between classes in England is that between those who are proprietors, and those who are not. Only one sixth part of her immense population are proprietors of the soil, although one third part of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Yet for this small fraction of the population, most of her important laws seem to have been made. The real political power is in the hands of the landowners, while the interests of the ten or eleven millions of

manufacturers, traders and laborers, must yield to those of the proprietors of the soil. It is principally for these considerations that the "corn laws," so oppressive upon the laboring classes, were made and are continued. The object of thus forcing up the price of grain, is to enable the tenant who hires and tills the land to sell his produce so high, that he can afford to pay his landlord a high rent for his land. Thus, in effect, the laboring and industrious classes are severely taxed upon the very necessaries of life, to support the wealthy land-holder. Another consequence of this distinction between land and other property, is the law of primogeniture, by which alone estates can be kept together in masses, like those in England.

The great division of the laboring classes in England, with the exception of those engaged in commerce, is into the agricultural and manufacturing departments.

The wages of laborers upon farms depend very much upon the number of the poor in the district, where the labor is to be performed. We shall have occasion to say more upon the subject of the English poor laws; but we may here state that, as it is an object for overseers to keep the poor employed, wherever they are numerous their labor must come in competition with that of other laborers, and thus reduce it oftentimes to the very lowest point at which the workman can subsist upon his earnings. By a statement made in 1824, which is before us, the wages of laborers upon farms in Kent, Essex, Bedford, Suffolk and Norfolk, appear to have been as low as sixpence a day. In other counties, the highest wages were nine shillings (two dollars) per week, while in some of the northern counties, wages fluctuated from twelve to fifteen shillings (two dollars and sixty-six cents to three dollars and thirty-three cents,) per week. From a very recent report of a committee of Parliament, we have many further details as to the prices paid for agricultural labor, and the effect of the system of poor laws upon the laboring classes. From that report, it would seem that the wages of laborers in the immediate neighborhood of London, are about three shillings a day; though within twenty miles of the metropolis, many laborers did not receive more than half that amount. In the season of harvesting, great numbers of the Irish come over to England to labor in the fields, and in some districts they receive from two to four shillings a day, and in others not so much. In one parish,

where there was not a surplus of laborers, the wages paid, as stated by a witness examined before the committee, were about ten shillings a week. But even in the adjacent parishes, there was a surplus of laborers, which, of course, reduced the wages in them to a much lower sum. We cannot stop to explain the reason of this difference, except to remark that, as the poor in England are supported in their respective parishes, they cannot, or will not leave them to seek employment elsewhere, even when they are assured of high wages and constant employment.

We have enumerated but a part of the embarrassments to which the English laborer is subject, and in view even of these, we may readily credit the statement of a writer in the London Quarterly Review, when he says, that "in the road in which the English laborer *must* travel, the poor-house is the last stage on his way to the grave."

We are not able to fix the ratio between the wages of agricultural and manufacturing laborers, but we are not aware that those of the latter are much higher, all things considered, than those of the tillers of the soil. One thing is certain, that, as soon as any considerable stagnation in business is felt, the workmen in the manufacturing towns are thrown into distress, and sometimes reduced almost to starvation. A constant struggle appears to be maintained by the employers against those whom they hire, to reduce wages to the very lowest point at which life can be sustained, and very melancholy scenes of suffering and distress in the manufacturing districts are described in the reports and debates of Parliament. A part of these abuses, so far as relates to the over-working of children in factories, have been, we believe, partially corrected by acts of Parliament, and we therefore pass them over. It was stated in 1819, by the member of Parliament for Coventry, that there were in that town five classes of manufacturers, each working sixteen hours in a day. The first class earned ten shillings, the second, five shillings and sixpence, the third three shillings and ninepence, the others two shillings and one shilling and sixpence, per week. Many other laborers worked fifteen or sixteen hours in a day, and could not earn more than seven shillings per week. The wages of manufacturers, therefore, as will be perceived, varied from thirty-three cents weekly, to two dollars and twenty-five cents.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review states, that in the year

1819, a weaver's wages in Glasgow were five shillings and sixpence or six shillings a week; and that in Lancashire, wages varied from six to twelve shillings a week, for fifteen hours' labor in a day. The Nottingham stocking-weavers, as stated by them in a public address, after working from fourteen to sixteen hours in a day, only earned from four to seven shillings a week, and were obliged to subsist upon bread and water, or potatoes and salt.

We have no data at hand, from which to learn the present wages of manufacturers in England, nor how those of weavers among manufacturers, or field labors among other operatives, compare in amount. But from the increase of population to be fed, and the frequently depressed state of manufactures there, we may, it would seem, safely assume, that wages are now, as they have long been, at the lowest point at which the laborer can sustain himself and family.

The consequence of this state of things is, that the working classes must content themselves with a meagre diet, and with few comforts, and have little time or opportunity for the enlargement and cultivation of their minds. All these privations, however, might probably be borne with comparative ease, if theirs was the common lot. There is truth and philosophy in the adage, that "misery loves company," and where the poor man

> "Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
> To shame the meanness of his humble shed,"

he is content with his lot, however hard it may be. But in England, the poverty of the laboring classes is felt amidst palaces of surpassing splendor, and individual wealth almost beyond computation, — wealth, not won by the industry of him who enjoys it, but heaped up and transmitted from sire to son under the unchangeable laws of primogeniture. The annual incomes of some of these families are from one hundred and fifty thousand to even more than three hundred thousand pounds; and thus, while the hard toil of one man is rewarded with an income of a hundred dollars, the birth and title of another ensure him an income of a million.

But this is not all. Such a state of things is not only oppressive to the poorer classes, but often becomes utterly ruinous in its effects. Their downward progress is only stopped by the poor-house, and thus a new weight is added to the burden, which is pressing down the industry of the nation.

The number and expense of the poor in England are almost beyond belief. In Scotland and Ireland there are no poor rates, nor were there any in England until the time of Queen Elizabeth. Now the number of paupers has so increased, that the poor rate assessed upon some estates actually exceeds the rents, and, in consequence, many estates have been abandoned by their owners. We state this upon the authority of a very recent parliamentary report, in which the names of many parishes are given, where the poor rates are depopulating the district; — as no man can afford to take an estate, rent free, if he must pay the poor-tax which is assessed upon it.

We cannot state precisely the aggregate of the poor rates in England. In 1826, it amounted to more than seven million pounds, (exceeding thirty-one million dollars,) and we have no reason to believe that it has fallen in amount since that time. This would make the expense of supporting the poor alone, in England, nearly, if not quite, twice as great as the whole current expenditure of the government of the United States. This tax would of itself seem to be somewhat burdensome upon the industry of Great Britain, but it forms only a single item of the current international expenses of the government, which fall directly upon the people. A writer in the Edinburgh Review states the amount of tithes annually paid for the support of the regular church establishment in England and Wales, not, of course, including catholics and dissenters, at five million six hundred thousand pounds, about twenty-five millions of dollars. The average salaries paid to the bishops and archbishops exceed twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and some of them receive as much as a hundred thousand dollars; while a numerous class of the clergy, the laboring clergy too, are obliged to content themselves with a scanty subsistence. So unequal is the distribution of property, power and right. Besides the burdens already mentioned, the people of England pay for the interest and management of their national debt, more than a hundred millions of dollars annually, to say nothing of a nearly equal amount of direct and indirect taxes, which are raised to sustain the contingent expenses of the crown. Look at England in whatever light you will, she is an extraordinary nation. Everything is in extremes. Splendid enterprises, splendid cities, splendid palaces, splendid fortunes and splendid charities, strike us whenever we contemplate her past history or her present condition; but behind these, we find a people ground to the dust with

poverty and taxes, toiling for a scanty subsistence, or sustained by the hand of public charity. Everything is unnatural and arbitrary, nor can we wonder if the working-men there cry out against oppression, or feel a hostility towards their lordly masters.

It may be asked why these evils are not corrected, why the people do not equalize their burdens and their privileges? It is true, the English government is called free; it is true also, that it is nominally a representative one, and that the civil power is in reality in the hands of the commons. So it has been for years, and we will now see who these representatives of the people have been.

The House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members, and of the Parliament which was dissolved in 1831, three hundred and fifty-four members were returned by the peers, and one hundred and eleven by commoners, who returned themselves or their friends. Boroughs, without an inhabitant, returned in some instances two members each, and cities, with thousands of inhabitants sent none, or at most a single member to the House. Since that time the much talked of reform has taken place. But to show how far, even now, the people have any voice in the election of members of Parliament, we need only state, that a country member, in order to be eligible to a seat in that body, must possess real estate, the income of which exceeds twenty-five hundred dollars by the year; and no man can be a voter who does not, if in a city or borough, rent a building of the annual value of ten pounds, or if in the country, occupy a freehold estate of the same yearly value. The consequence of this is, that only a small fraction of the people can vote, and a far smaller portion can be eligible to Parliament. Thus in some boroughs, which send members to Parliament, of three thousand inhabitants, there are not more than thirteen or fourteen voters. In Carlisle, for instance, with twenty thousand inhabitants, there are but about seven hundred and fifty voters; and in Liverpool, with one hundred and eighty-nine thousand people, only a little upwards of three thousand are qualified to vote.

Such is the condition of a considerable portion of the laboring classes in the leading states of Europe. It would be well worth the care of those, who have turned their attention to these subjects in America, to contrast the state of things described,

with that which prevails in this country. But this is a subject too important to be despatched in a summary manner, and in the brief space remaining at the close of our article.

Art. VI. — *Dr. Channing.*

The Ministry for the Poor. A Discourse, delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, on their first Anniversary, April 9th, 1835. By William E. Channing. Boston. 1835.

We said in our last number, that we considered Mr. Irving the best living writer of English prose. If we could be induced to withdraw or in some degree to qualify this remark, we think that it would be in favor of the author of this discourse: — and it is creditable to the literary character of the country, that the competition for the palm of the highest excellence in writing English, should now be between the different American authors. Such has been the rapid progress of our literature since the very recent period, when it was inquired, with some degree of plausibility, in a respectable English review, — *who reads an American book?* As respects the mere form of language, we rather give the preference to the style of Dr. Channing. It it equally elegant, and a little more pure, correct and pointed than that of Mr. Irving. In reality, however, these two distinguished persons can hardly be said to come into competition. Elegance, correctness, purity, power, and point in the use of language, though essential, are after all, only superficial qualities; — the outward flourishes and ornaments of a good style; — of which the substantial part, — the *soul*, as Shakspeare has it, — is the sense; and here these two writers work with different materials, and belong to different classes. Mr. Irving is properly a poet: Dr. Channing a philosopher. Mr. Irving's field of observation is the surface of nature; and whether he undertakes to give us the result in the form of a portrait or a fancy-piece, it is still a picture: — a vivid and beautiful representation of the many-colored hues, that compose the brilliant and ever-varying outside of society. Dr. Channing on the other hand, deals in general truths: — he looks through the external forms of things in search of the

secret and mysterious principles of thought, action and being. He takes little notice of the varieties of manners and character, that form the favorite topics of the novelist and poet. Mind in the abstract, its nature, properties and destiny, are his constant theme. He looks at material objects chiefly as the visible expressions of the existence, character and will of the sublime Unseen Intelligence, whose power created, and whose presence informs and sustains the universe.

Writers, whose favorite fields of observation are so different, cannot, of course, with propriety, be compared together. Each has peculiar advantages for acquiring reputation. The poet addresses a larger circle of readers, and one more susceptible of excitement: he sings to young men and maidens, — *virginibus puerisque*, — and his themes are of such a kind that they awaken interest in every heart, without the necessity of previous preparation or study.

> "His dream of light,
> From morn till night,
> Is Love, — still Love."

In displaying his golden visions to the public eye, he is able to avail himself of a thousand adventitious advantages. Sometimes he presents an actual image of life in the drama, which has always been regarded as the most attractive form of poetry, although perverted too generally to the worst moral purposes. Then the illusions of dress, scenery, music, and the exquisite charm of versification, lend their aid to interest the delighted audience in his favor. Sympathy exerts for him her magic power over crowds of assembled listeners. When, at other times, his thoughts that breathe and words that burn burst forth in song, their effect is enhanced by the accompaniment of the human voice, the most powerful of musical instruments, whose rich, deep, and melodious tones seem to thrill through the frame with a sort of mysterious influence, and awaken emotions which speculative reason could never account for. If, like Mr. Irving, avoiding these highest exercises of his art, he contents himself with preparing for the quiet contemplation of the closet, his silent pictures of life and nature, their subjects are of such a kind as to engage with irresistible power the attention of the multitude. Age forgets his infirmities, — maturity his cares, — as they hang entranced over the pages of Romance; — while youth, — warm-hearted, inexperienced, confident, enthusiastic youth, — receives them with implicit

faith, as a true image of that fairy paradise of innocence and happiness, which his eye of hope delights to behold in the yet untried world. Hence, as we have said, the poet is the worshipped one of the multitude, and especially of the fair and young. Beauty weaves her chaplet of roses for his living brow, and scatters her funeral cypress on his tomb. He realizes the reward that octogenarian Darwin, with more gallantry than good taste in style, anticipated for himself.

> "So shall my lines soft-rolling eyes engage,
> And snow-white fingers turn the *volant* page;
> The smiles of beauty every toil repay,
> And youths and virgins chant the living lay."

The philosopher, on the other hand, deals in topics less immediately attractive, perhaps, but fitted to awaken a more deep and enduring, — a sublimer and a holier interest. God, man, and the universe are the noble objects of his study; and if he bring to them an ability and spirit in any way suited to their importance, it is easy to imagine that the result must be, as it is represented in the enthusiastic language of Milton,

> "Not rough and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute;
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

If his voice fall less sweetly on the sensitive ear of youth than that of the poet, it attracts to deeper attention the thoughtful spirits of every period of life. Overlooking the graceful forms and glowing colors that embellish the surface of nature, the philosopher unfolds the mysteries of mind, ascertains the principles of thought, feeling and action, and deduces from them the rules of conduct for the government of public and private life. The fathers of the people, the rulers of nations look to him to furnish the eternal rock of principle, upon which the fabric of every permanent political and social institution must be founded. He rises above the great men in active life of his day and country, and becomes the lawgiver of ages. Even this, extensive as it is, is only his inferior and secondary sphere of action. He looks beyond the Finite, even in its highest and most important forms, to the Infinite. His comprehensive grasp of intellect embraces the future and eternal, as well as the present passing condition of things. He sees in the ever-changing Appearances of the world around him only the expressions of a permanent, substantial Reality; he follows out the

fleeting forms of Time and Space, till they lose themselves in the illimitable oceans of Immensity and Eternity. He explores the mysteries of mind, from the faint and feeble ray with which it twinkles in the human intelligence, to that high and holy seat of clouded majesty, where the original fountains of Wisdom, Love and Power centre in the great, all-creating, all-informing Sun and Soul of the Universe.

Nor is the philosopher destitute of adventitious aids, to heighten the effect upon the people, of his solemn meditations upon these all-important themes. If music, painting, sculpture, declamation and verse, in all their variously attractive graces, lend their aid to the poet, eloquence, — a sister art, in its highest exhibitions mone enchanting if possible to the intellectual ear than any of the others, — eloquence, alike in its written and spoken forms, — is the handmaid of philosophy. Even in the silence of the closet, the elegant language and beautiful imagery of Plato, Cicero, Fenelon or Stewart, steal with irresistible attraction on the mind, and open, as it were with a golden key, its inmost recesses, to receive the sublime truths, that are clothed in so charming a dress. But when to this seductive source of influence is added the mysterious power of the human voice; not running through a series of curiously modulated, artificial notes, but breathing its pure, simple, natural tones, only with augmented power, solemnity and pathos; — when Cicero, Chatham, or Ames gives this thrilling, heart-stirring accompaniment to the highest wisdom, as applied to affairs of state; — when Bossuet, Taylor or Channing attunes it to the solemn doctrines of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come; — when we feel at the time, that this is no matter of sport and display, but the trial of a cause, not merely of life and death, but of eternity, in which we are ourselves at once the audience and the parties: — we must admit that philosophy, so enforced, has but little reason, in the way of effect, to envy her seductive sister.

Our readers will be nearly ready by this time to say, with the prince in Rasselas: "Enough! you have satisfied us that no man can ever be either a poet or a philosopher." In reality, however, it is necessary to the highest excellence in either character, that the qualities required for both should be combined in the same person, and we find them, in fact, exhibited in combination in the works of the few gifted men, who have been acknowledged as the masters in either, and as making

some approach to the *ideal* of perfection. In Shakspeare, for example, we see in combination with the richest and most exuberant imagination, an originality, depth, and precision of thought on general subjects, that would have placed him, had he devoted himself more directly to its exercise, at the head of moral science. In like manner, the Platos, the Ciceros, the Johnsons, the Stewarts display, though in somewhat chastened forms, all the essential elements of poetry. To arrive at the highest excellence in either department requires, as we have seen, a mind complete in all its faculties. The question, which of these shall take a lead, and give a character to the joint result of the whole, will be determined, probably, by accidental circumstances, — such as the nature of professional pursuits, or the period of life when production is called for. In youth, imagination is predominant, and thought operates in a subsidiary and secondary line. If the mind is then prompted to exertion, the product will be poetry. In maturer years, the "seraph contemplation" assumes the ascendancy; — the flower of learning fades, and yields its place to the richer, but somewhat less brilliant fruit. Varieties in professional pursuits obviously tend to a similar difference in the result. But we have not room to enlarge any farther upon these general topics, and must hasten to our immediate subject.

Without intending to intimate, that Mr. Irving and Dr. Channing realize the idea of a perfect poet and philosopher, we may say, perhaps with safety, that they are not excelled in their respective department by any living English or American writers. Mr. Irving has not attempted indeed to give to the beautiful creations of his fancy the high finish of versification, and to judge from the few slight attempts in that way which we have seen from his pen, he does not possess this talent, even to the moderate extent which is frequent among writers of far inferior power. But though verse presents itself in the infancy of learning as the most natural method of giving smoothness to language, it may perhaps be doubted, whether the melody of measured prose has not, for cultivated ears, a still more exquisite charm. At all events, the effect of such prose as that of Mr. Irving can be exceeded only by verse of the very first order, and of this we have little or none from the present race of professed poets. Philosophy, it is well known, has for some time past been an almost abandoned field in English literature, and to say that Dr. Channing is now one of its most success-

ful cultivators, is giving him by no means extravagant praise. Among the present or recent philosophical writers in our own language, we know of no one who has exhibited so much originality, depth and power of thought, so happily combined with the vigor and beauty of language, that are necessary to give them effect. Stewart, by far the most distinguished of the English philosophers, who have lived since Adam Smith, was a beautiful writer, and possessed a large store of book learning, which he has digested into several interesting systematic works. But such works are not the forms, in which a strong power of original thought delights to manifest itself; they are rather in general the labors of patient mediocrity upon the bolder and perhaps irregular efforts of higher minds. Stewart had accordingly but little originality. He pursues with patience the track of the masters whom he venerated, smoothing obstructions, — removing difficulties, — scattering flowers as he goes, — but he strikes out no new paths. Mackintosh, with an equal elegance of taste, had a higher power of thought, but his works have done no justice to his talent. Coleridge, who is now extolled by some of his admirers, especially on this side of the Atlantic, where his reputation, singularly enough, is greater than in England, — as the first of philosophers, and, as such, the "greatest man of the age," appears to us, we must own, to possess very slender claims to this transcendent distinction. He possessed undoubtedly a mind of a very high order, and was particularly fitted to excel in poetry, of which he has given some exquisite specimens; but even here the fatal influence of indolence, or some other still more pernicious principle, has prevented him from doing himself justice. In his philosophical writings, he shews a great deal of reading, but an almost total want of clearness and precision of thought. His mind seems to be swelling and laboring with a chaos of imaginations, which he has not reduced to shape, and of which he is of course incapable himself of estimating the real value. The only principle that stands out in some degree conspicuously in the midst of this confusion, and which he seems to have intended to make the corner-stone of his system, is a supposed distinction between Reason and Understanding, or in his own phraseology, *the* Reason and *the* Understanding, which we consider as wholly imaginary, and which, whether well or ill founded, has been for more than half a century the basis of the German transcendental metaphysics, and of course can entitle

Coleridge to no great credit on the score of original power. Nor has he, as far as we can perceive, succeeded in establishing this principle, or even making it distinctly intelligible to his readers. A person who is curious on the subject will learn more from the first ten pages of Kant's Criticism on Pure Reason, where the supposed distinction, such as it is, is intelligibly stated, than from the whole of Coleridge's never-ending, still-beginning attempts to explain it, in which the English language breaks down under him at every step. Thomas Carlile is, we think, the most profound and original of the living English philosophical writers. He is the person, to whom we look with the greatest confidence to give a new spring and direction to these studies in the mother country. In fact, the sceptre of philosophy, though it seems to have passed from Germany to France, where it is now wielded by the distinguished Cousin, still lingers on the continent of Europe, and will not probably be transferred very soon to England. Coleridge and Carlile are both, like Cousin himself, disciples of the German transcendental school.

It is no very extravagant praise, therefore, to say that Dr. Channing is not excelled by any one of the recent English writers on philosophy. His mind, like most others of a truly rich and substantial character, has put forth its powers successively in a long course of gradual development. He distinguished himself, it is true, very early as a preacher, but his first efforts in this line have been much excelled by those of more recent date. The first productions, by which he made himself known to the public beyond the sphere of his immediate professional circle, were, like some of the more elaborate of his earlier sermons, controversial essays on disputed points in dogmatical divinity. These, though not perhaps among the very best of his writings, have contributed a good deal to extend his reputation, because they interested in his favor the sympathies of an active, intelligent and constantly increasing, though not at present very numerous class of Christians. The Calvinistic creed had been, under some one of its different modifications, the prevailing belief of New England from the first settlement of the colonies till towards the close of the last century, when there grew up here, as in Great Britain, under the influence of the general tendency of the age towards inquiry, a disposition to attempt a reform in this celebrated system. This disposition spread itself silently and gradually for some years, until it had

become quite prevalent in this neighborhood at the commencement of the present century, when Dr. Channing began his labors as a preacher. He adopted the new opinions, with the zeal that was natural to his temperament and period of life; — explained them in his sermons, — defended them in controversial tracts, — and sustained them before the public by the influence of his respected name and character. After the decease of some other eminent apostles of the same faith, who were nearly contemporary with him, he became the acknowledged leader of the sect in this country, and has been even looked to of late by its members in England as their most efficient champion. This position in reference to the British Unitarians has contributed, as we have said, to extend his reputation abroad, by overcoming in his favor the reluctance natural to writers of all nations, and especially the English writers in regard to this country, to acknowledge merit in a foreigner. Conscious of the advantage which they derived from his labors, and proud of the lustre which his talent and eloquence gave to the common creed, the British Unitarians forgave Dr. Channing for being an American, and commended his works in their journals with as much heartiness, as if he had been born within the four seas; — a concession which the national pride never makes except under the influence of some extraordinary motive to mere literary desert. His writings were, in this way, brought before the public eye in England, and having thus attracted general attention, have been noticed with approbation in quarters wholly independent of any partisan influence, although the leading reviews have not yet done them full justice.

Without entering at all into the merits of these controversies, we may be permitted to say that Dr. Channing, in the part which he has taken in them, has never been betrayed by the ardor of discussion into intemperance in language or extravagance in doctrine. His controversial sermons and tracts exhibit uniformly the decorous forms of expression and the gentle and tolerant spirit, which, while they are graceful in all men, are more especially becoming in a minister of religion. In the ardor with which he embraces his own opinions, and seeks to demonstrate the errors of his opponents, he is not, like so many other reformers, hurried away into still more dangerous errors of an opposite character. The substantial truths of religion, natural and revealed, which form the common basis of the

various creeds of all the sects, and are admitted alike by all, as of primary importance, have rarely if ever obtained a more vigorous support, than they have found in the tongue and pen of this eloquent apostle of Christianity. His controversial essays may therefore be regarded as models of this kind of writing; but we do not, as we have said, consider them as precisely the best of his productions, for the reason that controversial writing, however well managed, is not the most favorable field for the exercise of a really superior talent. Controversy generally turns upon topics of secondary importance, and which are interesting to us chiefly because they are subjects of controversy. We mean not to say that it is always useless, or that even when of no great direct advantage, it may not indirectly have its value. It serves as an exercise of intellect, and often leads to researches that develop principles and facts of real importance. Thus the alchemists, in their efforts to discover the chimerical philosopher's stone, and elixir of life, laid the foundation of the science of chemistry. But the interest which controversy creates for the time on topics of inferior interest, tends to withdraw the attention from those of higher importance, about which there can be no dispute. The great truths which form the basis of all our happiness and hopes, are as clear to the understanding as the sun is to the eye, and are the objects of almost as general a belief. To bring them home with power, not to the understanding which does not require to be convinced, but to the hearts of men, where their influence is counteracted by the passions; — this is the triumph of talent and eloquence, and any thing which has the effect of diverting the highest minds from turning their labors into this direction, is a real disadvantage to the community.

The reputation which Dr. Channing had acquired by his sermons and controversial tracts, was extended and placed upon a firmer basis by several articles, written for the Christian Examiner, — the most important of which were upon the characters of Milton and Bonaparte. They have since been republished in a collection of the author's writings, and furnish perhaps more decided evidence than any other single productions of the extent of his powers.

The article on Milton was suggested by his Essay on Christian Doctrine, which, as our readers will remember, was discovered in manuscript and first published a few years ago. Dr. Channing has not, however, confined himself to an exam-

ination of this treatise, but has gone at large into a survey of Milton's character and principal productions, — touching incidentally upon such general questions in criticism and philosophy as came in his way. Of these digressions, the passage on the nature and office of poetry is the most powerful, and, though doubtless familiar to many of our readers, will be read with pleasure.

"By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of na-

ture; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

"We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immortal work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

"We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems, there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections, which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; — these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for mul-

tiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life."

In some of these remarks, which are in the main as correct and just as they are beautifully expressed, the office of poetry is perhaps extended a little beyond the limits, which a rigid analysis of the intellect would prescribe. The aspiration after a higher and better state of being, the "stretching beyond what is present and visible," which is one of the noblest characteristics of the mind, and which has often been regarded as one of the strongest evidences of its immortality, seems to find its appropriate manifestation, not so much, as Dr. Channing supposes, in poetry, as in those researches into the nature, origin and destiny of the mind, and its relations to the Supreme Intelligence, which we have described above as the office of Philosophy, or what in the proper acceptation of the term is only another name for the same thing, —Religion. Poetry no doubt occasionally gives a form to these aspirations, as to all the other elements in nature. She has devoted to the expression of them in all languages some of her most exquisite strains, but she also expresses with equal power and deeper pathos the gloomy forebodings of a darker destiny, that have so often, in moments of despondency, overclouded and bewildered the highest minds. Who does not recollect the touching verses, in which the Sicilian bard laments, that while the plants which perish in the autumn revive again the following year, man, — the great, the noble, the wise, — after once finishing his brief course, is doomed to sleep out the cheerless, hopeless, interminable night of the grave? Who has not felt that the stanzas, in which the minstrel of Scotland has repeated and developed the same thought, are far more poetical than the single one in which he presents in conclusion, by way of consolation, the hope of immortality?

"If pity inspire thee, Oh! cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest complainer! man calls thee to mourn;
Oh! sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass, but they never return."

Poetry, therefore, whose office it is, as we have said before, to create pictures of all the elements of nature, as they exhibit themselves under real or feigned combinations in action or

passion, spreads upon her pallet with equal freedom, and uses with equal effect the dark and the brilliant colors, that correspond respectively with the lights and shades of life. If in Milton she regales the mental eye with the splendid vision of the opal towers and battlements of Paradise, she can write in Dante with as firm a hand on the portals of a darker abode, — "You that enter here must leave all hope behind." But the longing after immortality of which we are speaking, prompts the mind to seek some assurance of this sublime and cheering hope; and this is supplied by Philosophy. Philosophy,— Religion, — for, as we have said, we consider them as two names for one and the same thing, — embodies our vague, instinctive aspirations after a higher and better state of being, in distinct principles, and presents them to the mind as ascertained truths. It is in the researches which lead to these results, that the mind, under the influence of such aspirations, finds its natural exercise, and employs most appropriately its "powers of original and ever-growing thought." If, indeed, there be any well-defined and generally acknowledged distinction among the results of intellectual effort, it is that which separates the provinces of Thought and Imagination, — or, according to Lord Bacon's familiar classification, of Philosophy and Poetry. Poetry takes from the hands of her more contemplative sister the results to which we have alluded, — the moral certainty of the spiritual nature and high destination of man, — and adorns them with the embellishments which she knows how to spread over every thing she touches. The Paradise Lost furnishes itself the most remarkable instance of a work, in which the highest results of thought are presented in connexion with the most brilliant and glowing creations of fancy. The reason why Milton was capable of producing such a work was, that he combined, as all who are capable of the highest excellence must combine, the faculties that belong to Philosophy and Poetry in equal perfection. Divine Philosophy had supplied him with the materials, which Poetry enabled him to work up with so much effect. But we fear that we are growing metaphysical, and perhaps owe an apology to Dr. Channing for subjecting to a strict analysis what was probably intended as a glowing and rapid sketch, rather than a precise exposition of the nature and offices of Poetry.

In his estimate of the poems of Milton, Dr. Channing has exhibited much discrimination and correctness of taste, with a

disposition to render the fullest justice to his subject. While he concedes to Shakspeare the merit of a greater versatility of powers, he considers the Paradise Lost as the first of all poems. One of his objects in writing the article was to rescue the fame of Milton from the shadows that had been thrown upon it by the rather unfavorable tone of his Life by Dr. Johnson. In his zeal to clear up the fame of Milton, we are not sure that Dr. Channing has not dealt in some respects too harshly with the mighty Rambler; a personage for whom, we are free to say, we entertain a very particular and especial regard. Dr. Johnson has certainly not done justice to Milton, but this was owing, we think, to his political prejudices, and not, as Dr. Channing intimates, to any want of "enthusiasm, creative imagination, or lofty sentiment." The author of Rasselas, if he had never written another word, would have amply substantiated, by that work only, his claims to the possession of all these faculties in their fullest perfection. But all his other works are marked by the same general characteristics. The Rambler is one perpetual flow of the purest wisdom, embodied in the richest language. It is from one end to the other, as Cicero says with so much beauty of Aristotle, a river of flowing gold. Why should we find fault with the style, because its merit is not exactly the same with that which we admire in the works of some other great writers? Are there not in the gardens of letters and art, as well as in those of nature, a hundred kinds of beauty, all different and each equally charming in its own way? For ourselves, we look on Dr. Johnson as the master-mind of the last generation. We respect even what we may venture to consider as his errors, for they were generally closely connected with the highest virtues. While we regret that his works are not more voluminous, we rejoice that he was able to do so much. Almost every line that he wrote has a real value. We rejoice more especially that it fell to his lot, — and it was a singular distinction, reserved for him alone among all the human beings that have yet lived, — to furnish in his conversation the materials for a copious and elaborate book, — one of the most instructive and entertaining in the whole compass of literature; — a work, which is quaintly styled by a late writer the *Johnsoniad*, and which, for our own reading, we much prefer to the whole array of modern "degraded epics." What a proof of Dr. Johnson's influence over all who surrounded him, that he was able to impregnate a mind so ordinary as that

of Boswell with the seeds of this *unique* production! So little, in fact, did the great moralist himself anticipate the value of this indirect creation of his own genius, that when he was informed that Boswell had it in contemplation to write his life, he replied with characteristic energy and decision: "Sir, if I thought so, I would prevent him by *taking his.*"

Though Dr. Channing has, we think, rather undervalued the merit of Johnson, his remarks on the Life of Milton are highly interesting.

"We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the *manes* of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names, to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendor on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively 'of the earth,' whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of the angels. It was customary, in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among the seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep, yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought, not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived, seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be im-

proved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government, marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. 'Reformation' was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was the solace of his declining years. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced, not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton? The comparison which we have instituted, has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life, and his references to his own history command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm and creative imagination and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton? We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his 'Lives,' we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal."

The article on the character of Bonaparte is still more elaborate and powerful than that upon Milton. After all that has been written upon the subject, of which it has fallen to our lot, from peculiar circumstances, to read probably as large a portion as most individuals of the present day, we have no hesitation in saying, that we have met with nothing in the way of a summary delineation of character, superior or even fully equal to this masterly sketch from the pen of Dr. Channing. The work which suggested the article was the Life of Bonaparte by Sir Walter Scott; but great as is the merit of Scott as a writer, and valuable as the work itself may be considered, although it is certainly not one of the best of Scott's productions, we hazard little in saying, that there is no passage in it of the same length, to be compared for power and effect to the hundred pages employed in this Review. Châuteaubriand, Madame de Stäel, Benjamin Constant, M. de Pradt, in short, almost every writer whose theme was in any way connected with the public affairs of the day, has essayed his strength upon the character of Napoleon; and we need not say, that to carry of the prize from such competitors as those whom we have just mentioned, is no slight praise. But notwithstanding the many brilliant and striking passages to be found in the works of these and other writers upon this subject, we repeat, that we have no recollection of any article or separate work, in which it is treated with so much condensation of thought, vigor and elegance of style, and substantial justice in the dispensation of praise and censure, as are shewn in this remarkable tract. Madame de Stäel, had she completed either her Ten Years in Exile, or her Considerations on the French Revolution, would have been naturally led by the course of her subject to undertake a formal and extended examination of the character of Bonaparte, and we know of no European writer of the time who was better fitted or more likely to do it full justice; but most of her works, as they remain to us, were published under his political jurisdiction, and of course are silent respecting him. The work of M. de Châteaubriand, entitled *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, which we have before us, and have glanced through again for our present purpose, is the one which comes most nearly from the nature of the plan into comparison with that of Dr. Channing; and without disparagement to our distinguished countryman, we may venture, as respects the merely rhetorical artifice and movement of the

style, to place the brilliant and practised pen of the author of the Genius of Christianity above his. In most other points, particularly power of thought and calm justice in the estimate of moral and intellectual qualities, Dr. Channing is entitled to the preference. M. de Châteaubriand betrays, too strongly, the bitter spirit of personal and political enmity; there is too evident a disposition to degrade for political effect a personage whose influence is regarded as dangerous; or, to speak more correctly, for there seems to be but little of the spirit of calculation in the work, it evinces too clearly an irresistible desire in the author to pour out the long pent-up flood of indignation at private and public wrongs, in the strongest and bitterest terms which the language would furnish, without much attempt at nice discrimination as to their exact propriety. Dr. Channing, on the other hand, unconnected with his great subject by any relation of amity or enmity, political or personal, — *nec beneficio nec injuria cognitus*, — brings to his work the calm, reflecting impartiality of a judge. Though in no way dazzled by the splendor of Napoleon's successes in the early part of his career, — though leaning, on the whole, to a rather less favorable estimate of his intellectual and moral qualities than the public opinion of the world has appeared to put upon them, — Dr. Channing has yet avoided entirely the tone of indiscriminate and reckless censure, — acknowledges fairly the good points in the character of his subject, and, on the whole, approaches very nearly, in our view at least, to the precise line of truth.

To have treated with more effect than any other writer, the greatest subject supplied by the history of the present day or of modern Europe, and the one upon which all the greatest writers of the time have essayed their powers, is no ordinary achievement; and the merit of it may perhaps be considered as enhanced by the fact, that the topic was foreign to Dr. Channing's professional pursuits and studies. But this circumstance, though it illustrates the extent and versatility of his powers, was in itself very favorable to his success, and probably contributed more than any other to give him the calm and steady impartiality which makes one of the greatest merits of the article. So extensive had been the influence of the "Man of Destiny," that even in this remote region, very few persons, who had been at all connected, either by their studies or personal position, with political affairs, could have spoken of his

character with any degree of coolness. It required, perhaps, the absolute independence of the clerical profession, to enable a contemporary to survey with untroubled eye this portentous moral phenomenon, and display it to the world in the "calm lights of mild philosophy."

An able writer in the Edinburgh Review bestowed some attention, several years ago, upon Dr. Channing's character of Bonaparte, and appeared to consider it as much too severe, and especially as unduly depreciating the extent of Napoleon's intellectual powers. Dr. Channing, in the course of his remarks, is led to make an estimate of the claims to superiority, in comparison with each other, of the different kinds of greatness. He assigns the first place to *moral* greatness; the next to *intellectual*, "that is, genius, in the highest sense of the word," and places in the third rank the greatness of *action*, the only kind to which he supposes Bonaparte to have had any legitimate pretension. This arrangement stirred the bile of the Scottish critic, who remarked in a tone of sarcasm, that "we in Europe look upon Cæsar, Alexander and Charlemagne as no babies," and significantly intimated that the real object of Dr. Channing, in elevating moral and intellectual greatness above that of action, was to give himself a claim to precedence over the most distinguished characters in public life. We took occasion not long after the appearance of the article, to make a reply to it in treating of the "Tone of British Criticism," and adverted particularly at some length to this classification of the respective claims of the different sorts of great men to comparative superiority. We need not repeat the remarks which we then made, and which have been fully confirmed by our subsequent reflections. We will merely add, that the classification adopted by Dr. Channing has nothing paradoxical about it, but is, on the contrary, sustained by the highest authorities, and coincides in substance with the common opinion of enlightened men. The principles upon which Lord Bacon establishes his scale of precedence, first among sovereigns, and then among subjects, are not materially different. With him, as with Dr. Channing, superiority in action, and especially in military affairs, sinks into a secondary line, and the first places are reserved for intellectual power exercised upon the largest theatre, and for the moral greatness of self-sacrifice in the cause of patriotic duty.

"The true marshallings," says Bacon, "of the degrees of *sovereign* honor are these: in the first place are the founders of states and commonwealths, such as were Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Othman; in the second place are lawgivers, which are called second founders or perpetual princes, because they govern by their ordinances after they are gone; such were Lycurgus, Solon, Edgar, Alphonso of Castile, who made the *Siete Partidas;* in the third place are such as compound the long miseries of civil wars, or deliver their countries from servitude of strangers or tyrants, as Augustus Cæsar, Vespasian, Aurelian, Theodoric, King Henry the Seventh of England, King Henry the Fourth of France; in the *fourth place, are such as in honorable wars enlarge their territories or make defence against invaders;* and in the last place are the fathers of their country, who reign justly, and make the times good wherein they live. Degrees of honor in subjects, are first those upon whom princes do discharge the greatest weight of their affairs, their right hands, as we may call them; *the next are great leaders, such as are princes' lieutenants, and do them notable services in the wars;* the third are favorites, such as exceed not this scantling, to be solace to the sovereign and harmless to the people, and the fourth, such as have great places under princes, and execute their places with sufficiency. There is an honor, likewise, *which may be ranked among the greatest,* which happeneth rarely; that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country."

Our readers will be pleased to compare with this sketch, which, though rather brief and meagre, is stamped with the impress of the master-mind from which it proceeded, the more developed and finished form, in which Dr. Channing has presented, with not inferior power and elegance of language, essentially the same principles.

"Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to Moral greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own

conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever 'ready to be offered up' on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world. Next to moral, comes Intellectual greatness, or Genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master spirits in poetry and the fine arts. — Next comes the greatness of Action; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and

made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the bounds of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

"We are not disposed, however, to consider him as prëeminent even in this order of greatness. War was his chief sphere. He gained his ascendancy in Europe by the sword. But war is not the field for the highest active talent, and Napoleon, we suspect, was conscious of this truth. The glory of being the greatest general of his age, would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis XIV., was large enough to cherish it. The question is; Did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement? Did he discover new foundations of power? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations? Did he discover, or originate, some common interests by which his empire might be held together? Did he breathe a spirit which should supplant the old national attachments, or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used? Never in the records of time, did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did Europe at the period of the French revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world? Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose? What did he do but follow the beaten track? but apply force and fraud in their very coarsest forms? Napoleon shewed a vulgar mind, when he assumed self-interest as the sole spring of human action. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind. The

strength of moral, national, and domestic feeling, he could not comprehend. The finest, and after all, the most powerful elements in human nature, hardly entered into his conceptions of it and how then could he have established a durable power over the human race? We want little more to shew his want of originality and comprehensiveness as the founder of an empire, than the simple fact, that he chose as his chief counsellors Talleyrand and Fouché, names which speak for themselves. We may judge of the greatness of the master spirit, from the minds which he found most congenial with his own. In war, Bonaparte was great; for he was bold, original and creative. Beyond the camp he indeed shewed talent, but not superior to that of other eminent men."

Dr. Channing's judgment of the moral character of Bonaparte has been sometimes condemned as rather too harsh. We certainly should not be disposed to concur with those, and there are many such, who would degrade him to the rank of a mere ruffian. "There was, on the contrary," as we remarked on a recent occasion, "a seductive softness, a kind of fascination in his manner, which neither man nor woman could resist. He combined in an astonishing, an almost unexampled extent, the loftiest capacity for the highest spheres of *action*, with a strong passion and aptitude for the arts and graces of polished life." But we fear that under this outward mask of softness and elegance, there was very little real benevolence. The remarks of Dr. Channing are, at all events, much less violent than those of some other distinguished writers, although they would perhaps admit of a little qualification, especially in reference to the supposed absence in Bonaparte of any love of pleasure, or of letters and the arts. It appears, in part we believe, from developments that have taken place since Dr. Channing wrote, that the emperor had, in the later periods of his career, relaxed a good deal from the sternness with which in earlier life he resolutely closed his ears against the enchantments of the Italian syrens; — and it can hardly be denied, that he displayed throughout a very remarkable taste and aptitude for letters and the arts. One of his favorite amusements, while emperor, was to extemporise love-tales for the entertainment of the ladies of his court, and he is said to have done it with great power and effect. On the subject of his moral character, Dr. Channing's remarks are as follows:

"We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying, that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by

indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son.* He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strown with the wounded and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects which had infested his march. To him, all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe."

Compare with this certainly not very lenient judgment, the unmeasured and fiery invective of M. de Châteaubriand. It may serve to shew that if Dr. Channing has perhaps a little overstepped the line of strict impartiality or charitable construction, he has at all events stopped very far short of the almost frenzied execrations that, in the first consciousness of recovered freedom, burst from the lips of the gallant spirits of France, who had been wrought up almost to madness by a long course of oppression and insult.

* See "America," page 57. We should not give this very unamiable trait of Napoleon's domestic character, but on authority which we cannot question.

"When God sends upon the earth the men who are to execute his judgments, every thing gives way before them; they have extraordinary success with moderate talents. Born in the midst of civil commotions, these destroyers of the human race derive their principal power from the very miseries to which they owe their being, and from the horror with which these miseries are remembered. It is given to these men to corrupt and belittle: to annihilate honor, to degrade the soul, to defile every thing they touch, to govern by lying, terror and impiety; to speak all languages, dazzle all eyes and bewilder all understandings; to make themselves pass for great geniuses, when they are in fact only vulgar villains, for excellence of every kind is inseparable from virtue. Dragging in their train the besotted nations: conquering by force of superior numbers, dishonored by a hundred victories, brandishing a blazing torch in their hands and bathing their feet in rivers of blood, they rush on to the ends of the earth, like drunken men, urged forward by the God whom they deny.

"When, on the other hand, the Almighty wills to save and not to punish an empire; when he employs his servants and not his executioners; when he destines those whom he sends forth to honorable fame and not to universal infamy, far from making their way easy like that of Bonaparte, he raises up before them obstacles worthy of their virtues. It is in this that we may distinguish the tyrant from the deliverer, the ravager of nations from the great captain, the man sent to destroy from the man sent to reform. One is master of every thing and employs immense resources to accomplish his objects; the other effects important ends with slender means: it is easy to recognise at the first glance in the former, the character and mission of the ravager of France.

"Bonaparte is a false great man; he wants the magnanimity which makes men truly great. The distinctive trait in his character is an invincible obstinacy, a will of iron, I mean for carrying through extravagant and unjust projects, for he easily abandons such as are favorable to good morals, to order, and to virtue. His plans are not the result of reflection, but of sudden impulses. There is something theatrical about him, and he feigns every thing, even to bursts of anger, which he does not feel. He is always acting a part of some kind. Thus at Cairo he is an apostate, who boasts of having destroyed popery, while at Paris he is the restorer of the Christian religion.

Sometimes a fanatic and sometimes a philosopher, he always arranges his scenes beforehand. A sovereign, who takes lessons in attitudes of an actor, leaves no doubt about his true character. Desirous to appear original, he is almost always an imitator, and his imitations are so coarse that they lose their effect. He is always endeavoring to say or do something extraordinary. Affecting the character of a universal genius, he talks indiscriminately of the finances and the theatres, — of war and of fashions, — determines at once the fate of kings and constables, — dates from the Kremlin a decree to regulate the play-houses, and on the day of a great battle sends off an order to arrest a few silly women at Paris.

"When Bonaparte turned the Directory out of office, he addressed them in the following terms: 'What have you done with that France which I left in so brilliant a condition? I left you at peace; I find you involved in war: I left you millions of money, which I brought from Italy, I find you without a franc in the treasury. What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, my companions in arms and in glory? They are dead. This state of things cannot last; in less than three years, it would bring us to a despotism. But we want a republic: a republic resting on the basis of equality, of good morals, of political toleration, of civil liberty.'

"Now then: man of mischief, we take you at your word. What have you done with this glorious France? Where are her treasures, the millions brought not from Italy only, but from all parts of Europe? What have you done, I say, not with the hundred thousand only, but with the five million Frenchmen, whom we all knew and loved,— our kindred, our friends, our brothers? This state of things cannot last: it has plunged us into a frightful despotism. You wanted a republic, and you have given us slavery. We on our part wish for a monarchy founded on the basis of equality of rights, of good morals, of political and religious toleration, of civil liberty. Have you given us such a monarchy? What have you done for us? What do we owe to your government? Who was it that murdered D'Enghein, that tortured Pichegru, that exiled Moreau, that loaded the sovereign Pontiff with chains, that kidnapped the Spanish princes, that began an impious war? It was you. Who is it that has lost us our colonies, destroyed our commerce, opened America to the English, corrupted our morals, deprived us of our children: that has desolated our families, laid waste

with fire and sword more than a thousand leagues of country, that has spread a horror of the very name of France through the whole world? It is you. Who exposed France to the plague, to invasion, to dismemberment, to conquest? You, I repeat, you. Here are questions which you could not have addressed to the Directory, and which France now calls upon you to answer. How much more guilty you are than those men, whom you would not permit to govern! A legitimate and hereditary monarch, who should have heaped upon his kingdom a small portion only of the miseries which you have brought upon us, would have endangered his crown: and shall you, a usurper and a foreigner, derive security from the very calamities of which you have been the cause? Shall you be permitted to go on, until you have nothing to reign over but sepulchres? No. Misfortune restores to us our rights. We will no longer offer up our children to Moloch; we will have no more to do with your conscription, your police, your censorship, your nightly massacres, and the rest of your abominable forms of tyranny? Not France only, but all mankind bear witness against you. All men call for vengeance on you in the name of religion, of morality, of liberty. Where have you not carried desolation? In what quarter of the globe is there a family so obscure as to have escaped your ravages! The Spaniard in his mountains, the Illyrian in his valley, the Italian under his cloudless sky, the German, the Russian, the Prussian, from the ruins of their smoking villages, demand of you the sons whom you have slaughtered, the tents, the cottages, the castles, the temples that you have burned. You compelled them to come to France, and recover in your palaces the blood-stained spoils that you had taken from them. The voice of the world pronounces you the greatest criminal that ever lived. For it was not on barbarous and degenerate nations that you brought these miseries: in the midst of civilization, in an age of light, you have wielded the sword of an Attila, and governed on the principles of a Nero. Lay aside then your iron sceptre; descend from the heap of ruins which you call your throne. We treat you as you treated the Directory. Go! and may it be your only punishment to witness the joy which your fall will occasion in France, to behold with tears of rage the spectacle of the general felicity."

M. de Châteaubriand has himself, in some of his subsequent productions, qualified in part the extreme harshness of these

denunciations, which we introduce merely to shew how much farther the feeling of hostility to Napoleon has been carried by other writers of the highest pretensions, than it is by Dr. Channing. After all, the moral complexion of his character was determined in a great degree by the course that he took on his return from Egypt. Had he, at that time and afterwards, lent the aid of his transcendent ability to the cause of improvement and liberty, instead of employing it for his personal aggrandizement, he would have been ranked among the benefactors of the human race. In justification of his course at this period, it has sometimes been said that France was not in a condition to enjoy liberty ; — that she required a master, and that it was an act of patriotism in Bonaparte to take possession of the vacant sceptre, which, if he had not seized it, he must have known would have fallen into utterly incapable hands. This apology would be more plausible, if, after assuming the dictatorship, he had employed his power in founding a free government instead of an iron military despotism. This was what the liberal party in France and throughout the world expected of him, and it was a sort of vague hope that when he had conquered all his enemies and broken down all the arbitrary governments, he would finally lay aside the general's truncheon, and stand forth in his true character as an Apostle of Liberty, that kept up a lingering interest in him to the very last moment of his career among the friends of liberty throughout the world. On this head, Dr. Channing has some remarks, which are among the most original and judicious in the article, and which, if our limits permitted, we would gladly quote. The substance is, that after taking the government into his hands, instead of making himself a merely military despot, he should have established liberal institutions, corresponding in some degree with the public opinion of the time ; that he should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which would have worn the appearance at least of an improvement in the social state, and would have come into contrast with the arbitrary forms and unmeaning pageantry of the other governments. This too he might have done, without relinquishing the immediate control of the executive power, had he limited the reach of his ambition to the magnificent prize, which was thrown as it were into his hands. Could he have been satisfied with the condition of a constitutional monarch of France, governing through the agency of liberal institutions and

wise laws, he might have held the throne for life, under any title which he thought proper to assume; have descended in peace to an honored grave, and figured in the history of the world as the founder of a new and glorious dynasty. He had at times some indistinct notion that this was his true course, as appears not only from remarks which occasionally fell from him in conversation, but from his code and his public works. That he had not the steadiness to act systematically upon such a policy, proves that, with all his military genius and success, he had, as Dr. Channing justly remarks, no pretension to that highest order of intellectual greatness, which Bacon assigns to the *founders of empires*. His attention was constantly diverted by some tempting opportunity to engage in a new war, and it was probably the consciousness that war was his peculiar field of glory, rather than any settled project of universal empire, which led him to seize and even seek these opportunities, rather than attempt to avoid them. War, in fact, was his element, as it was his passion. There he was bold, powerful, original, commanding, in short, a man of genius in the highest sense of the word; in other things he only exhibited the quickness, with which a man of genius will commonly seize the prominent points of any subject to which he happens to give a casual attention. Napoleon will be known to history as the greatest Captain of modern times, and he accomplished his destiny as such. He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword. His military passion and talent were the sources at once of his greatness and his ruin.

Dr. Channing's articles on Milton and Bonaparte, with a number of his sermons, and a few miscellaneous essays, were collected into a volume and published in the year 1830. Since that time there have also appeared in succession two volumes of his sermons, and several others have been published separately as they were successively delivered. The original and striking views on general subjects, which occur continually in these productions, and which seem to indicate a course of mature and systematic reflection upon all the great branches of moral philosophy in the widest sense of the term, have often suggested the hope that Dr. Channing might be induced to embody his views upon that science in the form of regular treatises. The feeble state of his health may perhaps have concurred with other causes, in preventing him from attempting any work of this description. We learn on every account with high satisfaction,

that this objection does not now exist, at least to the same extent to which it has heretofore done; and we indulge a hope, that a part of his future labors may take this direction. Our literature is very imperfectly supplied with standard works on these subjects, and a series, from the pen of Dr. Channing, would be welcomed, we are persuaded, as a public benefit on both sides of the Atlantic.

Independently of the articles on Milton and Bonaparte, and some others of a similar kind which we have not room to notice, the reputation of Dr. Channing rests entirely on his discourses. These may be considered either in reference to their form and immediate object as sermons, or to their substance as essays on various high and interesting questions in the several branches of intellectual, moral, and religious philosophy. We shall close this article, already longer than we originally intended, with a few remarks upon them under each of these points of view.

Considered merely as specimens of pulpit eloquence, the discourses of Dr. Channing are among the best that have appeared for many years; perhaps we may say with safety, that they are the best of the present time. Pulpit eloquence, as is well known, is not at present carried to a very high point of perfection in England. The deficiency of the established church in powerful preachers has been often remarked, and is dwelt upon at some length by Dr. Channing himself in his article on Fenelon. Paley, Porteus and Horsley, who belonged to the last generation, were men of more than ordinary power, but none of them rose quite to the first rank. At present the establishment, though it includes some eminent classical scholars, particularly the Bishop of London, and some political and literary characters of note, such as Bishop Philpotts and Sydney Smith, does not, as far as we recollect, contain a single person of great eminence in the pursuits and studies appropriate to the profession, and particularly in pulpit eloquence. To what circumstances this remarkable deficiency may be owing, we have not room here to investigate. It certainly holds out, *prima facie*, no very strong argument in favor of an established religion. The Scotch church can boast of one divine of high and not undeserved distinction in Dr. Chalmers, and we suppose that he may fairly be considered as the most eminent pulpit orator now living in Great Britain. His sermons are perhaps a little less rich in style than those of the late Robert Hall. Without disparagement to the merit of either, which is certainly great

in different ways, we should entertain no apprehension in regard to the result of a fair comparison of their works with those of Dr. Channing.

The sermons of Dr. Channing are, in fact, models in this kind of composition. The style is warm, vigorous and pointed, without affectation or effort at display. No writer is more sparing in the use of figures of speech, historical and poetical illustrations, delineations of characters, and all other merely rhetorical arts. He trusts for effect to the substance, and seems to aim at making his language, as nearly as possible, a simple and vigorous expression of his thoughts. We may add, that his manner of delivery has been formed precisely on the same principle. Though his voice is good and well managed, and the general effect of his speaking impressive, there is no appearance about him of a wish to display his powers of oratory, or indeed to bring before his hearers in any way the idea of himself. You feel, on the contrary, that you are listening to a person, whose consciousness of self is absorbed in the deep interest with which he enters into his subject, and whose only effort is to communicate, as directly and as promptly as he can, to the minds of his audience, the thoughts and feelings with which his own is swelling and laboring. This is the perfection of eloquence in all its departments, and most especially that of the pulpit, where the remotest approach to affectation is not only out of place, but absolutely offensive.

In his occasional discourses, Dr. Channing judiciously allows himself a greater latitude in point of time, than is usual in the ordinary performances of the Sabbath, and thus obtains the necessary space for a full development of his subject. Some of these occasional discourses will bear a very good comparison with the most powerful sermons of the first English divines of former times; and we are happy to add that, with the recent improvement in his health, Dr. Channing seems to have gained a redoubled flow of talent and eloquence. The sermons which he has published this year, and particularly the one addressed to the Fraternity of Churches, on the Ministry for the Poor, which is now before us, are among the very best that he has ever delivered. Indeed, we hardly know, within the compass of this branch of literature, a work which exhibits a more remarkable combination of the highest and purest eloquence, with the most profound and, at the same time, per-

fectly practical and intelligible wisdom. We extract the following passage as a specimen.

"The true cultivation of a human being consists in the development of great moral ideas; that is, the Ideas of God, of Duty, of Right, of Justice, of Love, of Self-sacrifice, of Moral Perfection as manifested in Christ, of Happiness, of Immortality, of Heaven. The elements or germs of these Ideas belong to every soul, constitute its essence, and are intended for endless expansion. These are the chief distinctions of our nature; they constitute our humanity. To unfold these, is the great work of our being. The Light in which these Ideas rise on the mind, the Love which they awaken, and the Force of Will, with which they are brought to sway the outward and inward life, — here, and here only, are the measures of human cultivation.

"These views shew us, that the highest culture is within the reach of the poor. It is not knowledge poured on us from abroad, but the development of the elementary principles of the soul itself, which constitutes the true growth of a human being. Undoubtedly, knowledge from abroad is essential to the awakening of these principles. But that, which conduces most to this end, is offered alike to rich and poor. Society and Experience, Nature and Revelation, our chief moral and religious teachers, and the great quickeners of the soul, do not open their schools to a few favorites, do not initiate a small caste into their mysteries, but are ordained by God to be lights and blessings to all.

"The highest culture, I repeat it, is in reach of the poor, and is sometimes attained by them. Without science, they are often wiser than the philosopher. The astronomer disdains them, but they look above his stars. The geologist disdains them, but they look deeper than the earth's centre; they penetrate their own souls, and find there mightier, diviner elements, than upheaved continents attest. In other words, the great ideas, of which I have spoken, may be, and often are, unfolded more in the poor man, than among the learned and renowned; and in this case the poor man is the most cultivated. For example, take the idea of Justice. Suppose a man, eminent for acquisitions of knowledge, but in whom this idea is but faintly developed. By justice he understands little more than respect for the rights of property. That it means respect for all the rights, and especially for the moral claims of every human being, of the lowest as well as most exalted, has perhaps never entered his mind, much less been expanded and invigorated into a broad, living conviction. Take now the case of a poor man, to whom, under Christ's teaching, the idea of the Just has become real, clear, bright, and strong; who recognises, to its full extent, the right of property, though it operates

against himself; but who does not stop here; who comprehends the higher rights of men as rational and moral beings, their right to exercise and unfold all their powers, their right to the means of improvement, their right to search for truth and to utter their honest convictions, their right to consult first the monitor in their own breasts and to follow wherever it leads, their right to be esteemed and honored according to their moral efforts, their right, when injured, to sympathy and succor against every oppressor. Suppose, I say, the poor man to rise to the comprehension of this enlarged justice, to revere it, to enthrone it over his actions, to render to every human being, friend or foe, near or far off, whatever is his due, to abstain conscientiously, not only from injurious deeds, but from injurious thoughts, judgments, feelings, and words. Is he not a more cultivated man, and has he not a deeper foundation and surer promise of truth, than the student, who, with much outward knowledge, does not comprehend men's highest rights, whose scientific labors are perhaps degraded by injustice towards his rivals, who, had he power, would fetter every intellect, which threatens to outstrip his own?

"The great idea, on which human cultivation especially depends, is that of God. This is the concentration of all that is beautiful, glorious, holy, blessed. It transcends immeasurably in worth and dignity all the science treasured up in Cyclopædias or libraries; and this may be unfolded in the poor, as truly as in the rich. It is not an idea to be elaborated by studies, which can be pursued only in leisure or by opulence. Its elements belong to every soul, and are especially to be found in our moral nature, in the idea of duty, in the feeling of reverence, in the approving sentence which we pass on virtue, in our disinterested affections, and in the wants and aspirations which carry us towards the Infinite. There is but one way of unfolding these germs of the idea of God, and that is, faithfulness to the best convictions of duty and of the Divine Will, which we have hitherto gained. God is to be known by obedience, by likeness, by sympathy, that is, by moral means, which are open alike to rich and poor. Many a man of science has not known him. The pride of science, like a thick cloud, has hidden from the philosopher the Spiritual Sun, the only true light, and for want of this quickening ray, he has fallen in culture far, very far, below the poor.

"These remarks have been drawn from me by the proneness of our times to place human culture in physical knowledge, and especially in degrees of it denied to the mass of the people. To this knowledge I would on no account deny great value. In its place, it is an important means of human improvement. I look with admiration on the intellectual force, which combines and masters scattered facts, and by analysis and comparison as-

cends to the general laws of the material universe. But the philosopher, who does not see in the force within him something nobler than the outward nature which he analyzes, who, in tracing mechanical and chemical agencies, is unconscious of a higher action in his own soul, who is not led by all finite powers to the Omnipotent, and who does not catch, in the order and beauty of the universe, some glimpses of Spiritual Perfection, stops at the very threshold of the temple of truth. Miserably narrow is the culture, which confines the soul to Matter, which turns it to the Outward, as to something nobler than itself. I fear, the spirit of science, at the present day, is too often a degradation, rather than the true culture of the soul. It is the bowing down of the heaven-born spirit before unthinking mechanism. It seeks knowledge, rather for animal, transitory purposes, than for the nutriment of the imperishable inward life; and yet the worshippers of science pity or contemn the poor, because denied this means of cultivation. Unhappy poor! shut out from libraries, laboratories, and learned institutes! In view of this world's wisdom, it avails you nothing, that your own nature, manifested in your own and other souls, that God's word and works, that the ocean, earth, and sky are laid open to you; that you may acquaint yourselves with the Divine Perfections, with the character of Christ, with the duties of life, with the virtues, the generous sacrifices, and the beautiful and holy emotions, which are a revelation and pledge of Heaven. All these are nothing, do not lift you to the rank of cultivated men, because the mysteries of the telescope and microscope, of the air-pump and crucible, are not revealed to you! I would they were revealed to you. I believe the time is coming when Christian benevolence will delight in spreading all truth, and all refinements, through all ranks of society. But meanwhile be not discouraged. One ray of moral and religious truth is worth all the wisdom of the schools. One lesson from Christ will carry you higher, than years of study under those, who are too enlightened to follow the celestial guide.

"My hearers, do not contemn the poor man for his ignorance. Has he seen the Right? Has he felt the binding force of the Everlasting Moral Law? Has the beauty of virtue, in any of its forms, been revealed to him? Then he has entered the highest school of wisdom. Then a light has dawned within him, worth all the physical knowledge of all worlds. It almost moves me to indignation, when I hear the student exalting his science, which at every step meets impenetrable darkness, above the idea of Duty, and above veneration for goodness and God. It is true, and ought to be understood, that outward nature, however, tortured, probed, dissected, never reveals truths so sublime or pre-

cious, as are wrapt up in the consciousness of the meanest individual, and laid open to every eye in the word of Christ.

"I trust it will not be inferred from what I have said of the superiority of moral and religious culture to physical science, that the former requires or induces a neglect or disparagement of the latter. No, it is the friend of all truth, the enemy of none. It is propitious to intellect, and incites to the investigation of the laws and order of the universe. This view deserves a brief illustration, because an opposite opinion has sometimes prevailed, because reproach has sometimes been thrown on religious culture, as if it narrowed the mind and barred it against the lights of physical science. There cannot be a more groundless charge. Superstition contracts and darkens the mind; but that living faith in moral and religious truth, for which I contend as the highest culture of rich and poor, is in no respect narrow or exclusive. It does not fasten the mind forever on a few barren doctrines. In proportion to its growth, it cherishes our whole nature, gives a wide range to thought, opens the intellect to the true, and the imagination to the beautiful. The great principles of moral and religious science are, above all others, fruitful, life-giving, and have intimate connexions with all other truth. The Love towards God and man, which is the centre in which they meet, is the very spirit of research into nature. It finds perpetual delight in tracing out the harmonies and vast and beneficent arrangements of creation, and inspires an interest in the works of the Universal Father, more profound, intense, enduring than philosophical curiosity. I conceive, too, that faith in moral and religious truth has strong affinities with the scientific spirit, and thus contributes to its perfection. Both, for example, have the same objects, that is, universal truths. As another coincidence, I would observe, that it is the highest prerogative of scientific genius, to interpret obscure signs, to dart from faint hints to sublime discoveries, to read in a few fragments the history of vanished worlds and ages, to detect in the falling apple the law which rules the sphere. Now it is the property of moral and religious faith, to see in the finite the manifestations of the Infinite, in the present the germ of the boundless future, in the visible the traces of the Incomprehensible Unseen, in the power and wants of the soul its imperishable destiny. Such is the harmony between the religious and the philosophical spirit. It is to a higher moral and religious culture, that I look for a higher interpretation of nature. The laws of nature, we must remember, had their origin in the Mind of God. Of this they are the product, expression, and type; and I cannot but believe, that the human mind, which best understands, and which partakes most largely of the divine, has a power of interpreting nature,

which is accorded to no other. It has harmonies with the system, which it is to unfold. It contains in itself the principles, which gave birth to creation. As yet, science has hardly penetrated beneath the surface of nature. The principles of animal and vegetable life, of which all organized beings around us are but varied modifications, the forces which pervade or constitute matter, and the links between matter and mind, are as yet wrapt in darkness; and how little is known of the adaptations of the physical and the spiritual world to one another. Whence is light to break in on these depths of creative wisdom? I look for it to the spirit of philosophy, baptized, hallowed, exalted, made piercing by a new culture of the moral and religious principles of the human soul.

"The topic opens before me as I advance. The superiority of moral and religious to all other culture, is confirmed by a throng of arguments not yet touched. The peculiar wisdom which this culture gives, by revealing to us the end, the Ultimate Good of our being, which nothing else teaches; the peculiar power which it gives, power over ourselves, so superior to the most extensive sway over the outward universe; the necessity of moral and religious culture to make knowledge a blessing, to save it from being a curse; these are weighty considerations which press on my mind, but cannot be urged. They all go to shew, that the culture which the poor may receive is worth all others; that in sending among them religious and moral influences, you send the highest good of the universe."

This passage is at once a fair specimen of the author's style as a pulpit orator, and a sort of compendium of his whole philosophical doctrine. We have spoken of him as belonging to the class of philosophers or original thinkers on general subjects, and we had intended to offer some remarks upon his sermons considered as expositions of his opinions; but the space remaining to us would not now allow us to do this at any great length, nor is it necessary to add much upon this head, for those of our readers who are able to enter into the spirit, and appreciate the value of the sublime trains of thought, exhibited in the above extract. The merit of Dr. Channing as a philosopher does not lie in arranging and digesting, a little more methodically than preceding writers, the common-places of some of the branches of moral or natural science, or even in directing the public attention to some before unobserved facts or principles in these great departments of knowledge. Achievements of this kind, though they have their value, and, in many instances, a very great one, belong after all to an order of inqui-

ries of secondary importance. There is much in the works of Dr. Channing, as of most other philosophical writers of much volume, which comes under this head, as, for example, his theories on the controverted points in theology, on the progressive character of the human mind, and on the importance of government as an agent in promoting the advancement of civilization, and the welfare of society. His speculations on all these subjects, as on others that might be mentioned, have to a greater or less extent the character of novelty, and their results, if true, must be received as discoveries in moral science. But it is not, we think, on these speculations, however interesting and in many respects valuable, that his reputation and merit as a philosopher are mainly founded. The value of his views on the controverted points in divinity, will be differently estimated by the different sects ; and the whole subject, as we have intimated above, may not improbably lose a part of its present supposed importance with the decay of the excitement, which has grown out of the contest. As to the other questions to which we have adverted, the progressive character of the mind, and the value of government as an agent in the improvement of society, we entertain some doubts, whether the peculiar views of Dr. Channing will be finally confirmed by the verdict of an enlightened public opinion. His theory of progress has not yet been stated with sufficient fulness and precision, to enable us to ascertain exactly what it is ; but as far as we are able to form a conjecture, it is hardly consistent with the analogy of nature, or the results of experience. We also think that he is rather disposed to underrate the importance of government, as an instrument for promoting the improvement of society. On some future occasion we may venture, perhaps, to examine more fully the opinions of Dr. Channing upon these topics. We have adverted to them here, in part, for the purpose of showing that the approbation which we have expressed of his character and works is not a mere unmeaning tribute of applause to a public favorite, but is the result of our own unbiassed and independent judgment.

The merit of Dr. Channing as a philosopher does not, therefore, as we conceive, lie so much in any systematic exposition of moral science, which he has not attempted, or in any new and peculiar theories of his own invention, as in feeling himself, and bringing home to the hearts of others, with extraordinary distinctness and power, the simple butsublime

truths which lie at the bottom of all religion and all philosophy. There are two, and only two, essentially opposite views of the nature and destiny of man, and his relation to the universe of which he forms a part. One considers him as a being superior in degree only to the animals that surround him, and intended like them for a transitory existence, which is to terminate in the dissolution of the body, and of which the only rational employment is to devote it, as it passes, to sensual pleasure. This is a doctrine which seems to be sanctioned by the practice of a large majority of our race, at all times and in all countries, but which, stated as a philosophical theory, is repugnant alike to common sense and common feeling, and has rarely appeared as such, excepting at periods of great and general corruption, on the eve of some tremendous revolution, like those which preceded the fall of the Roman Empire and the present agitations in Christendom. It is then avowed in its naked deformity, spreads itself for awhile among communities prepared by their vices to receive it, the precursor and, to a certain extent, the immediate instrument of political ruin, and after doing its work of desolation, is again rejected with loathing, and gives way, as we now see it doing throughout Europe, to a general reaction in favor of truth.

The other view of our nature to which we have alluded, considers man as connected by strong temporary ties with the sensual world, but belonging essentially to a higher one, — destined to unfold new powers and pass through new scenes of action and enjoyment in future conditions, and to approach more nearly, by a gradual course of progress, to the perfection and purity of that high Intelligence of which his own is a faint image. This is the doctrine which, in all common times, and in all the ordinary states of society, has commanded the general assent of the world. It recommends itself with equal power to the reasoning head and the feeling heart. It beams upon us from the glorious orbs that enlighten us from above, and the countless wonders and beauties of the spectacle of nature around us and beneath our feet. The grand movements of the universal system reveal it to us in the harmony by which they are governed, and which the ancients fancifully described as the music of the spheres; while a voice within whispers it from the secret recesses of every uncorrupted heart. It forms, as we have said, the basis of all religion and all philosophy. We see its consolatory light gleaming faintly through a veil of

error and fable, in the Indian's dream of a hunter's paradise "beyond the cloud-capt hill" that bounds his earthly vision;— in the monstrous creations of the Oriental mythology, and in the elegant and graceful forms of Grecian art. It flowed in strains of honied eloquence from the lips of Socrates at the banquet with his friends, and over that dark cup which the ungrateful city of Minerva prepared for the last hours of the wisest of her sons. Cicero repeated the lesson in his beautiful Tusculan retreat. Aurelius proclaimed it anew from the throne of the world. Revelation has given to it the sanction of her mysterious oracles. It is the wisdom of the Old Testament; the Faith and hope of the new. Scepticism herself hardly ventures to call it in question. "Who," says Goethe, speaking in the character of Faust, a personage supposed to be abandoned to the influence of an Evil Spirit, and intended as a type of human nature beset with temptation,

"Who dares name Him?
Who avow that he believes in Him?
Who that feels, dares to say I believe Him not?
The All-Embracer, the All-Sustainer,
Does He not embrace and sustain thee, me, Himself?
Does not heaven spread itself on high above us?
Lies not the Earth firmly here below?
Do not the eternal stars beam on us brightly from their spheres?
Is not all this thronging to thy head and heart,
And weaving itself in eternal mystery
Invisibly, visibly around thee?
Fill then thy heart with it, vast as it is,
And when thou art wholly blest with the feeling,
Call it happiness, — heart, — love, — God!
I have no name for it. Feeling is all in all.
Names are sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow."

This view of human nature, which may be called the spiritual one, and which forms the basis of all religion and philosophy, recommends itself, therefore, with almost irresistible power to the minds and hearts of men, but it comes to them generally mixed with a large allow of fable and error. The multitude, swallowed up in temporary interests, too exclusively occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, power or gain, to devote much care to the immortal mind, adopt the mixture of truth and fable, which happens to be the received opinion of their own time and country, with implicit faith, and we may add, for any practical purpose, with entire indifference.

In this way, the clear light of truth is gradually obstructed, and sometimes almost wholly lost. It belongs to a few superior spirits, and it is the proof of their superiority, to feel the importance of these views, to separate them from the mass of error with which they are mingled, not so much by attacking the false as by insisting on the true, and to bring them home with power to the hearts of others. This is the leading object of the writings of Dr. Channing, considered as expositions of general principles. He knows and feels that philosophy, rightly understood, is, as we have repeatedly remarked, only another name for religion. "It is the property of moral and religious faith," to use his own fine expressions in the above extract, "it is the property of moral and religious faith, to see in the Finite the manifestations of the Infinite, in the Present the germ of the boundless Future, in the Visible the traces of the Incomprehensible Unseen, in the power and wants of the soul its imperishable destiny."

This is the sum and substance of the philosophical doctrine of Dr. Channing, and of all true philosophy, by whatever name it may be known. It is when thus understood, that philosophy becomes indeed, as Milton calls it, divine; that its cultivation is identical with the progress of truth, virtue, civilization and human happiness. The men whose superior talents and purity of purpose qualify them to take a leading part in carrying on this work, are the great benefactors of our race, and we reckon Dr. Channing among the number. We offer him our grateful acknowledgments for the good he has already done, and we trust that his future labors will allow us frequent opportunities for renewing them.

ART. VII. — *Study of Natural History.*

A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History. By WILLIAM SWAINSON. London. 1834.

IT is well to take every opportunity to extend a taste for the study of Natural History; for popular as it is, compared with former days, it does not yet inspire a general interest at all proportionate to its importance. Doubtless it is made the subject of lectures in all the cities, and most of the villages of our land; and we could not say that anything was wanting, if a taste for

the results of study were all that is necessary to form. These are so brilliant and striking, that they cannot be set before the most unintellectual of men, without producing in them emotions of delight. But, unfortunately, a taste for such results is one thing, and a taste for the study is another; and out of the thousands who enjoy such displays of the treasures of science, there may not be one who is disposed to submit to the labor, self-denial and sacrifice, which science requires of its disciples; neither have such displays any tendency to form that passionate love of truth, — that thirst for searching and exploring, — which bears men up in the laborious process by which discoveries are made. If we remember aright, Rousseau pointed out this error in education many years ago. It is forming a taste for having, where the object is to form the taste for earning; the former is mere indulgence, the latter is exertion. Such exertion gives health to the mind, while the enjoyment of which we speak soon becomes satiety, and in a short time, the power to enjoy is lost. The object of such discourses as this, then, should be to shew that there is pleasure, not only in knowing but in learning; and that every intelligent man will enjoy what he has learned by his own efforts, far more than that which is supplied to his hand. There is no doubt that the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, enjoys it more than he who sets in luxurious repose, to be served by others; considering enjoyment alone, it is better to labor than to rest; but this is not the only circumstance to be regarded; there is another question, which tends most to confirm the health and vigor of the physical system, and to prepare it to resist the waste of time and the infirmity of declining years. So there is no doubt, that he who travels patiently over the field of natural science, enjoys his accessions of knowledge, far more than if he had them all spread out before him without any labor of his own; and, so far as respects the health and vigor of his mind, it is exceedingly important that he should deal more with processes than results, and find his happiness in the excitement of the race, and not the value of the prize.

We are inclined on this account as well as others, to think well of such discourses as this. They show by the spirit with which they are written, what kinds of interest and devotion these pursuits are able to inspire. It is not their object to shew the student what he will find as he advances; this is left for him to discover; they would rather convince him that the

pursuit itself, apart from the consideration of its success, will be its own reward. No evidence can be more convincing for this purpose than that of those veterans in the science, who have undertaken pilgrimages and encountered hardships in a spirit of deep devotion to the study; sustained in it, not by encouragement nor by applause, but by the self-rewarding principle, which ensures that services and sacrifices in a disinterested pursuit shall always be overpaid. It is not every one who will become a scientific naturalist; nor is this necessary; without mastering the details of science, men may become useful observers; and in this way, be able, without pretension and almost unconsciously, to socure improvement for themselves, and render service to the world. White of Selborne is a familiar example; he never pretended to be a scientific naturalist; his whole ambition was to furnish observations to those who would be able to arrange and use them; and yet, perhaps, there is no one who has done more to extend the taste for natural science than he. There was nothing in his situation peculiarly favorable to such pursuits; he had no more leisure to devote to them than most men may secure to themselves if they will. As to his field of observation, it was nature; the same nature which is spread out under every eye; and no man can say that the place where he dwells is barren, till he has ascertained by actual observation that it affords nothing to reward attention, or to inspire thoughtfulness in the mind. The frozen plains of the north, and the fiery regions of Africa, have rewarded investigation with treasures, which have been thought cheaply purchased, by encountering hardships and dangers; if so, it is not likely that any part of the inhabited world will be found, which does not merit, and will not reward the attention of observers. Since the number of scientific naturalists must be small, it is very desirable to form a class of observers, who may aid the cause of science without being able to make it the business of their lives.

But what good will the study of Natural History do? It is a fair question; and no general interest can ever be awakened in the pursuit, till it is answered to the satisfaction of those who ask it. At the same time this is no easy matter; since what will interest one mind to the full extent of its powers, may not be able to make the least impression on another. If any one after reading the Iliad, ask what good it will do, the proper answer would be, that it would do very little good to him. If

any one, looking over the face of nature, can see nothing inspiring in its beauty, it will be of little service for him to keep looking on in the hope of enjoying it more. If any one, however, should ask the same question before reading it, there would be some hope of answering it to his satisfaction. And thus, if any who have paid attention to the studies recommended in the work before us, ask concerning their utility, it will be a waste of time to endeavor to point it out; the book of nature is one which they will never learn to read. There are those who really desire to engage in every liberal pursuit, and whose minds and hearts are open to everything which promises improvement or delight. These are the persons whom the naturalist should endeavor to engage in the service of science; he may endeavor to convince them; and he may enter upon the undertaking with a confidence like that which, in former days, we have heard teachers of youth express, on occasions when we thought the oracle more doubtful; "that they will remember it, and thank him for it, to the longest day they have to live."

It will not be difficult to shew to every one who asks the question, whatever his age, profession, or pursuit may be, some benefit which these studies can bestow. They have one decided advantage over almost all others; they bring at once the body and the mind into action, since every one who has anything of the naturalist about him, leaves his books and the narrow enclosure of his study, and goes forth into the open fields of nature. It is manifest that pursuits, which thus excite the physical and intellectual powers, remove the unnatural inconsistency, which perverted education has established between study and action. It certainly never was intended, that while the mind is exerted, the body should be palsied by disease, nor was it any part of the design of Providence, that those who live by the labor of their hands, should leave their minds forever inactive and barren. It seems to us, that the studies in question reunite what man has unwisely separated, and are, therefore, best suited to our nature. Those who, like the author of this discourse, are desirous to extend a taste for these liberal studies, have a great encouragement in the fact, that they are everywhere met and welcomed by a deep and strong love of nature. It seems born in the soul of man; it strengthens with his strength; it has much power where it has never found a voice, among those who are thrown into familiar inter-

course with nature. Even among those who have no such advantage, — even under the exhausted receivers in the depths of the city, there are many indications which shew that this passion can never be rooted out from the breast. It is manifested by deeds, not words; those in whom it exists may not be able to talk in sentimental phrase concerning the beautiful and picturesque, and will, therefore, be set down as wholly insensible; but any one, who knows how to touch the spring of feeling in their soul, can appeal to it, and awaken it with power. In the darkest lanes of the city, bright flowers look out from the window, and bear witness that the love of nature is there. If there be a garden, like that commemorated by Martial, where *nec cucumis possit jacere rectus*, not even a cucumber has room to lie straight, flowers will be seen breathing incense on the ungrateful air, which returns any thing but incense to them. Even boys, the most merciless of all destroyers, have their pet animal, and are subdued into something like humanity by their regard for their playful charge. The birds, too, — not only the familiar robin, but the wild baltimore and the retiring warbler, sing with confidence, believing that some will listen to them in the rattling street, as well as in the Sabbath stillness of the village. Who does not rejoice in the spirit-like song of the bird, when he comes to assure us that spring has released the sweet influences of Pleiades, and bound Orion in chains; or when he hurries from the north, as soon as he hears afar off in the mountains the first murmurs of the winter storm? He seems conscious of man's attachment; he lingers long after the leaf has fallen, — till the winds of autumn are singing their vesper hymn. Wilson expressed a natural sentiment, when he desired to be buried where the birds might sing over his grave. In truth, this love of nature, in all its forms, is universal as the human heart. Mrs. Hemans, in her beautiful invocation, calls for flowers for the festival, for the conqueror and the bride. But nature had already taken this in charge. At her suggestion, flowers from the earliest ages have crowned the celebrations of joy, of glory, and of love. She would have found them also in places of sorrow; in the captive's lonely cell; in the field where the weary are at rest; for there, perhaps her own grave may bear witness, the love of nature suggests the last proof of delicate attachment, and flowers bloom upon the grave.

The tastes of childhood, to which we have just alluded,

shew that the feeling is as general as we have represented it. The very infant delights in the young animal, and watches its motions with an interest which makes him quite forget the plaything in his hands. He holds the shell to his ear, with thoughtful attention, as if he hoped it would whisper something of the mysteries of the deep from which it came. Can any reader of Wilson forget the child who came with a glowing face to his mother, saying, "Look, my dear mother, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why! all the woods are full of them! Red, orange, blue, and 'most every color. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much prettier than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mother? shall I go and gather more?" The naturalist said, that the feeling of the boy precisely resembled his own. Would it not be easy to cherish that fine enthusiasm, whether in youth or age, till it becomes an intellectual thirst for knowledge? There is no doubt of it. This pleasure, in beholding such objects, inspires the wish to know more of them, and to ask those questions which science offers to answer. It would be easy, also, to exalt it into a religious feeling. The eye glides naturally over a sweet evening prospect to the clear heaven beyond; so it passes, of itself, and without effort, from the contemplation of nature up to nature's God.

But it may be said, that there are some, practical and intellectual men too, who are wholly indifferent to these things. It is true that there are men, like the geometrician of Montesquieu, who, describing a lovely country-seat, said it was a house thirty-five feet by sixty, with a garden of ten acres. There are some also, who, as Voltaire irreverently described a great English divine, are "reasoning mills," with eyes habitually turned inward, and, of course, incapable of seeing the world about them. There are some men, like Johnson, who, from defect of the senses, cannot see such things, and, of course, can hardly be expected to enjoy them. But except where there is physical disability, or when the course of life is singularly unfavorable to the cultivation of this taste, we are sure to find it. It may not, as English travellers expect, be paraded in the chance company of a steamboat or stage coach, nor will one who feels it, speak of it quite as freely as of the politics of the day. Still it exists in all cultivated minds, with very few exceptions; and to those we may apply Locke's remark concerning the oyster, which he says is

lashed to the rock, and obliged to take whatever the sea washes into its shell. "Hence we see the goodness of Providence, in making its sensations so few and dull."

The few who are wholly indifferent prove nothing against the general truth, that the love of nature belongs to the human heart. Uncultivated men, who have no system to guide them, are often attentive and accurate observers, and those who make inquiries of them are surprised at the amount of information which they are able to give. Men of business, worn with their cares, always look upon it as one of the ends of their labor to be able to retire into the country; and if, when they retire, they find that the habit of business has destroyed their relish for it, still the desire of such retirement, kept up through so much laborious excitement, shews how strong it must be. Those who plunge into the stirring concerns of public life, have always counted it a privilege, as well they may, to retreat from the dusty strife to the passionless excitement of the world of nature. And how can it be otherwise? There is an expression in the face of nature, that can be seen by every eye, — a gentle and gracious expression, which inspires confidence and love. We know not why it is, that divines have found so much fault with the doctrine of Pope's Essay on Man, that "the body nature is, and God the soul;" philosophical examination it may not bear; but considered as poetry, it well expresses the truth, that nature is not inanimate nor unmeaning; that there is something in it which gives it spirit, life and expression; and that this soul of the universe is no other than the Being whose power created, whose wisdom sustains, whose goodness crowns it all.

This love of nature as a "thing of life" explains the fact, which is well known to many who are unaware of the cause, that in our communion with nature, we never feel alone. We feel solitary when we do not find man among the works of man. A deserted house is one of the dreariest places in the world; it is more dreary than the raw chillness of a new-made grave; and so is a deserted city, till nature has covered its ruins with verdure, and made it her own again. But we feel no such overpowering sense of loneliness among the works of God; there is reverence and awe indeed, when man stands on the sea-shore, — when he gazes on the expanse of the desert, — or when he stands at midnight on the deck of a vessel in the heart of the seas. Why is it so? Among

the forsaken works of man we feel solitary, because man is not there. Among the works of God we never feel so desolate, because he *is* there. We find this confirmed by the adventurers of the West; they have complained of loneliness only when in presence of men. So in the Arabian deserts, Châteaubriand found an intelligent young countryman of his own, who was so enchanted with their sublime solitudes, that he had given up his friends and his home. How powerfully this sentiment can sometimes act upon the heart, we see in one of the most striking of Park's adventures. He was in an African wilderness, far from any abodes of men, overcome with weariness, and alarmed by beasts of prey. He felt as if all was over with him, and was on the point of lying down in despair, when his eye rested on a little flower, blooming alone amidst the desert sands. It carried his thoughts upward at once to Him that made it. He asked himself if it were possible, that the Being who sustained that little flower in existence, could withdraw his presence from suffering man. He no longer felt helpless and alone; he went his way with new vigor, and soon reached a place of relief and repose. Had he felt deserted, he would in an hour have been torn by the beasts of the desert, and to this day his bones would have whitened in the sun.

So far from being an uncommon thing, the love of nature often manifests itself on a large scale with the intensity and power of the strongest passions. For in this, we take it, are we to look for an explanation of the mystery of that patriotic feeling, which has sometimes wrought so powerfully in the hearts of those who are absent from their native country. The love of country is founded in local attachment; it is found clinging to the scenery and natural objects of the father-land. No man ever forgets the tree that shaded the home of his childhood, nor the stream that ran near the door. When such objects are grand and striking, as in the mountains of Switzerland, they take firmer hold upon the memory; the images are more vivid, and the associations are proportionally strong. This was the case with the Hebrews; on the dry plains and beside the slow rivers of Babylon, they were haunted with the vision of the hills and valleys of their own romantic land. Such examples have been found in our own country, little as it may be credited by those who believe that human nature differs in different regions of the earth. During the revolutionary war, there was a time, when some of the best and bravest men in

the southern army actually died, man after man, in consequence of that sickness of heart, produced by absence from their home. Nor is this to be ascribed to the strength of domestic attachment; it is a more expansive feeling; it attaches itself not so much to the fireside, as to the "blue hills of our native country." The savage, who has little domestic happiness, is no stranger to its deep devotion; all his eloquence consists of images which shew that nature is before his mind; and there can be no doubt that the love of nature is one of the chief elements of that love of country which, in numberless memorable examples, has shewn itself able to bid defiance to the grave.

We have said so much, — perhaps more than will be read,— concerning the love of nature, because it is the cause and spring of all improvement in these studies; and if it exist so generally, it cannot be hard to inspire that interest in these pursuits, which they require and deserve.

But some may doubt whether this feeling, of which we have spoken, will accept the guidance of science, and submit to its restraints; whether it can be elevated from an imaginative sentiment into a steady and well-governed enthusiasm, such as improvement in science requires. On this point it can be easily shewn, that wherever there is scientific zeal, it is invariably associated with a strong attachment for nature; and more than this, there are examples to shew, that those who have made themselves illustrious in these pursuits, had their attention turned to the subject by the early love of nature. Linnæus himself is believed to have formed the taste, which afterwards made him so illustrious, from his delight in the flowers of his father's garden. The elder Bartram, who stood so high in the estimation of the naturalists of his day, was an entire stranger to science, though a thoughtful and observing man. In the early part of his life, — indeed, through all his life, — he was a husbandman. One day when, weary with ploughing, he rested under a tree, he observed a flower, one of those things on which he had often loved to look. He longed to know something of its history; — then he determined to know all that could be learned concerning it. This was the spring that required to be touched; in the same hour the lover of nature became a naturalist, and the spirit then awakened never slept to his latest day. At the age of threescore and ten, he was exploring the wilds of Florida. then a country as dangerous and inaccessible, as could now be

found in North America. Wilson is another example. He loved nature so well that he became a pedler for the sake of enjoying it, and with the exception of Wordsworth's friend, was probably the only one of that calling, in whom this passion overpowered the love of gain. The vocation, as he pursued it, was not easy nor profitable; still, it served to nourish the taste which he afterwards indulged in this country with so much renown. We wish we could say, happiness; but it is ordered that these pursuits shall be their own reward, and that the prize, immortality, shall not come till the mortal life, with its many sorrows, is past.

There is another heresy of precisely the opposite description; it is the doubt whether science will not quench the love of nature; whether there is not a drudgery and cold exactness in science, which will destroy this animated feeling. It evidently had no such effect in the men just mentioned. True; but it may be said, they persevered in the hope of glory; it may not be so with those who study for pleasure and improvement alone. This impression is founded on the precious maxim, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and truly nature and religion both are little beholden to those who make this their creed. Perhaps it is not easy to explain the self-sustaining principle, which induces men to devote themselves to a favorite pursuit, and repays them for all their labors. But they can easily see its effects; they can see how soon a burning thirst for knowledge takes possession of their souls. There is no danger which they will not face; there is no hardship which they will not undergo, if it will enable them to solve those mysteries which, of all things, they desire to know. There was, no doubt, a dim magnificence in the imagination which an ancient Magian formed of the heavens; but could it compare in grandeur with the view of Newton, who looked through the system with the searching brightness of an archangel's eye? It would be hard indeed to believe, that we shall love nature less in proportion as we know it better.

It is not the love of nature, which refuses to be enlightened. It is a superstitious feeling, which would be more properly called the fear of nature. The Bramin, when the English officer shewed him with his microscope that he must needs destroy life in eating, was miserable to find that he was always violating that Pythagorean law, which it was the glory of his

life to observe. He should, however, have been grateful; for the information which he had thus gained, sorely against his will, might have opened his mind to the teaching of a better philosophy and a better religion. What can be the charm of error? Why so strong dislike of the revolutionary spirit of science, which restrains the power of the moon, disarms the stars of their malignant influences, strips the *ignis fatuus* of its terrors, and sends back the ghost to its grave? What satisfaction can there be in believing that serpents have power to fascinate, or that birds can foretell the destinies of men? There are many to this day, who are provoked to hear it denied that house sparrows change into snowbirds in the winter, or that the swallow, a bird of most untiring wing, instead of retreating before the storm, escapes it by diving into the mud. The true lover of nature is a lover of truth, and as Johnson said of Sir Thomas Brown, is willing to pay labor for it; though he may not manifest it precisely like that eminent man, who, "having heard a rumor of sympathetic needles by which, suspended over circular alphabets, distant friends or lovers might converse, procured two such alphabets, and placed them on the proper spindles. The result was, that when he moved one, the other, instead of taking by sympathy the same direction, stood like the pillars of Hercules!"

But it may be said, that, allowing there is no reason to expect to find men indifferent to these sciences, we see in point of fact, that they are so; not that they do not take pleasure in results, but there are few who give much attention to them, and hardly three or four in a nation who make them the business of their lives. But to say that these studies inspire no general interest, is only saying in other words that they are not generally known. Knowledge is the cure for indifference; that which one does not know, of course, he does not care for; but as we grow acquainted with the subject, our interest is excited in one way or another. We may not like it more; if not, we shall dislike it more; our feeling will take decided forms, either of partiality or aversion. It is always found by experience, that the more one knows of these things, the more he will desire to know. The facts at first may seem few and meagre, and the reward unequal to the labor; but as we go on the field enlarges, and we begin to ask where nature can have hidden these surprising things, while the wonder is that we have not noticed these things which have lain close under our

eyes. We have heard divines say, that in another world, the wonders of Providence will be unfolded to view. Another world? What world do they live in? At the moment while they are saying it, they are surrounded with unexplored and unsuspected wonders. Another world! Why, this becomes another world to the man who opens his eyes. Science breathes life and light into it; it kindles with glory, happiness, and praise; there is no one who cannot feel its inspirations if he will.

Some naturalists of the present day, as Linnæus did before them, complain that the science is not even held in reverence, and they hardly mention the subject without a reproof to those who treat it with levity and scorn. Something, however, must be forgiven to human nature. They must pardon a smile when the naturalist is descanting on the wonders of an insect's wing, for those who are guilty of this irreverence, only smile at the physical disproportion between his subject and himself, and they do not doubt that he has found something in it worthy the attention of enlightened minds. Are we to suppose that Franklin raising his kite, or Newton blowing his soap bubbles, was secure from this kind of martyrdom? Those who saw them thus employed, must have thought, to say the least, that the sages were engaged in very singular recreations. Naturalists sometimes bring ridicule upon themselves, by affecting a magnificence not called for by the occasion. Thus Kirby and Spence were so transported at witnessing the evolutions of a party of gnats upon the wing, — their celestial dances, as they called them, in which they were "rising and falling, transparent and glorious," that they could think of nothing but "angels and glorified spirits, drinking life and joy from the effulgence of divine favor." Is it a sin to smile at such lucubrations? Those able naturalists should have remembered, that for one instance in which such language would exalt a mortal's devotion to the skies, there would be hundreds in which it would be more likely to draw an angel's down.

But passing from these more general views of the subject, we will attempt to direct attention to some of the purposes to which these studies should be applied.

First of all, to the purpose of improving the minds of the young, and a more important purpose we do not know. They should be instructed in Natural History, not because it may lead to something useful, but because, with-

out looking to any other result, the mere pursuit is improving to the mind and heart. We will not contend for the prëeminence of these studies. Every one, which brings the mind into action, will do good. But the great thing is to find such studies, as may bring the mind into willing and cheerful action; if they do not, the child may acquire that mechanical facility which often passes for real improvement, while it is, in fact, injurious to the intellectual powers. There are too many studies, which their minds play upon, — perhaps work upon, while they are dealing all the time with words and not with things. "Words," it has been said, "are the daughters of earth; things are the sons of heaven;" but in many studies, the mortal claims and receives what belongs to the immortal. The observation of children needs to be cultivated more than the memory; the habit of remembering is in great part mechanical and easily brought to perfection; the habit of observing with the mind open as well as the eye, is not so easily formed; but it is so important to all kinds of success in later years, that the science which will do most to form it in the young, carries with it its own recommendation. We think that Natural History will be found, more than any other, to fasten itself upon the mind, and to give a cheerful excitement to all its powers. We have never seen anything more beautiful, than the desire of knowledge which the young sometimes discover; "the soft, dark, earnest eye" turned in breathless attention upon him who endeavors to instruct them. There is something fresh and animating in their view of the creation; they long to know everything within their sphere; the world seems enchanted; it awakens trains of thought and feeling, which, to them, are glorious and unbounded. As they grow older, this curiosity subsides; indifference grows and gains upon them, till, when they are men, they stand without interest amidst the beautiful and grand of nature, conscious of their ignorance, and yet not desiring to know. Verily, the doctrine that man must be born again, is philosophically as well as religiously true; he must renew the childhood of his soul, before he can ever desire to learn what it is shameful not to know. Restore him his childlike feelings, and his cold heart will kindle with new intellectual desires; he will burn to know the history of every thing, — of every delicate flower on the earth, and every bright star in the sky; and when he sees the countless multitude of wonders that solicit his attention, he will begin to

value the hope, perhaps we should call it something more than hope, — that he may walk forever in the same path of knowledge, of light shining brighter and brighter, which he is travelling in this world below.

Children, then, are not only proper subjects, they are by far the best subjects of this kind of instruction. Instruction we call it, though it depends on themselves far more than others; these are pursuits in which the schoolmaster, whether abroad or at home, can do but little to aid them. The strong heart and active mind work out their own improvement, or nothing is done. They must, indeed, leave the schoolmaster within his narrow prison, and go out into the fields to strengthen their physical powers by exercise, and their minds by observation. It is not every study which will bear to be thus pursued; but those which will, afford a relief from the unnatural confinement which our systems of education impose on their disciples or victims. They supply that nervous impulse, without which, physiologists tell us, we may exercise forever with very little advantage. We are not about to declaim concerning these systems; there may be some danger of their improving the intellectual at the expense of the physical powers. But it seems to us, that the greatest danger is, that they will improve neither; if the body loses strength, the mind will sympathize with it. In a great proportion of those cases, in which the young mind is thought to be making ruinous efforts, the mind is as inactive as the form. There is some easy play of memory which counterfeits mental exertion; or the look of lassitude passes for an intensely thoughtful expression. Though there are cases of disease in which the mind is preternaturally developed, in general it is true, that the mind cannot be improved, while the bodily powers stagnate and decay.

It is difficult to account for the manner in which these studies have been neglected in youthful education. It certainly is not owing to want of means and advantages; for no one is so situated that he cannot give them some attention. A residence in the country is, doubtless, most favorable; but we find more instances in the city than the country, of those who pursue them with vigor and success. The truth is, that there are no disadvantages which resolution cannot overcome. When Sir Joseph Banks, with Dr. Solander, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, nothing doubting that he should enjoy the happiness

of bringing to light the rich treasures of the country, the Portuguese authorities would not suffer any one of the party to land. This was sufficiently mortifying; but the naturalists, having some live stock on board, bethought themselves that the jealousy of that enlightened government possibly might not extend to them; and under color of procuring fodder for the animals, they received every day a collection of plants from the shore. A little money, judiciously applied, taught the purveyers to consult the taste of the botanists as well as of the cattle; and thus by this simple expedient, they were able to make a considerable collection of Brazilian plants, without setting their feet upon the soil of the country. Mr. Swainson himself, while exploring the forests of South America, was troubled with a complaint which prevented him from walking. Meantime he despatched the three Indians who were with him in search of insects, birds, and other animals, while he remained at home. Thus every day added something to his collections, besides providing food for the party. He passed the morning in preparing the skins of the birds, and arranging the insects, and the evening in looking over the new acquisitions brought in by his men; and thus was able not only to amuse the tedious hours of his confinement, but to continue his pursuits with vigor and success. Such examples shew, that there is no situation in which these studies cannot be pursued. Neither is it such men only who can do these things; it does not require the knowledge of a master to begin with; the author mentions the case of a female friend, who, during a long illness, employed herself in making a collection of English plants. An intelligent servant was sent out to collect them; feeble though she was, she examined and arranged them; and in this way passed years in happiness and improvement, which otherwise would have been entirely lost.

When these studies can thus be attended to under many disadvantages, it seems strange that, even if neglected in youthful education, they should not have formed a part of that process of self-education, which every cultivated mind passes through. The reason of their forming no part of youthful instruction is, that they do not appear to be an essential preparation for any business in life; a test which would, if followed out, put to flight many of those branches of learning that are most important to the interests of the mind. The meaning of it seems to be, that these studies are important, not to the mer-

chant, the lawyer, the clergyman, the mechanic, but only to the *man*. And really one is tempted to ask, if the man is not to be regarded? Is there no such thing as improvement, which cannot be estimated by the bearing it will have on our prosperity and success in life? Must not every one who has a heart and soul acknowledge, that to strike out new sources of intellectual enjoyment, — enjoyment which rests not in itself, but carries the soul onward and upward, — enjoyment which is of itself improvement, is as great a service as can be rendered to man, considering him not as a being placed here to travel to the tomb, but as one who has a character to form, for an eternal existence? We have many false standards to cast away, before we shall be able to tell discerningly what objects in life we should most earnestly pursue.

But, admitting that immediate results, bearing on our comfort, are all that we need regard, we have only to look back upon the progress of natural science, another name for the investigation of nature, to see what it has done for the benefit of men. What is there, from the reader's spectacles to the reviewer's paper and pen, which observation has not drawn out from the great treasures of the natural world? Does any one think that the world is travelled over, so that nothing remains to be explored? So far from it, the spirit of observation, when under the direction of science, labors with tenfold more success, and unfolds, even in the most beaten paths, a thousand resources of which man never dreamed. Look, for example, at the progress of horticulture. How many would have laughed at the idea of forming societies in reference to fruit trees, of which all the kinds were so familiarly known? And yet, who does not know, that science is creating new varieties, by following out the suggestions of nature? There can be no doubt, that science will be continually drawing out new resources from the vegetable world. Fruits that are now thought worthless will be multiplied, like the crab-apple, into rich and various kinds; roots, like the potato and mandioca, which were poisonous in their natural state, will be disarmed of their venom, and *tamed* for the service of mankind. It may be true, that no new animals may be acclimated and employed in our service; this only proves that we do not want them; but we fully believe that animated nature will furnish resources for the comfort and subsistence of man in future ages, which are little dreamed of now. The whole insect race is passed

over as worthless and contemptible; we are content to wonder at the Roman supper of snails, the Arab feasting on his locusts, the South African with his roasted ants, and the South American negro with his luxury of grubs. Among us insects have an immunity, of which we trust the advance of science will deprive them. The moschetto winds his horn triumphantly in our ears, boasting that he compels half America to retreat under safety nets for half the year; the fly revels in every apartment of our houses, as familiarly as if they were his own. The time may come, when the innumerable pests which now murder our sleep, infest our houses, plunder our fruit, and destroy the beauty of our gardens, may appear to more advantage on our tables. There is certainly some prejudice, which must first be overcome; but it cannot require more courage in the first instance to swallow a snail, than an oyster. Those who cannot rejoice in this application of insects to the purposes of life, may be taught at least how to remove them. The fact is, that every man, woman, and child has a direct interest in these studies. Every man who owns a beast, a field or a tree; every woman who lives where moths corrupt a garment; every child who rambles in his holidays, and returns, burning with poison from the hedge, has a direct and pressing interest in studies of this description.

But there is also a moral lesson, which can be learned from the contemplation of nature. Solomon is good authority on this subject, though some have thought that he shone more in morals than in Natural History, when he directed the idle to the ant to learn the lesson of prudent labor. They are pleased to say that the ant does not prepare its food for the winter, inasmuch as it is torpid throughout that season. In defence of Solomon, we can only say, that he never said that it did; all he said was, that it prepared its food when it wanted it, and he thought that in that respect, it offered a good example to men. The Oriental taste goes very far in search of such illustrations. Sir William Jones translates from the Persian,

> "Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
> And store with gems the hand that brings thee woe;
> Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
> Emblaze with gems the arm that rends thy side;
> Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
> With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower;
> All nature cries aloud, 'shall man do less,
> Than heal the railer and the smiter bless?'"

These analogies are sufficiently far-fetched, it is true; still, they are founded on the right principle, which is that of cultivating the faculty of association, one of those parts of education, which have been strongly recommended, but steadily and almost systematically neglected. It is not, however, a business of the schools, it belongs more properly to self-education; if any one will regard it, he may smite his own rock in the wilderness, and supply that thirst of enjoyment, which otherwise will prey upon the soul.

In this country, we often lament that our soil is wanting in powerful associations. Other lands have their ruins, which inspire an interest of the most exciting kind, and men of taste sometimes complain that ours is barren. But what are those ruins? Are they not monuments of barbarism? Are they not floating relics of piratical vessels, which have happily sunk in the tide of time? They commemorate a social system, which, though it was gilded by a few beams of honor and humanity, was in reality a curse to the world, and which those who suffered and mourned under it rejoiced to see passing away. A few associations of generous chivalry, manly spirit and romantic self-devotion, make men cling to these monuments of dark and bloody times. But is it not possible to associate thoughts quite as delightful and inspiring with the works of nature? Most certainly it is. It is not nature that is wanting; she spreads out her forms of beauty and grandeur before us, but they excite little interest, because we are wanting to ourselves. We expect to find these associations already existing, while it depends on us to form them. Our eyes do not see, — our imagination must create them; and if we have the right heart and the right spirit, we can easily and almost without effort create "tongues in the trees," which shall whisper deep meaning; "books in the running brooks," where we can learn more than we ever have known, and "sermons in stones," the *lastly* of which no one shall be impatient to hear. This is the work of poetry, — that is, *creation;* where this quickening power exists, the desert need not be barren; and there is an inviting field for its action in a land like ours.

Though the improvement of our condition is not the most important thing, still it is important, and natural science enables us to secure and advance it. We call ourselves lords of the creation; but we little know the resources of our dominions; every year is bringing to light some new treasures; and, moreover, while

we boast of this aristocracy on earth, there are creatures which threaten to abolish our peerage, unless natural science discovers the means to put them down. The larger animals are subdued to our purposes, or driven out from our bounds; our vegetable enemies, such as the leuco-chrysanthemum and the Canada thistle, can be destroyed by reasonable care; but, meantime, insects, creatures which man can engage single-handed, threaten to ovorwhelm him with their numbers. Some explore our mansions to prey upon our food, dividing their labor on the most approved principle, to make the destruction sure. Others pay their attention to our wardrobes, and work upon our clothes in silence and darkness; deathwatches drum upon our headboards to enjoy our fright; rosebugs, sawflies and caterpillars of all descriptions lay our gardens and flower beds waste; cankerworms leave our fruit trees barren of every leaf; curculios gather the fruit, and the borer comes to put the finishing stroke to the tree. They seem to ascertain what man values most, and then they know where to commence their depredations. Our only consolation is, that others suffer even more than we; in South America there are tribes which are obliged to bury themselves in the ground, as if for their long sleep, before venomous insects will suffer them to close their eyes. All kinds of historical documents are destroyed by the white ants; for which the future historian of that continent will doubtless remember them in his benedictions. In India, matters are still worse; the ants have been known to board a ship of the line and sink it in the Ganges; the palace of the Governor General at Calcutta is now under their hands, and all the conservatives in the British empire will not save it from the dust.

And now what is to be done? It is true, as we have suggested, that if they eat us and ours, we can take revenge by eating them; and this would seem to be a fair and natural retribution, by which we may punish their transgressions and reduce their numbers. But there is an unhappy prejudice against this course, with which we confess that we sympathize, though against our judgment and conviction. Our only hope then, is in the progress of natural science, which in this and other departments must step forward to remove existing evils. It must beard these minute lions in their den. Moreover, it must teach the human race, that if they will not eat them, it is foolish in the extreme to quarrel with creatures that will. They

are active against their own interest when they allow idle boys to shoot birds, under pretence of protecting fruit, which those same boys are a thousand times more likely to steal and devour. A great point will be gained, when the farmer is able and willing to distinguish his friends from his foes.

Natural History, though it holds out no splendid rewards to those who pursue its studies, will not fail to supply its fair proportion of contributions to the general welfare. Natural Philosophy has furnished its lighthouses and lifeboats for the ocean, its lightning rods and steam engines for the land, and its safety lamp for those who explore the regions below. Chemistry has supplied its bleaching inventions and its medicines, not to speak of the more questionable blessings of dry bone soup, linen rag sugar, and sawdust bread. Natural History, though it seems to content itself with simple descriptions of nature, forbearing to investigate its laws or the action of its powers upon each other, will continually unfold new productions and properties in all its departments; — new uses for animals, vegetables and minerals, and ways in which they can be applied to the benefit of man. It will teach men to employ nature against itself, and so to neutralize many of its evils, shewing how it furnishes the antidote as well as the bane; shewing, in fact, that it never puts difficulties in the way of man, without some corresponding advantage which it rests with them to discover. Of course it will exact something in return; it will require men to look round them with observing eyes, and to pay at least sufficient attention to nature, to know how to estimate the blessings which it bestows. But, for all this, it will abundantly reward him; it will make him happy, by affording something to fill up the vacancy of his mind and heart. If the mind ever rests, its calm is not clear, transparent repose, but corrupt and unhealthy stagnation, and this is a danger to which men are exposed much oftener than they know. We are unconscious of our inaction of mind, because revery is mistaken for thought; a man never looks so profoundly intellectual as when he is thinking of nothing. A solitary walk, — a seat by an evening fire, are said to be favorable to thought, when sometimes, on such occasions, not a thought passes through the mind for hours; thought being the action, and not the dreamy repose of the mind. Now when this science changes the thoughtless into observers; when it teaches them to look with interest upon the insect, whose instinct is so perfect and sure in all its op-

erations ; when it makes them see beauty in the frail loveliness of the flower, which now they crush beneath their feet ; when it leads them to examine the rich plumage or listen to the song of the bird, instead of destroying it with wanton cruelty, it renders them a service which cannot be over-estimated ; it opens fountains of enjoyment for them, which will never cease to flow.

In this point of view, we have no doubt that these studies might be employed as efficient instruments of moral reform. For it cannot be questioned, that most men are driven to lawless indulgence, not by their love of it, — not by the strength of the temptation, — but by the horrors of a vacant mind, which induce them to seek this relief from themselves. The force and resistlessness of the temptation consist, not in its own attraction, but in the unhappiness of a mind preying upon itself, which eagerly catches at any means of relief for the moment, without thinking of the consequences. It is in such vacant and unguarded hours, that the evil spirit of sensual indulgence attracts and secures its victims. Now those pursuits, which furnish an excitement to the mind, will arm it against such fascination, by keeping it in that action, which is as essential to virtue, as it was to eloquence in the opinion of the great master of the art. Moral reforms are apt to resemble those of political parties, which remove one set of evils by substituting another ; but whoever supplies subjects of engaging intellectual interest to the minds of men, goes to the root of the evil, while others are hewing at the branches which spring again as fast as they are cut away.

This science renders us no small service, when it shews us the unbounded liberality of nature, and the readiness with which she surrenders her treasures to man. Trusting in this liberality, man goes forth into the wilderness, such as this country was two centuries ago, taking with him his axe and rifle, and little else beside the strong hand and the strong heart ; for he knows, that if he is true to himself and does his own part, nature will never be found wanting. He chooses the place for his habitation ; nature furnishes the tree for his building, its stem for the walls, its evergreen thatch for his roof, its pitchy splinter for his candle, and its branches for his fire. When he is hungry, nature sends him to the forest abounding in the pigeon, the pheasant, and the deer, or to the streams crowded with fish, where his wants are supplied without destroying his patient

laborer the ox, whose services he cannot spare. If he is thirsty, he goes to the spring that rises near his door. Before the earth, then broken for the first time, supplies him with its harvests, he is sheltered, warmed and fed by the bounty of nature.

If we look at the scene again, after a generation has passed away, the place is as different from what it was, as civilized from savage man. Here and there a blackened stump, a memorial of the ancient forest, is seen, but the raw desolation is gone, the rich cornfield waves in the breeze, the yellow grain heaves like the ocean, and the garden is sprinkled with fruits and flowers. The wild stream is tamed, and labors like a servant in the factory and mill; the woods retreat from around him, leaving a few trees to cover him with their friendly shade. That his children may not be tempted to idleness, the fish are withdrawn from the rivers, the bird from the forest, and the wolf and the bear unwillingly retreat from a place which is no longer for them. Thus provided with the means of subsistence, comfort, and even luxury, we might suppose that nature would leave him there. But no; she teaches him to build a more durable habitation from the clay or the stone; the sheepfold and the cotton-plant supply him with clothing; in place of the smoking torch, his lamp is filled from the depths of the Northern Ocean, and when the trees of the forest begin to fail, he is taught to prepare a fire with the fossil from her mines. The earth brings forth so abundantly, that he has leisure for the cultivation of his mind. The result appears in his ingenious inventions, reducing still lower the amount of labor, and placing in the hands of all the luxuries which were for only a few; and that result is yet more plainly manifested in the learning, the research, the habits of thoughtfulness, which are essential to the intellectual and moral being, and which are necessary to give him a full title to the name of man.

In this country, it is exceedingly important that a taste for these studies should be generally spread. We have already far too much of that excitement, which grows out of the quick sympathy of party associations; an excitement which grows by indulgence, till communities, like men under the same circumstances, are unable to take any deliberate view of the great questions which it rests with them to decide. This is the great disadvantage of popular institutions; they imply a thoughtfulness and judgment in the people, while, by placing everything

in their power, they excite them in a manner unknown in other lands. A disadvantage it certainly is; but it is the disadvantage which attends a great and acknowledged blessing; and it is made ten times greater than it need be, by the enginery of selfish men, who are always at work to blind the honest and unguarded many; — to blind the Samson, that they may force him to work in their mill. We formerly believed ourselves to be a cool and unimflammable people. It would be strange enough had it been so, considering the race from which we are descended; it now appears in a thousand indications, that we resemble the anthracite, which, a few years ago, it was thought could not be kindled by the united powers of hurricane and conflagration. The reason was, that the means of igniting it had not then been discovered. So was it with the American character; it was cool and unexcitable, only because the means of exciting it had not then been learned and arranged into a system, as they are now. The best, perhaps the only remedy, is to supply resources, and engage as many minds as possible in pursuits of a less stirring description; science, literature, and all the elegant arts, will be so many calm and unpretending, but still efficient means for securing the peace and happiness of our nation, which is endangered only from within, and which will die by suicide if it perish, and not by any foreign blow.

Mr. Swainson gives no very cheering account of the state of natural science in England, and mentions as one reason of its decline, that it is not honored as it should be, and that literature and science are no passport to public honors and rewards. As for titles and similar small matters, these are unimportant enough in themselves; there is something supremely ludicrous in the idea of George IV. conferring honor on Walter Scott and John Herschel. But, when a country abounds in such distinctions, which are properly regarded as rewards for services that do credit to the country, if a large class of eminent men are excluded from them, it certainly gives the impression that others are preferred before them, and that their services and exertions are not appreciated nor understood. It will not do for a people, who make so much of such concerns as rewards for political services, to turn to men of science and tell them that such things are not for them, and that they must find their reward in their own pursuits and the general applause of men; for such language will apply as well to one class of men as another, and the fact that it is not thought sufficient in the case

of military and political services, shew that it has not much meaning in such a country, though it would be perfectly satisfactory in ours. We do not suppose that the titles of Cuvier, Laplace and Humboldt were any honor to them; they were only the signs that their merit was understood, and therefore were an honor to the governments which bestowed them. Great men are not insensible to applause; they like to know that their country thinks them deserving of honor; and it is natural enough that they should feel neglected, if they see respect paid to the services of others which is denied to them.

These are matters, however, with which, in this country, we have very little to do. There are other suggestions in this discourse of Mr. Swainson, which might be of service to us. The recommendation that naturalists should be appointed to attend our naval expeditions, might easily be adopted here. They might not go under that designation, perhaps, but some appointment might be secured for them, which would put them beyond the reach of want, and enable them to pursue their researches under more favorable circumstances than when they go forth alone. The military parties, sent so often into our western regions, might be made far more serviceable than they are, to the cause of science. Much indirect and yet effectual patronage might be extended to able men, by administrations composed of persons who know the value of intellectual things. Something of this kind has already been done; but much more remains to do; and no public men will secure to themselves a more honorable remembrance, than those who add the treasures of other lands to those of our own country.

It is for the sake of the country, that we would recommend that such patronage should be extended. Men distinguished by their scientific attainments, will be sure of all the respect which they can desire, either for themselves or their favorite pursuits; but the country ought to secure the benefit and honor to itself as far as possible. Whether it does or not, the pursuits will be followed and discoveries will be made. The studies are too fascinating to need the excitement of external rewards, and, as we have expressly said, it is not on this ground that we think governments would be wise to give them. Those sciences, which make us acquainted with the liberality of nature, are embraced within the province of religion. Those who engage in them most devotedly, have their religious feelings quickened by their familiarity with nature. For science, in our day,

is not satisfied with investigating properties, laws and powers, it insists on looking for benevolent design; it considers its work unfinished, till it ascertains the purpose of kindness with which everything was created. Thus it is, that religion exerts a commanding influence over all the pursuits of enlightened minds; they feel that it is only in the religious direction, that they can travel from glory to glory.

ART. VIII.—*Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould.*

1. *Poems.* By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Philadelphia. 1834.
2. *Poems.* By MISS H. F. GOULD. Boston. 1835.

MANIFOLD are the perils, according to Madame de Stael, that beset the female writer who aspires to fame; in a monarchy, she must expect to be assailed with the poisoned weapons of ridicule; in a republic, with the formidable if less fatal enginery of universal hatred. But the remarks of this lady are not to be received as undisputed axioms; they were apt to be suggested by her own feeling, rather than by observation of the world around her; nor is there one of her many writings, in which she herself forgets, or suffers the reader to lose sight of her personal claims to sympathy. She said this in the bitterness of her heart, while, by the streams of Babylon, and amidst the serious privations that wait on exile, she remembered the place which she regarded as the wandering Hebrew did the Holy City, — the scene of her intellectural victories, the field in which alone she could encounter spirits as fiery and restless as her own. The experience of one, of a genius so erratic and peculiar, gives no just indication of the destiny awaiting others; the burning track of the comet does not shew the unchanging orbit of a planet. Even her own fortunes were no fair illustration of the justice of her own remark. It was not her literary talent that exposed her to the ridicule or hatred, which she herself encountered; it was not her philosophy or eloquence, that brought down upon her the ponderous vengeance of Napoleon; she might have written till the twentieth century, without being driven out from the paradise of her affections; it was rather the consuming passion for power and distinction, —

the fatal ambition of guiding the flashing wheels of the political revolutions of her own eventful day. It was when she concentrated the rays of her glorious intellect to consume the imperial throne, — when she spoke to the conqueror of the avenging judgment of the world and of posterity, — that he expressed his aversion to such recreations, and hastened to postpone the lecture to a more convenient season. Perhaps, when she told him that she should occupy a page in his history, it was not without a secret consciousness that she would ask for nothing better; the hurt of the daughter of ambition might be mitigated, if not entirely healed, by the balm of general applause and sympathy.

If the remark of Madame de Stael were well founded in its application to France, it would still have been destitute of justice as respects society elsewhere. There, the condition and influence of women have long been quite peculiar; owing to an unusual social position, she has been conversant with subjects which are in other countries appropriated exclusively to man. From the time of Clovis to the Revolution, by an involuntary abrogation of the Salic law, the sceptre has often been consigned to female keeping by the weary, inefficient hands that held it. The personages thus selected as its guardians have sometimes bought this honor at the cost of better fame; but the influence attending their position has been such, as to render the movements of the political machine an object of general attention to the sex. Matters, on which the lips of English females would be sealed, have been canvassed; schemes designed with fear of change to perplex their own and all the nations, have been ordinary topics of speculation in the saloons of Paris. Such a character as that of Madame de Stael, at home in the whirlwind and the storm, burning to ride in the one and direct the other, could have been formed nowhere else. She was herself aware of this; and has given in her Corinna a picture of the English female character, as icy and repulsive as the summer of Prince Regent's Inlet; a picture, which is indebted to her fancy for many of its darkest hues, but which very strongly shews the horror with which she looks upon the fetters of English propriety and reserve. Madame Roland is another example of the influences we have mentioned; with less of brilliancy and ambition than her great contemporary, she was fired by a generous enthusiasm, combined with practical sense and talent, of which Madame de Stael, at any period of her

life, knew little: but it was the opportunity presented for the exhibition of these qualities by the peculiar tone and feeling of French society, which made her the guiding spirit of a party, of which Guadet and Vergniaud were champions, and enabled her to shew a spirit and magnanimity superior to theirs. We may imagine the dismay of the *coteries* of London, if they were to see some English Madame Roland discussing affairs of state at a cabinet dinner in Downing street; if it were suddenly disclosed to them, that the despatches of the foreign secretaries were written by their wives, or that the Premier had poured into the ears of majesty the substance of a curtain lecture.

But there have been within a century some great changes of opinion, not limited in their operation to France and England, which have removed the real or imaginary dangers attending the exhibition of female talent. It would be idle to talk of these perils, in communities not destitute of female critics, and full of female readers. The literary empire, like almost every other, has been divided; the sexes are beginning to share it pretty impartially; nor would it be safe to say that woman's portion of it is less fertile or less wisely governed than the other. We should hold him to be rather indiscreet, to say the least, who should at this day make the experiment of casting reproach or ridicule on female writers, unless the circumstances of the case were pretty aggravated; if things shall continue to go on as they have done for the last twenty years, it is by no means certain that these writers will not constitute a majority of the whole number, and, acting in the spirit of the republican principle, manage matters at their own discretion. Those who love to search out the literary characteristics of the time, and to read in the aspects of the heavens the movements of the intellectual constellations, will do well to watch the glittering train which are going up the sky, as the beautiful stars of the southern hemisphere lift themselves upon the view of the voyager beyond the equator. He will there perceive the evidences of a change, entirely without a parallel in the history of literature; which has already raised the intellectual glory of woman to a point of elevation, not before attained or even conceived, and bids fair to produce still more important changes in the universe of mind. If it had been revealed to some philosopher of old, that the day should ever come, when the laurel wreaths of science, as well as the flower

garlands of romance and poetry, should entwine the brows of those whom he regarded as the painted insects of a summer day, no doubt he would have looked down with lofty scorn on the oracle and soothsayer; nor would the poet of antiquity, we fear, have taken it in kindness, had he learned that woman, in the order of nature an inferior thing, in the order of society without rank or influence, should in coming years divide with him the jewels of his starry crown. But it were needless to go back to distant ages to ascertain the extent and nature of this revolution; one, who merely turns to the beginning of the last century in Great Britain, will obtain a sufficiently just idea of the difference in the state of female literature in our own day and the past.

One might have expected that the reign of a female queen, fruitful as it was in literary talent, would give at least some indications of female power; but the age of Anne took little of its character from her whose name it bears. She was as inefficient a personage, as the best regulated limited monarchy could possibly have asked for; and her reign brought no distinction to her sex; with the exception of one or two, who gained a transient notoriety by their talent for political intrigue and mischief, there is no female who has given the historian the trouble to record her name. It was at the beginning of the reign of George I., that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu burst upon the world in the full splendor of her wit and beauty. She was undoubtedly an extraordinary person; it is curious to see the extent of the homage paid to her intellectual as well as personal attractions. It was no common mind, on which Pope exhausted his power of flattery in verse, and his hyperbole in prose; he prostrates himself before her like an Indian idolater before the sun; the depth and fervency of his devotion are quite too great to be entirely sincere, but they certainly shew in what general esteem the object of so much eulogy was held. At the period of their subsequent estrangement, he seemed afraid to avow himself her enemy; Johnson declares that he meanly retreated before her, and disavowed the application of satires, the aim of which was plain enough to others; and well he might; she had the power and the will to repay such favors with ample liberality; and the "little nightingale, — all sound and no sense," as she bitterly called him, however he may stand in the eyes of posterity, fared no better in those of his own generation for his quarrel with

"that dangerous thing, a female wit." She was, moreover, the object of the praise of Young, and of the sarcasm of that prince of literary exquisites, Horace Walpole. Her reputation as a writer is principally founded on her letters; they are certainly models of ease and grace, of keen observation and polished wit; but they elevate our respect for her understanding more than they exalt our estimation of her delicacy, and leave upon the reader no strong impression of any lofty traits of character. It is but fair to say that the letters were not published by herself, nor even in her lifetime. The pupil of Burnet, the lady who translated the Enchiridion of Epictetus at twenty, might, had the moral purpose not been wanting, have been remembered as the glory of her age; as it is, her memory is scarcely preserved, and is scarcely worth preserving.

Lady Mary long survived her beauty, and lived in comparative retirement abroad for many years before her death. The only female writers of distinction, contemporaneous with her at the latter period of her life, were Elizabeth Carter and Elizabeth Montague; the one a bright example of learning and unpretending piety, the other more remarkable for her influence in society than for her writings. Neither requires much notice as an instance of female literary success. Southey, in his specimens of English poetry, has endeavored to redeem some female poets of this generation from the tomb; but it is impossible to imagine a more melancholy charnel-house than the edifice he has erected to their memory. Scott has also engaged in the same amiable task in the lives of the novelists; but there is really little in the works of those whose biographies he has recorded, to give them an abiding place in the public favor. Nor would one obtain an exalted idea of the influence or estimation of woman, from the novels of the last century, regarded as delineations of society; such writers as Fielding and Smollet, to be sure, could hardly be expected to discover any examples of either, in the haunts they most frequented; but in Richardson, we might expect, if anywhere, to meet them. His ladies, however, are distinguished principally by their passive qualities, and attract us rather as objects of compassion, than from any power which they display over the minds of others. This is natural enough in general; but in the many and massive works of such a painter, who was ambitious to copy nature, some portrait of woman in her most commanding

form would probably have been found, had his observation furnished him with the original of such a picture.

The change, however long delayed, came at last, and the first decided sign of it appeared in the works of Fanny Burney. About sixty years ago, she began to give to the world her animated pictures of society, full of contrasts as deep and striking, as that of the light and shadow of a portrait painted by torch-light. They were doubtless exaggerated, and were indebted to this depth of coloring for much of their effect; but they were also pervaded by a spirit and freshness, which seem like the result of inspiration, when compared with the pedantry and dulness of her later writings. Her first work was Evelina, and there are some curious anecdotes on record concerning its reception. "You *must* have it, Madam," thundered Johnson to a female friend; Edmund Burke sat up all night to read it; Sir Joshua Reynolds refused to quit it for his dinner, and, after the fashion of Mr. Oldbuck, read and ate at the same time. "With flying colors," as the author herself remarks in her late strange memoirs of her father, "the work went off." "No imagination," said Burke, "not even the imagination of Miss Burney,—could have invented so extraordinary a character as that of Cardinal Ximenes: no pen,—not even the pen of Miss Burney, — could have described it adequately." Dr. Johnson, after exhausting his eloquence in praise of the work in a large company, proceeded from words to deeds, and set about personating Mr. Smith, one of the vulgar characters of the work, himself. "We thought," says Mrs. Thrale, "that we should have died no other death than that of suffocation, on seeing Dr. Johnson handing about any thing he could catch or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was 'all for the ladies, — every thing that was agreeable to the ladies, except going to church with them.'" Certainly it was no ordinary work, that made such innovation in the brains of these grave personages. Cecilia came next, having been read and admired in manuscript by Mr. Burke before its publication. It was of this work that Lord Thurlow, when conducted into the library of a nobleman whom he was visiting, remarked, "What signify all your fine and flourishing books! Here is a little work (taking Cecilia from his pocket) that's worth them all!" We mention these circumstances, because, from the character of this lady's later productions, one can scarcely form the least conception of that of her earlier ones, and because they serve

very strikingly to shew with what cordiality of welcome the earliest were received. Their defects of style, and extravagance of coloring, strike one more forcibly on a second reading than the first; but they are certainly works of remarkable talent, considering the youth and position of the writer.

Nearly at the same time was presented the strange apparition of a country girl, with no advantages of birth, and no unusual ones of education, the charm of whose conversation places her at once amidst the highest circles of the intellect and fashion of the capital; before whom Johnson composes himself into unusual and reluctant courtesy, and Walpole bows down with instinctive homage; who writes poetry, not of the very first order, but which the first minds of the day are contented to admire, and dramas, which win the rapturous applause of the pit and boxes; who speaks to the sense and feelings of the multitude, when the clouds of revolution are gathering in their wrath, in tones the remembrance of which has long survived the excitement that gave them birth; who next addresses her impressive lessons of morality, with equal power and effect, to the fashionable and the great; and having done this, retires from the sphere she was thus fitted to adorn, in order to instruct the children of the poor; to nourish in solitude the flame of her religious feeling, and make it burn with kind and gentle influence on others, through the closing years of a useful and protracted life. The wise and good of many nations pronounce with grateful reverence the name of Hannah More. It is difficult, at this day, to measure accurately the extent of her influence, great and well-defined as it undoubtedly was, because most of her writings were occasioned by temporary circumstances, and lost, of course, a portion of their interest with the changes of the times. But there is enough to shew, that she possessed the surest evidence of genius, the power to set its seal on other minds; whether she wrote anonymously or under her own name, her writings were welcomed with equal earnestness, and produced equal effect; and if we measure the degree of merit by its influences, it would be hard to point to any superior writer of her age, in the field which she selected; a field, which can hardly be said to be a popular one, and in which talent of no inferior order is required to command success. It was a more certain evidence of ability no less than virtue, that she gave her whole mind and heart to the highest and holiest cause, at a time when the world solicited her with

seductions, which too often tempt our nature beyond its strength. How striking and how delightful is it, to see one to whom the literary princes of the earth did homage, retiring voluntarily from their brilliant circle to labor in a village school, in her quiet retreat at Cheddar; cheerfully encountering the evil report of minds too narrow to comprehend her own; and never pausing in her toil for the welfare of her race, even when pressed by the infirmity that is apt to make the kindest selfish, till her heart was cold in death! The present age will do well to cherish the fame of such a woman; it can find no surer way to exalt its own.

We come next to a name, on which the young and old, of this country as well as of her own, alike delight to dwell;—the name of Maria Edgeworth; who, by a fortunate exemption from the ordinary laws of exhaustion and decline, has lately reappeared before the public as a writer, with scarcely less vigor and success, than when thirty years ago she stood without a rival. It was about the beginning of the present century, that she began to pour forth, in beautiful succession, her diversified and striking tales of character and life, with invention as untiring as the eagle's wing, and a generous purity of purpose, that flowed from an unfailing fountain. The earliest of her writings was published several years before. It was well that she should appear, while the star of Hannah More was in the ascendant; they shew, by their remarkable and impressive example, that the modes of doing good are as various as the shades of character and talent; though moving at almost the same point of elevation, in the same sphere, neither ever crossed the others' track, or eclipsed the other's light. The inspiration of the one was borrowed from fountains, that flow fast by the oracles of God; her lips were touched with fire from high and holy altars; and this consciousness of an exalted mission gave a corresponding dignity to her efforts, while the natural intensity of purpose which it produced, led her to convey her lessons in the form in which they could most directly reach the heart. The other went forth into the abodes of men, to draw them by gentle persuasion in the way of virtue; not so much by shewing them its innate loveliness, as by convincing them how closely it was connected with their happiness and comfort, the only kind of conviction to which a large portion of mankind will condescend to listen; and in doing this, she spread the sunlight of her generous feeling on all around her, making it shine as brightly in the lowly and familiar places,

as on the cliffs and mountains; until many, who could not be induced to follow virtue for virtue's sake, were content to do it for their own. We wish she had added to her other titles to admiration, that which is derived from the wisdom from above; but we cannot forget that while the name of Christianity never escapes her lips, she assiduously labors to promote one of its noble ends, and thus prepares a way, by which religion may gain an entrance into hearts, that never before gave it welcome. Each of these distinguished writers was employed in her own way in the lofty task of making others better; and they remind us of two instruments of music, the one responding to the winds of heaven, the other struck with the perfection of human skill, mingling together their delightful harmony. Both had in a high degree the power of reformers; the direct and animated eloquence of one aroused the attention of those, on whose ear the warnings of religion had fallen listlessly and dead; the other made her representations of morality alluring to the eye, which had long been averted from the frigid portraitures of the writers that went before her.

The range of Miss Edgeworth, great as it is, has very definite limits. She has a conscientiousness about her, which impairs her spirit, when she steps beyond the sphere of her own observation; within it, she sees and describes with wonderful accuracy and truth, standing at the precise point of view at which every object is represented in the proper light, and in its just relative proportions. Her talent is obviously not adapted to the historical romance, because she does not possess the instinctive faculty of divining how those whom she has never seen, will think, and talk, and act, by studying the thoughts, conversation and actions of the persons with whom she is familiar. Some of the personages whom she has introduced into her novels, accordingly, are cold and formal; like the bailiffs, introduced as gentlemen in Goldsmith's Goodnatured man, who look their parts exceedingly well, but occasionally let slip an astounding imprecation upon all Frenchmen and wooden shoes. On the other hand, her descriptions of Irish life and character are so spirited and vivid, that we never ask whether they are accurate; we at once feel and know that they are true. In all that appertains to social and ordinary life, she goes below the stillness of the surface, and watches with unerring certainty the force and direction of the under currents, the efficient principles of action. The reader, therefore, surrenders himself at

discretion, because he finds every thing true to nature, true to character, true to life, and is never harassed with those doubts, which sometimes destroy the moral effect of striking delineations. Then her magical invention illuminates the whole, with a radiance like that which our own landscape sometimes presents, when the leafless forest is encrusted with ice, and blazes like a fairy palace in the winter's sun. How happily must the brilliant drapery of fiction be wrapped around the severe beauty of moral instruction, when their blended attractions are made to sink deep in every heart, and find a permanent dwelling-place in all memories! When does mild philosophy appear more charming, than when she gracefully stoops to impress her precepts on the ear of infancy?

Had the present generation produced no other female writers than the two whose merits we have mentioned, it would still have furnished enough to shew, that the intellect of woman may possess commanding influence; but the names of other illustrations of the remarks which we have made throng upon the recollection, and it would require a larger space than we can now command to do them anything like justice. Even in advanced age, we see Miss Baillie still tracing the fiery streams of passion to their sources, — searching into the hidden things of that dark mystery, the heart, — and arraying her startling revelations in the imposing garb of rich and classical poetry. Mrs. Somerville, going still farther beyond the province of inquiry, which custom has allotted to her sex, has invaded the domain of physical science with a power and comprehension, of which few examples are afforded by the living philosophers of her native isle. Miss Martineau has also redeemed that sex from the class of unproductive laborers, by bringing the principles of political economy from the lecture-room and study to the fireside, until the public is ready to share the enthusiasm of the sailor, who exclaimed in reply to one applauding the beauty of the representations in Captain Parry's arctic theatre, "Beautiful! I say 'tis philosophy!" We ought not to forget the graphic pencil of Miss Mitford, who seems to have imbibed a portion of the spirit of Miss Edgeworth, with independent excellencies of her own; nor can we easily forget another, who has associated herself not ingloriously with the best modern poets of her country, and who has just descended to an immature and honored grave, at the moment when she might have been expected to do much more to render permanent a

reputation, which rose with every year of her life. The excellencies of Mrs. Hemans were her own; she imitated no one but herself; and she possessed the faculty of investing even barren subjects with so much beauty of sentiment and language, that the associations she awakens are forever bound with them in the recollection of her readers. We are not awed by her power, but attracted rather by her tranquil grace, and still more by the purity, that runs through all her writings; a quality, which certain commanding poets of our time have held in somewhat light esteem. She aimed at nothing bold and startling, but she accomplished every thing at which she aimed. Those who love to see the waters of poetry overhung by the dark masses of the cloud, or lashed by the tempest into wrath, or heaving and menacing at the very moment of their deepest repose, will find in her writings little to admire; her course is that of a gentle stream, stealing through meadows carpeted with flowers, and cheerful, even when it flows beneath the depths of shade.

While the literature of Great Britain has been thus adorned by female intellect, our own has not been slow to partake of the regeneration; there is no doubt that the amount of woman's literary effort, in proportion to the whole, is greater here, and has done more to elevate the national character and her own, than in any other country; and it should be remembered that those who have labored longest have not yet reached the meridian of their powers, and that what they have already done is not to be taken as the full measure of what they have it in their power to do. When we speak of the female writers of our country, the heart, in the strong language of Johnson, "goes out to meet" Miss Sedgwick; if no other had yet appeared among us, no other nation would have cause to boast its own superiority. To speak at large of her writings, would be about as superfluous as to gild refined gold, or paint the lily; they are familiar already to every lover of truth and nature. Deep pathos, perpetual sympathy with all that is generous in feeling, and a keen insight into all that is lofty or noble in character, pervade them all, and inspire no less respect for her moral qualities, than admiration of her talent. To an inventive power and quickness in seizing the delicate shades of society, as well as in presenting them with perfect distinctness, inferior to that of Miss Edgeworth, she unites a faculty of description, and of giving reality and life to the character of

other times, which Miss Edgeworth does not possess, at least in the same degree of perfection; and in one of the most recent of her publications, to which we shall presently advert more fully, she has exhibited a power of conveying moral truth through the attractive medium of fictitious story, not surpassed by that of any other writer of the time. While she has wielded the sceptre of romance with so much grace and skill, she has been followed with no very unequal steps by other ladies, who share her talent and her name. The range of Mrs. Child is somewhat more diversified; her first beautiful romance yields to no other, which is founded on our own past history; she has shewn herself no less at home in the graver department of biography; and her fine powers have been applied, with equal skill and success, to the task of rendering instruction attractive to the young; while, in the mean time, one of her publications gives portentous evidence that she has not sacrificed to literature the sublunary concerns of domestic economy. We owe to the graphic pen of Miss Leslie some of the most curiously wrought delineations of character and manners; no Flemish paintings could be more truly colored or accurately drawn. Mrs. Hale has cultivated with success the sister branches of romance and poetry; and, in another department, the name of Mrs. Farrar holds a distinguished place. It is, however, needless to pursue the enumeration of names, familiar to all readers. A very large amount of talent has been displayed in fugitive efforts, that deserve a record in more enduring forms.

This is a very cursory view of the evidences of the change, of which we have been speaking. So great a change could not come over the form and fashion of literature, without producing some important changes in its spirit; and in one respect, the alteration is already visible. By a beautiful illustration of justice, it appears to be reserved for woman to do for Christianity in some degree what Christianity did for her, when it raised her to her just position in the social scale, and enabled her to become a bright example of its own beatitude. Such have, accordingly, been the aim and tendency of female literature in general; we may confidently believe that it will continue to be found on religion's side; and if such should be the fact, it would be treachery to the great purpose of our being not to welcome it, as a momentous and restoring power. Whoever believes that the ultimate end of science is to instruct, and that of poetry to please, mistakes the matter great-

ly; the true and only worthy object of literary effort, and all scientific research is, to purify the heart while they enlarge the mind, and thus to render both, according to their humble measure, worthy of the Source to which they owe their powers. Great minds have prostituted their high endowments to base and sordid purposes; philosophers have labored with insane delight to degrade and vilify their nature; historians have gone deep into the lore of ages to shew the sad condition of their race, and its still more wretched destiny; the great masters of the lyre have invested sensuality with the robe and diadem of virtue; but it is wisely ordained by Providence, that they shall forfeit permanent and enviable fame, while they thus abuse their trust. The only glory to be won by such unholy means is poor and perishable; it cannot strike its roots deep, and spread forth its giant arms, so as to resist the waste and storms of centuries. The writer, who expects the future generations to rise up and call him blessed, who would add his name to those of the great benefactors of mankind, whose memory shall not fail, must inscribe it on the rock of ages. These are truths, which woman is in far less danger of forgetting than man, from whose memory the pride of intellect or the hope of applause, so frequently obliterates them.

If such is to be the religious character of female writers, their moral influence will of course be great and happy; this result is equally assured by their social position, and their prevailing qualities of mind and heart. The spirit of man is militant, and whatever be the cause he is engaged in, strikes for victory; passion sweeps over his purest purposes, and leaves the heart a desert; interest, the god of this world, takes possession of the abandoned dwelling-place; rivalry and envy blight, like a summer frost, his generous emotions; and vanity, the gilded serpent, whispers her temptations not vainly in his ear. It was remarked by Edmund Burke, that nothing in this world is so hard as the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician; but the same petrifying effect is visible in every pursuit, by which fame and honor are to be won; because the whole mind, and soul, and strength are thus concentrated on a single object, — an object frequently without relation to the welfare of others. The spirit of philanthropy sometimes takes possession of the bosom. Then the dreams of ambition vanish, the iron grasp of avarice is relaxed. Then the missionary of humanity traverses the arctic snows, and the burning waste; flies to the

sickly vapors of the prison, and buries himself in the anticipated grave of the hospital; shrinks from no privation, smiles at all danger, wherever there is evil to be averted, or good to be done; and if the cause demand the sacrifice, the victim is ready for the altar or the stake. Surely there is nothing in the world more commanding, than this fierce energy of the human mind; — nothing nobler, when it takes the form of dazzling and enthusiastic virtue; nothing more absorbing or intense than this stern devotion of the soul, even to a selfish object. But it is not from lips that are sounding forth the war-cry of passion, whether good or evil, that the gentle accents of persuasion are to come; it is not thus that one mind becomes qualified to commune with another with mild and salutary influence; least of all, to speak to the young heart in tones that shall win it to the love of virtue. The mind, thus absorbed, stands separate from others by its solitude or elevation. But the gentle voice of woman addresses that heart, when its earliest thoughts may be easily inclined to good, in the soothing accents of interest and tenderness, in the fireside lesson, in the music of the infant hymn; before it has gone forth to wrestle with temptation, but not before the education for eternity is begun. It speaks to the maturer mind in those accents of truth and reason, which are heard amidst the conflict of contending passions; and which, however unheeded, are repeated from the opening of life till its last sun goes down. By a peculiar happiness of position, she is in a great degree removed from the influence of those infirmities of the mind, which the world are now disposed to regard as the evidences of its power; as if the delirium of fever were an indication of the usual temperament, or the fierce effort of convulsion the measure of our ordinary strength. She cannot comprehend, how the intelligent and haughty can be brought to wear the iron fetters of political party with no less triumph, than if they were badges of sovereignty, instead of slavery; she is slow to understand, how the Christian can obey to the letter all the commandments, except the one expressly given by the Author of his faith; she is reluctant to believe the humiliating truth, that the applause of mankind is to be won by employing the gifts of God in hostility to Him who gave them. We may surely venture to indulge the hope, that her influence will mitigate the wild excitement of the chase for wealth and fame, tranquillize the angry passions which constantly rebel against the necessary ills of our condition, and

convince men that the way of wisdom is the way of pleasantness and peace.

We know not a more beautiful example of the facility and grace, with which the power of woman's intellect may be thus exerted, than is presented in Miss Sedgwick's little tale, entitled "Home." For ourselves, we should hold the applause which she had won before in light esteem, compared with the consciousness, which the effect of this touching story must have given her, of her power to do good. With a single exception, in which a practical lesson is inculcated at variance with the opinions of large portions of the community, we know no production, in which the soundest moral lessons are more attractively conveyed. Its scenes and pictures are generally of a kind, which no writer of the other sex could have exhibited with half so strong and affecting an impression; — they are family pictures, — fireside scenes, — and their images rise up before us, with all those associations, the first to enter and the last to leave the heart, which entwine and cling around the venerable name of home. If anything could render us contented with our fortunes, and anxious to promote the happiness of others, it must be works like this. They will win for their accomplished author a more enduring title to the public gratitude, than any that romance or poetry can give; and if her whole attention should henceforward be exclusively applied to them, she would only enhance her pure and exalted fame.

With such examples before us of what female talent can accomplish, as those to which we have alluded, we cannot well point to any literary department, in which it is likely henceforth to be exclusively displayed; for even while we are engaged in speculating in regard to its capacities, they may be developed in novel forms and to a hitherto unknown extent. A few years ago, no one would have indicated scientific research, as likely to become the field for their exertion. It may probably, however, be safely assumed, that those branches which belong to the province of imagination, are those to which woman will be most inclined by her prevailing taste and qualities; and in these she is eminently fitted to excel. Among these branches, the fashion of the day has attached unusual interest to romantic fiction; and there is no doubt that this, under the guidance of true observation and sound principle, may be an active handmaid of virtue. Those who are most

inclined to doubt its value, object to it on the ground of what all admit to be its abuse and imperfection ; nobody denies that false representations of life and character are of pernicious tendency, but it is far from following, that just ones are injurious also. On the contrary, they stand to us in the stead of experience, by connecting causes with their consequences, and presenting moral results, often more directly than we can trace them in real life ; nor is it an evil that this is done in an attractive way ; if ornament be necessary to captivate and gratify, we know not why morality should scorn to wear it. Some of the most instructive lessons, and those which come the nearest to the heart, are to be drawn from social life ; but they lose at once their value, when they are without fidelity to nature ; and this sort of truth is one of those graces, which romance has been much too slow to acquire, and too ready to part with. One may as well study human nature in Gulliver or Peter Wilkins, as in the greater portion of our novels. We may anticipate with confidence, that much female talent will take this direction, and that, combined with the keen observation and power of description with which it is rarely unaccompanied, it will raise the standard of excellence in this branch of literature, while it accomplishes real and extensive good. There is one thing which woman may certainly effect in it ; she may do her own sex justice ; a point on which the novelists of the other sex have not been very scrupulous ; and when a striking example of female character is wanted, she may create a Belinda or Lady Geraldine, instead of a Meg Merrilies or Norna. In poetry, too, she may find a fit province for her genius. There she may gather flowers that never will in other climates grow. Her eye may not look with piercing brightness through the lower clouds, and gaze undazzled on the seraphim around the throne ; she may not send forth strains of more than mortal depth and fulness, like the few, who have been invested with angelic attributes below ; but her voice will be heard in those aspirations for higher things, — in those breathings of a lovely and confiding spirit, — which shew what poetry is, when it fulfils its worthy office of withdrawing the mind from the earthly and material, to fix it on that which is spiritual and undying. In short, she may display her happy and improving influence in all those branches of literature, which are most nearly connected with the welfare of mankind, and tend to exalt and dignify our nature ; and thus

redeem them from the discredit in which they are apt to be involved, by the unworthiness of those who abuse, while they pretend to cultivate them.

The two ladies, whose writings we propose to notice, present of themselves an assurance, that our expectations are not wholly groundless. About twenty years ago, at the very outset of our critical labors, the earliest publication of Mrs. Sigourney, then Miss Huntley was reviewed in this journal. It was considered as evincing much real merit and still greater promise, and derived an additional claim to attention from the circumstances under which it was prepared; circumstances reflecting so much credit on the author, that a slight allusion to them here will not be thought indelicate. She was indebted for her education to her own exertions; in early life she had none of the advantages, which affluence and leisure can bestow; yet, under the pressure of various inconveniences, she cultivated with success the art to which she owes her fame. It remained to be seen, whether, under other and more favorable circumstances, she would retain the same inclination, and go on improving in the way to which her youthful tastes inclined her. This was by no means certain; many are the ladylike accomplishments, which, like the burden of the pilgrim, are thrown aside with infinite satisfaction, at certain eventful stages in life's journey; but the reputation she has since acquired has been so general, that we need hardly say how our hopes have been fulfilled. Without devoting her attention exclusively to poetry, or engaging in the composition of any extensive work, Mrs. Sigourney has continued from time to time to give to the public, principally through the medium of the magazines and annuals, a variety of productions, by which she has acquired a high rank as a popular and useful writer.

The volume before us is a collection of the poetical productions, which the author has thought proper to publish in a more permanent form. Some of its contents were written at a very early age; others, as she herself assures us, were composed at later periods, amidst domestic occupations or maternal cares; and the greater portion of them were suggested by passing circumstances, and may be regarded as extemporary in their nature. She describes them "as the wild flowers which have sprung up in the dells, or among the clefts of the rock;" but we feel ourselves entitled to assure her, that they will neither bloom like the wild flowers in solitude, nor fade as

soon; they will be more likely to be numbered among the lasting favorites of the garden. Such writings do not ask nor admit of the display of some of the very highest attributes of poetry, and to these Mrs. Sigourney presents no claim. The excellence of all her poems is quiet and unassuming. They are full of the sweet images and bright associations of domestic life; its unobtrusive happiness, its unchanging affections, and its cares and sorrows; of the feelings naturally inspired by life's vicissitudes from the cradle to the death-bed; of the hopes that burn, like the unquenched altar fire, in that chosen dwelling place of virtue and religion. The light of a pure and unostentatious faith shines around them, blending with her thoughts and giving a tender coloring to her contemplations, like the melancholy beauty of our own autumnal scenery. Sometimes she watches the gorgeous array of the clouds at sunset, but her eye looks beyond them to the habitation of the disembodied spirit; sometimes she muses at the eventide, and the forms of the loved and lost are present to her view; presently she carries us to the domestic fireside, and while dwelling on its blessings, points to the great Source from which they flow; again, we see the mother at the bedside of her dying boy, or herself extended on the bed of death, — and the lofty aspirations of the Christian faith invest the verse with a dignity appropriate to their own sublimity. Mrs. Sigourney's habitual tone of thought is pensive, but not melancholy; serious, but not severe; and her views of life, without being joyous, are not shaded by repulsive gloom. Every subject she touches is made the fountain of calm reflection, which is often striking, and always pure. If she do not often excite the reader to enthusiastic admiration, she generally leaves a strong impression of her power, and never fails to inspire respect for the qualities of her mind and heart.

Mrs. Sigourney's versification is, in general, correct and sweet; although, in this respect there are occasional instances of want of care. The effect of short pieces, like the greater part of her's, very much depends upon the delicacy and perfection of their finish; in those of greater magnitude, the attention is withdrawn from minute defects, or they are lost in a comprehensive survey of the general proportions; as an imperfection, which would pass unheeded in a panorama, is at once detected in a cabinet picture. Her writings in blank verse are, however, remarkable for the music of their flow. In their

style of thought and expression, they remind us of those passages of Cowper, where the movement of the verse is in perfect keeping with the gravity and tenderness of the subject. Like him, she is attracted only by Nature's soothing and gentle aspects; her spirit holds no communion with the elements in their wrath; she takes no delight in witnessing the whirlwind and the storm; she looks on all the seasons, as they change, not to people them with images of gloom, but to draw from them whatever of happiness and instruction they can give. A voice of praise is uttered in her Winter Hymn; the beautiful drapery of the woods in autumn reminds her less of approaching decay, than of the newness of life which is to follow. We could not desire that the moral influence of her writings should be other than it is; while she pleases the fancy, she elevates the heart.

Great as Mrs. Sigourney's merit certainly is, she has not yet displayed it with so much effect as she may and will do, if she shall be inclined to render poetry a more exclusive object of pursuit. Thus far, it has evidently been little more than the amusement of her leisure hours; with less divided attention, she has the power of accomplishing higher and better things. The productions before us are ornaments, wrought without much effort by taste and ingenuity; they resemble the lighter works, with which the scientific inventor occupies the time that he can spare from his severer labors. Whenever, instead of limiting her range to that portion of the atmosphere which can be traversed with a light and careless wing, she shall prepare herself for an adventurous flight, she cannot fail to gain a permanent place in the public favor.

As an illustration of her sensibility to natural beauty, and of the grace with which she describes it, we extract "A Cottage Scene."

> "I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
> Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
> Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
> Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
> Paused on his lifted foot, and raised its head,
> As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
> Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
> That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
> Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
> Music upon the pebbles, — and the winds,

Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.
Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother nature's breath, — and heard the trump
Of those gay insects, at their honied toil
Shining like winged jewelry, — and drank
The healthful odor of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets; — but most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength to run
My weary race; — lifting a thankful prayer
To *Him* who shewed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven."

The following lines, written "on seeing the deaf, dumb and blind girl sitting for her portrait," afford a just idea of the natural and pleasing sentiment, with which the author knows how to invest her subjects. There is apparently an imperfection in the second line of the first stanza.

"Heaven guide thee, artist! Though thy skill
Can make the enthusiast's passion tear,
And catch expression's faintest thrill,
What power shall prompt thy pencil here?

She hath no eye, — God quenched its beam;
No ear, — though thunder's trump be blown,
No speech, — her spirit's voiceless stream
Flows dark, unfathomed and unknown.

Yet hath she joys, though none may know
Their germ, their impulse, or their power;
And oft her kindling features glow
In meditation's lonely hour,

Or when unfolding blossoms breathe
Their fragrance 'neath a vernal sky,
Or feeling weaves its wild-flower wreath
As some remembered friend draws nigh,

Then doth the heart its love reveal,
Though lip and eye are sealed the while,
And then do wildering graces steal
To paint their language on her smile.

For still the undying soul may teach
Without a glance, a tone, a sigh,
And well canst thou its mirrored speech
Interpret to the wondering eye.

What though her locked and guarded mind
Doth foil philosophy divine,
Till even reason fails to find
A clue to that untravelled shrine,

Yet may thine art with victor sway
Win laurels from this desert wild,
And to a future age portray
Mysterious nature's hermit child."

Several of the remarks, which we have made in reference to Mrs. Sigourney, will apply with equal justice to Miss Gould. This lady has been for some years very favorably known, chiefly by the fugitive pieces which she has contributed to many of our most popular periodical works. Within a year or two, she has collected these and published them in a separate volume, which has already received a very strong expression of the general sentiment in its favor, by the demand for a third edition, a compliment very rarely paid in our generation to any of the sons or daughters of song. One of the principal attractions of her writings is their perfect freedom from pretension; she composes without the slightest effort to do more than to express her own thoughts in the most unaffected language; in this way, however, she produces more effect, than she could do by laborious effort. The sin of affectation is the one, which most easily besets the poet, for the reason that it wears the air of novelty; whoever undertakes to describe feelings which we have never experienced, and to express sentiments which have rarely figured in verse before, or even to clothe familiar ideas and feelings in a masquerade dress, will be pretty sure to attract admiration, until the public have had time to detect his borrowed plumage, when he is likely enough to be dealt with according to the most rigorous canon of the law. In this respect, Miss Gould never offends; she is uniformly faithful to

nature. Like Mrs. Sigourney, she gathers the wild flowers of the rock and dell; and she does more; she collects those which many pass by unnoticed, as too common and familiar to be entitled to a place in an ornamental garland; but she looks upon them as the works of God, and fitted to convey a striking and impressive moral. We confess that we like this disposition to see and welcome beauty wherever it is to be found, without regard to the rarity or estimation of the object in which it dwells. It is, doubtless, the secret of her popularity; she sees in the retiring ground-laurel, the no less timid anemone, the crocus in its snowy winding-sheet, the hyacinth bursting from its temporary grave, the emblems of our own vicissitudes. Nothing in nature is without its moral lesson; she finds instruction in the solitary snowflake, the little bower of violets, the forsaken nest of the bird, and even in the breast-pin, the lost kite, and the playthings of infancy. But tones of deeper feeling come forth from the winter funeral, the prayer of the broken-hearted, the empty bier by the church-yard gate, the soul's farewell to its earthly prison. These are some of the diversified subjects on which she loves to dwell; she invests them with sentiment and imagery, sometimes familiar, sometimes new, but always in harmony with true and amiable feeling, and awakening associations to which no bosom is a stranger. This power of investing the objects around us with moral associations may be too freely exercised, and there are some instances in the volume before us in which the familiar sinks into the homely, and the rock is struck in the unreasonable hope, that the living waters of poetry will flow; but such instances are very rare, and scarcely cast a shade over the good taste and excellent feeling, which characterize her writings.

Several imitations of the Scottish are given at the close of the volume. They are not, as respects the truth and beauty of the sentiment, inferior to the rest; but there is not one of them that would not appear to more advantage in an English dress. The Scottish dialect comes gracefully from the lips of Burns, because it was his own, and because he wrote for the peasantry of Scotland; but it loses all its beauty, when it ceases to be natural, and is then entitled to no higher praise than that which is due to an easy imitation. We never witness a disposition to copy the manner or peculiarities, to which circumstances have given popularity, without regret; it is so rarely witnessed

in Miss Gould, that we allude to it now, rather in reference to others than to her; excepting in the single particular which we have mentioned, it is one from which she is wholly free; but it is quite too common, and involves an error of the same sort, as an imitation of the gait or dress; for the very peculiarities, so assiduously imitated, are invariably the least attractive characteristics, and not unfrequently the most serious defects of the model.

The following lines, on the subject of "The Lily," present an interesting specimen of the style and sentiment of the author.

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine—
To find its name on his unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?
In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines,
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds
That wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest thoughts
Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green, polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of His soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a fair specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the Lily of the field,
Declared the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!"

There is an air of originality in the following lines. Their title, "The Consignment," is not, perhaps, sufficiently descriptive of their character.

"Fire, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence entrust;
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This, — in childhood's rosy morn,
This was gaily filled and sent.
Childhood is forever gone;
Here, — devouring element.
This was friendship's cherished pledge;
Friendship took a colder form;
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be bright and warm.

These, — the letter and the token,
Never more shall meet my view!
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too!
This, — 'twas penned while purest joy
Warmed the heart and lit the eye;
Fate, that peace did soon destroy,
And its transcript now will I.

This must go! for, on the seal,
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel;
'Twas a heart-string breaking too!
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence, thou waking shade of grief,
Go, forever disappear!

This is his, who seemed to be
High as heaven, and fair as light;
But the visor rose, and he, —
Spare, Oh memory! spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath,
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

These, — the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came! 'Tis pain to save
Cold remains of sundered ties.
Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still, my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!"

A portion of the contents of this volume is designed for the entertainment and instruction of the young. The pieces to which we allude are full of simple beauty, and are well adapted to produce a pleasing and salutary impression on the mind.

Since its publication, we have seen in various journals poems from the pen of Miss Gould, superior in spirit and elegance to any which it contains. We trust that she will continue to employ her powers in the way which she has thus fortunately selected; for we feel assured that, in proportion as she advances her literary reputation, she will not fail to promote the cause of morality and virtue.

Art. IX. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

Sartor Resartus: in three Books. Reprinted for friends, from Fraser's Magazine. London. 1834.

This little work, which, as the title-page informs us, was first published in successive portions in Fraser's Magazine, comes before us under rather suspicious circumstances. It purports to be a sort of commentary, by an anonymous writer, on a late work upon the Philosophy of Dress, or Clothes, by Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh, Professor of the Science of Things in General at the University of Weissnichtwo in Germany. The commentator represents himself as having made the acquaintance of this writer, some years ago, on a visit to the place of his residence; and gives a pretty full description of his personal habits and character, to which we may advert hereafter. Some time after his return, the commentator, or, as he calls himself, the editor, received from his German friend a copy of the work just alluded to, the title of which, at full, is as follows: *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken*, (Clothes, their origin and influence,) *von Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh J. U. D. &c. Stillschweigen and Co. Weissnichtwo.* The volume was accompanied by a number of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, containing a notice of it in the following favorable terms. "Here comes a volume of that extensive close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo; issuing from the hitherto irreproachable firm of Stillschweigen and Co. with every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality, as to set neglect at defiance. A work," concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic reviewer, "interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophical thinker; a master-piece of boldness, lynxeyed acuteness, and rugged, independent Germanism and philanthropy, (*derben Kerndeutschheit*

und Menschenliebe,) which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdroeckh to the first ranks of philosophy in our German Temple of Honor."

The volume was also accompanied by a letter from the author, containing, as is said, a variety of compliments and encomiums upon "the present Editor," but no other instruction in regard to the work than a hope, intimated in the concluding phrase, that it might meet with success in England :—*Moechte es auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen.*

Our commentator, or editor, as he prefers to call himself, on the first perusal of this "remarkable volume," perceived that it exhibited what he affects to consider as an entirely new system of philosophy, and in the author an almost unexampled personal character. Having mastered the contents of the work, he was deliberating rather anxiously upon the best method of imparting to the public the treasure which he supposed himself to have acquired, when his zeal was still farther excited by a letter which he unexpectedly received from Counsellor *Heuschrecke*, the most intimate friend of Teufelsdroeckh, with whom our editor had not been in previous correspondence. The counsellor, it seems, after much extraneous matter, entered at large upon the subject of the work in question, described it as creating an extraordinary sensation throughout all Germany, and at length hinted, with much circumlocution, at the practicability of conveying some knowledge of it and of its author to England, and through England to the Far West. The counsellor added, that if our commentator were disposed to undertake a biography of Professor Teufelsdroeckh, he (Counsellor Heuschrecke) had it in his power to furnish the requisite documents. This letter decided the previously irresolute purpose of our editor, and he immediately made an arrangement with the publisher of Fraser's Magazine to furnish him with a series of articles upon the Philosophy of Clothes, and its author.

After commencing and making some progress in his work, the editor represents himself as receiving from his correspondent Heuschrecke another voluminous and discursive letter, accompanying the promised documents, which proved to be a sort of irregular autobiography, consisting of a mass of papers, written by the professor himself upon all sorts of subjects, including his own life and adventures; — the whole deposited

in "six considerable paper bags, carefully sealed, and marked successively in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the six southern zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra." The editor complains very much of the confusion in which he found these materials, and of the great trouble that he had in collecting from them the facts which he wanted. By dint of hard labor and great perseverance, he finally succeeded in putting together a sort of biography, which occupies the second book of the commentary before us. In the third and last, the editor returns to his task, and concludes his summary of the contents of the work.

Such is the account, given by the "present editor," of the origin of this little work. Though professing in general a good deal of respect for his author, he at times deals pretty freely with him: — "Thou foolish Teufelsdroeckh!" and even "Thou rogue!" are among the titles which are occasionally bestowed on him. For ourselves, we incline to the opinion, that the only rogue in the company is the "present editor." We have said that the volume came before the public under rather suspicious circumstances, and, after a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is, that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdroeckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six paper bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the "present editor" is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject; — in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is in plain English, a *hum*.

Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, excepting what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen und Co.* — Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly magazine, published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the

matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves, here in New England, upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch mother-land, as our brethren of the fast-anchored isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the "extensive, close-printed, close-meditated volume," which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the "present editor," upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*,—"Know-not-where," at which place the work is supposed to have been printed and the author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole, but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*,—"Duck-pond,"—where the supposed author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond, is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile, at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that "he had searched to no purpose through all the Herald's books in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscribers-lists, Militia-Rolls, and other Name-Catalogues;" but had nowhere been able to find the name Teufelsdroeckh, except as appended to his own person." We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor *Heuschrecke*, — Grasshopper, — though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a "fair business transaction." The same may be said of *Blumine*, — Flower-Goddess, — the heroine of the fable, and so of the rest.

In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth, as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German orignal. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence, is* the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdroeckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*, — the Tailor Patched, — which the present editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdroeckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes every where the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maid ns,— *virginibus puerisque*,—and calls upon them by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will, — to use the mildest terms, — not be in very good

humor. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenor of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigor, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature, and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.

From what has been said, our readers will gather, with sufficient assurance, that the work before us is a sort of philosophical romance in which the author undertakes to give, in the form of a review of a German treatise on dress, and a notice of the life of the writer, his own opinions upon Matters and Things in General. The hero, Professor Teufelsdroeckh, seems to be intended for a portrait of human nature as affected by the moral influences to which, in the present state of society, a cultivated mind is naturally exposed. Teufelsdroeckh is a foundling, brought up by poor but respectable parents, and educated for the legal profession. He is called to the bar, or as the phrase is in Germany, admitted as a listener *(auscultator)*, and having little business and no property, finds himself rather at a loss for the means of subsistence. While lingering in this uncertain state, he forms an acquaintance with an English traveller, named Towgood, and is patronized to a certain extent by Count Zahdarm, a nobleman whose lady occasionally invites him to a sort of entertainment, which would be called here a blue-stocking party, or *Blue Congress*, but which is dignified in Germany by the more classical title of an *æsthetic tea*. At one of these "æsthetic teas," he falls in love with the Flower-Goddess

Blumine, alluded to above, who seems to be a sort of *demoiselle de compagnie* to the Countess, and who, after lending for a time an apparently favorable ear to his suit, all at once changes her mind, and marries his English friend Towgood. This result increases the uneasiness under which Teufelsdroeckh was previously laboring, and he finally quits his profession and place of residence, and sets forth upon his travels, which appear to have been extensive, and are described with sufficient exactness, though in general terms. The worst thing about his case is, that in addition to want, idleness, and disappointment in love and friendship, he fell into a kind of scepticism, or rather absolute unbelief. From this, however, he is gradually restored by a series of changes in his intellectual and moral character, amounting altogether to a sort of philosophical conversion. These changes are described in successive chapters under the titles of the *Everlasting No*, the *Centre of Indifference*, and the *Everlasting Yes*, which may be said to constitute the kernel of the work. Being now in a comfortable frame of mind, the wanderer appeals to his pen as a means of obtaining subsistence, and by a diligent use of it obtains pretty soon the professorship of Things in General at the University of Nobody-knows-where. Here he flourishes in tranquil contentment, and publishes the remarkable, close-printed, close-meditated volume, which forms the subject of the present editor's learned commentary.

Such is the general outline of the story. As a specimen of the style, we extract the following account of the first appearance in the world of the learned professor of *Allerley-Wissenschaft*.

"'In the village of Entepfuhl,' thus writes he, in the Bag *Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful, though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederic the Great; but now quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell; on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbors that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; and how Fritz the Only *(der Einzige)* had once with

his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, *Schweig Du Hund* (Peace, hound!) before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. '*Das nenn'ich mir einen Koenig*, "there is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: 'but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting in his eyes.'

"Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, 'the womankind will not drill *(wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren)*:' nevertheless, she at least loved him both for valor and wisdom; to her a Prussian grenadier-Sergeant and Regiment's-Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness *(Geradheit)*; that understood Buesching's Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him, as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked, and sewed, and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental-sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment where, on pegs of honor, they hung, looked ever trim and gay; a roomy painted cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-colored from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats, where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what you saw.

"Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the celestial Balance *(Libra)*, it was that a stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschaetzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfaeltigst benuetzt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schwerem Zinsen, wird's einst zurueckgefordert*, 'Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.' Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, for-

ever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, so noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlor-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but in the softest sleep, a little red-colored Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other document or indication none whatever.

"To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighboring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to do with this little sleeping red-colored Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavor; thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself, in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and knowledge of good and evil, he, as Herr Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.

"Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression.' 'Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided

out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing *(sehnsuchtsvoll)*, to that unknown father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas! I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard: but he too must repel me, he too was not thou.

"'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst, thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.'

"'The little green veil,' adds he, among much similar moralizing, and embroiled discoursing, 'I yet keep; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald's Books, in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists *(Praenumeranten)*, Militia-Rolls and other Name-Catalogues; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name of Teufelsdroeckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian 'Diogenes' mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humor? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich must leave an ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influence of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often

have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at and slung at, wounded, handfettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled, by the Time-Spirit *(Zeitgeist)* in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

"For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, nay, almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round the Earth-visiting ME; to which it thenceforth cleaves more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam's first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same, be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods? — In a very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief and he will steal;* in an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdroeckh and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*'

'Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavoring daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of, — Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation, grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay, Poetries and Religions?

"Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such di-

minutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat and throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that Time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering."

After a detailed account of the adventures of the Professor at schools, academies and colleges, we come to a chapter, entitled *Romance*, which describes his unfortunate flirtation with the Flower-Goddess.

"'For long years,' writes Teufelsdroeckh, 'had the poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force: For what? — *Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable? — Come of it what might, I resolved to try.'

"Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdroeckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdroeckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter, Northwest Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere? — A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

"'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in

this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person *(Personlichkeit)* is ever holy to us; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love.

"In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas and flowerage and foliage of that Garden is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier if Cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when Shame is still an impassable celestial barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

"'As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdroeckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-colored angel plumage; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea:* all of air they were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls *(Holden)* — *Ach Gott!* how could he hope it; should he not have died under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

"Thus was the young man, if all sceptical of Demons and Angels, such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Skyborn, who visibly and audibly hovered round him whereso he went; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly

and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility, and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, 'Thou too mayest love and be loved;' and so kindle him, — good Heaven! what a volcanic earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled!'

"Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonized tinder of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humor enough; the whole lying in such hot neighborhood, close by a 'a reverberating furnace of Fantasy:' have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, must one day, leaving 'the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,' flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendor, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt out; and the young soul relieved, with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'Crater of an extinct volcano!'

"From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our Philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love: here, therefore, may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh, give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only; for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these sheets was led to regard Teufelsdroeckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art, of Celestial Art,

indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

"Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdroeckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendor and color, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what preestablished Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

"We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; high-born, and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the *Gnädige Frau*, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

"'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder? Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of granite; glittering in the western Sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the

Libyan Waste; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

"But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed in his *Relatio ex Actis;* been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Garden-house, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers; if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of harps and pure voices making the stillness live. Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odors of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company; in front, from the wide opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peak, so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures: it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself.' How came it that the wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart *(ahnungsvoll)*, by the side of his gay host? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him; to mock him, and to see whether there were Humor in him?

"Next moment he finds himself presented to the party; and specially by name to, — Blumine! Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

"'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far and wide, was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices: from all which vague colorings of rumor, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming, warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places; that light yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps: but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his; how should she ever think of him? O Heaven! how should they so much as once meet together? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him; if he speak she will hear it! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine her-

self might have aforetime noted the so unnotable; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favor for him? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then; pole and pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into neighborhood? Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when once near its Moon! With the wanderer it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses; and all that was painful, and all that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

"'Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded up his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius *(Daemon)* that inspired him; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Shew thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery victory; and, borne on new-found wings of victory moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; wherein also Fantasy bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.'

"It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine;' who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring forth Philistinism *(Philistriositaeten)*; little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, the 'discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention: nay, what if there were a slight tre-

mor in that silver voice? what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush?

"'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle: for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapor; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aërial on the mountain tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of man's Existence decline into dusk and darkness; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

"'To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper: It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.'

"Poor Teufelsdroeckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her; and there, by art magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a delirium,' says he elsewhere; 'yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case, too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight; on the so petty domain of the Actual, plants its Archimedes lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man: his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage *(Zeitbuehne)*, whereon thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy planets and

solar systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before.' Alas, witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the Earth held but one, and not several of these!

"He says, that in Town, they met again: 'day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet all in darkness: him what Graceful *(Holde)* would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! "She looks on thee,' cried he: 'she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's blessings be hers!' Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often the inarticulate mystic speech of Music: such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Eolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart, and soul, and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.

"Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay, into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter or Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,'' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her soft, fervid bosom, the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre,

hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question: What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdroeckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human Kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shews more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.'

"Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendor it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How, from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organized? Besides, of what profit were it? We view with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand bags, and confused wreck, fast enough, into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdroeckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself; considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdroeckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene.

"'One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, they were to meet no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him: and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam! said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one, — for the first time, and for the last!' Thus was

Teufelsdroeckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then, — 'thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe, was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'"

The Professor now sets forth upon his travels, melancholy enough, as may be supposed. The uneasiness of mind under which he labored, and his first attempts to escape from it, are described in the following passage.

"'So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, 'so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom He finds in Battle's splendor,) and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no Hope, neither had I any definite Fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining Fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless Jaws of a devouring Monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

"'Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de-l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: "What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatso it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it, and defy it!" And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul: and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god.

Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

"'Thus had the EVERLASTING NO *(das Ewige Nein)* pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);" to which my whole Me now made answer: "*I* am not thine, but Free, and for ever hate thee!"

"'It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual Newbirth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.'"

He is now comparatively comfortable and looks about him with more curiosity, and interest upon the world.

"Though, after this 'Baphometic Fire-baptism' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, 'Indignation and Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit; whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

"Accordingly, if we scrutinize these Pilgrimings well, there is, perhaps, discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdroeckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay that will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saint's Wells,' and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceas-

ing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly, on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

"'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there; and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

"'Of man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has required of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays, (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS? where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schoenbrunn, to Downing street, to the Palais Bourbon: thou findest nothing there, but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where then is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual *(geistig)* is our whole daily Life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

"'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals;

their tilled fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly, —— Books. In which third truly, the last-invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled Field, but then a spiritual Field: like a spiritual Tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of Leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-Burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonderbringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. — Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervor, to gaze on the stone Pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's version thereof?' "

The Pilgrim's progress through the *Centre of Indifference to* the high table-land of the *Everlasting Yes*, is thus narrated.

" He says: 'The hot Harmattan-wind had raged itself out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more. I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here; for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant.' — And again: 'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless, by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self *(Sebst-toedtung)*, had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.'

"Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep;' that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land;' and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? Were it not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected. However, in Teufelsdroeckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire:

"'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the Azure Dome; and around me, for walls, Four azure flowing curtains, — namely, of the four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her: — all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives, at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husband's kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. — If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the world in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"'Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance; round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sun-beam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grimwhite, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a world, O Nature! — Or what is Nature?

Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God?" O Heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"'Foreshadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangele. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

"'With other eyes too could I now look upon my fellow-man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the Royal Mantle or the Beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden? and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow;*' by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me.'

"The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavoring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands; meanwhile, for my own private behoof,

I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoeblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less: *God's Infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus! speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

"'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-Conceit there is in each of us, — do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used? — I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"'So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator, as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation *(Entsagen)* that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'

"I asked myself: what is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it, in a word: is it not because thou art not

HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy? Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat;* and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron;* open thy *Goethe.*'

"'*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou too honored to be taught: O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it? O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulphed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

"And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow?*' The Temple thereof, opened some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'"

We must here close our extracts from this little volume, which, as our readers, we trust, are by this time aware, contains, under a quaint and singular form, a great deal of deep thought, sound principle, and fine writing. It is, we believe, no secret in England or here, that it is the work of a person to whom the public is indebted for a number of articles in the late British Reviews, which have attracted great atten-

tion by the singularity of their style, and the richness and depth of their matter. Among these may be mentioned particularly those on *Characteristics* and the *Life of Burns* in the Edinburgh Review, and on *Goethe* in the Foreign Quarterly. We have been partly led to take this notice of the work before us by the wish, which the author expresses, that a knowledge of his labors might penetrate into the Far West. We take pleasure in introducing to the American public a writer, whose name is yet in a great measure unknown among us, but who is destined, we think, to occupy a large space in the literary world. We have heard it intimated, that Mr. Carlyle has it in contemplation to visit this country, and we can venture to assure him, that, should he carry this intention into effect, he will meet with a cordial welcome. If his conversation should prove as agreeable as his writings, and he should feel a disposition to take up his abode in the "Far West," we have little doubt that he may find in some one of the hundred universities of our country, a *Weissnichtwo*, at which he may profess his favorite science of Things-in-General with even more satisfaction and advantage, than in the Edinburgh Review or Fraser's Magazine.

Art. X. — *Worcester's Dictionary.*

A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture and Modern Geographical Names. By J. E. Worcester. Carefully revised and enlarged. Boston. 1835.

Mr. Worcester is not one of those persons who are disposed to shrink from labor; on the contrary, he appears to love hard work for its own sake, and to be led by inclination to those objects of pursuit, in which most men are with difficulty induced to engage by the urgency of some controlling motive. We have already had occasion more than once to draw the attention of our readers to the results of his industry. Nearly twenty years ago, he became known to the public by his geographical researches. His Universal Gazetteer was

published in 1817, and a second edition of it but a few years after. This was a very comprehensive and valuable work, and met with as favorable a reception, as could well be anticipated for any of the same dimensions; indeed, we are inclined to believe that the author would find his account in publishing another edition of it at the present time, with such improvements and additions as the change of circumstances might require. To this succeeded a Gazetteer of the United States, and the Elements of Geography; the last obtained a very extensive circulation, and is now, we believe, used in many of our schools as a manual of the branch of science of which it treats. All the publications which we have named required a minute accuracy, as well as a wide extent of investigation; the character which they all acquired sufficiently shews that they were executed with judgment and ability; for this is a department, in which the deficiencies of an author are not to be concealed for any length of time, and are by no means easily forgiven. To these succeeded the Elements of History and the Historical Atlas. Passing from this field, in which his success had been quite flattering, Mr. Worcester entered upon another, not less laborious, nor demanding less attention and fidelity, — that of a lexicographer. The first results of his labor in this line were displayed by his publication of Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers. While engaged in the preparation of that work, he formed the plan of the Comprehensive Dictionary, which is now before us; but the execution of it was postponed for a season, in consequence of an engagement into which he had entered to prepare an abridgment of the American Dictionary of Dr. Webster. When he had completed this engagement, he resumed his own plan, and published the work about five years ago. Several impressions of it have since been called for, and he has repeatedly revised and enlarged it with much expense of time and labor, until it has assumed the form in which it now appears. The Elementary Dictionary is the last of his publications. In the mean time, Mr. Worcester is understood to have been the editor of the American Almanac, since the first year of its publication, and to have prepared all its contents, with the exception of the astronomical department; and this is no mean title to distinction; for there are very few works, in which so

much information, of a kind not easily accessible, is presented with so much authenticity. In all his publications, he has exhibited a conscientious love of accuracy, as well as intelligence, which has stamped them all with a superior value in the estimation of those whose favorable judgment in matters of the sort is most to be desired.

We confess that we look with respect upon men of industry and talent, who are willing to devote themselves to the investigation of subjects, in which the exhibition of those qualities is very slow to be appreciated, because there is little in the result of their researches calculated to strike the imagination. To one who reflects upon the importance of preserving our language in a state of purity, it is really surprising to see with how little compunction men are willing to murder it, or at least to subject it to relentless torture; and how little gratitude they entertain for those, who teach them to save their credit, by conducting themselves with more humanity. It is no easy matter to arrest and prosecute to judgment the foreign interloping words, particularly French ones, which are perpetually intruding themselves into our language, where their absence is much preferable to their company, with the aid, we must say, of some of our own writers, who ought to exhibit more patriotism and more discretion; but an achievement of this sort, wearisome though it be, is even more exciting than the task of pursuing doubtful etymologies far back into the dim regions of departed tongues, of establishing the local habitation of controverted accents, or of settling the questionable claims of suspicious letters to the residence in particular words, which they may have gained by accident or usage. The results of assiduous toil in this department of philology, valuable and even necessary as they are, are apt to be fatiguing to the laborer, while they are not very imposing in the eyes of others. When, therefore, we see a man like Mr. Worcester, willing to engage in it with the intensity of purpose, and fidelity of execution, that he brings to every subject upon which he enters, we owe him something more than a cold and formal acknowledgment; he is entitled to receive at least a portion of the commendation, which is not unfrequently bestowed by the public upon less important labors. In this country, in the absence of any such standard to preserve the purity of language as the French

Academy have established for their own, and having no reason to anticipate that any authoritative one will soon be provided, we must be content to rely, like our English brethren, upon the authority of individuals, whose influence in the estimation of the community will be proportioned to their talent, diligence, and devotion to their task. Among these individuals, a high place will be assigned, by common consent, to the author of the work before us.

Mr. Worcester's object, in undertaking to prepare his Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary, was to remedy certain defects, which appeared to him to exist in the works of a similar kind, generally used in our schools. The most prominent of these deficiencies were found in the number of words which these dictionaries contained, and in their definitions and rules of pronunciation. He has adopted the works of Johnson and Walker as the basis of his own ; but has given six thousand more words than are contained in the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the latter. A large number of technical terms employed in the various arts and sciences are given, with their appropriate definitions ; so are also many of the words from other languages familiarly used by English writers, but their foreign origin is at the same time indicated, and in various instances, the American or provincial uses of terms are pointed out. These are points, respecting which a dictionary is constantly consulted, and on which a deficiency of information is quite embarrassing to the reader. The advantages to be derived from the pronouncing vocabularies of scriptural, classical and modern geographical names, are quite obvious. There is, also, a copious vocabulary of words of various or doubtful orthography, accompanied by remarks and rules relating to that subject. The volume is very convenient in form, and contains about four hundred pages, printed in a very clear and handsome type.

Mr. Worcester appears to have been particularly solicitous to render his work useful as a pronouncing dictionary, and it is here that the want of a standard, of general authority, has been very widely felt. Owing to the circumstances which we shall presently mention, he has not attempted to establish his own work as such, in the many doubtful cases which are constantly occurring, and it is probable that if he, or any other person, should undertake to do this, the attempt would

be wholly unsuccessful. His system of notation, which furnishes the key to the sounds of the letters, is in some respects peculiar; but it is as exact as any system of the kind can well be made, and imposes no great burden on the memory; in point of preciseness, it appears to us to possess advantages over every other. As a general rule, he has adopted Walker's system of pronunciation, without hesitating to deviate from it where it seemed to him to be required. He has chosen to give words of various or doubtful pronunciation, as they are pronounced by several of the most approved orthoepists; selecting in the first place, as his own, the mode which he considers the best, and then presenting other modes, together with the authorities by which they are respectively sustained. This course may be objected to by some, on the ground that it embarrasses the learner, by referring the choice among the various authorities to his own discretion; but it appears to us less liable to just exception than any other would have been, and more likely to give general satisfaction, because the reader can endure with much more patience to have a question referred to his own decision, when the best means of forming a judgment are set before him, than to have a particular view of it presented as the only one he is at liberty to adopt. It appears, too, to indicate that Mr. Worcester has pursued his researches in a proper spirit, without undertaking to dictate, or to rely on his own judgment too exclusively. There is no other acknowledged standard of correct pronunciation, than that which is afforded by the usage of intelligent and refined society; but this usage is variable, and differs much in different places, sometimes even in the same place; what one regards as of unquestionable authority, another may declare to be sustained by no authority at all. It will hardly answer for a lexicographer to set up his own opinion, as an infallible standard of right, — the imposing dignity of the conscience of the lord chancellor did not prevent Selden from comparing it, as respects its fitness for a standard, with the foot of the same learned personage. Had Mr. Worcester chosen, in all doubtful cases, to select a particular mode of pronunciation, and to adhere to it without noticing the modes recommended by others, he would probably have satisfied nobody; those who might agree with him in regard to the pronunciation of one word, would have condemned his mode as applied to a thousand others.

The subject of orthography is not without its perplexities. They were felt and lamented by Johnson nearly a century ago; in the remarkable preface to his dictionary, he mourns over them with an affecting solemnity of tone, which gives abundant evidence of the anguish they had cost him. His task was undoubtedly a more serious one than that of any of his successors; because before his day there existed no English dictionary, of authority in the slightest degree approaching to that of his own great work; and the mighty lawgiver was sorely troubled to reduce his discordant and rebellious materials into any thing like uniformity; but there is still a serious toil awaiting those, who undertake to reform his code, and apply it to the exigencies of the present time. Take, for example, the question of the propriety of using the letter *u* in words which terminate in *or* or *our;* no great matter, perhaps, but one which illustrates the difficulty to which we refer. We avail ourselves of the research of Mr. Worcester to shew the want of harmony among the various lexicographers, as respects the introduction of this hapless letter. Johnson, as a general rule, retains it in the class of words just mentioned; he even goes so far as to introduce it into the words *anterior* and *interior;* but when he comes to *exterior* and *posterior,* which would seem to be quite as well entitled to it as the others, his heart appears to fail him, and he drops it. Entick excludes it from those words which are of direct Latin origin, but retains it in many others, derived from other sources; in the word *arbour* he inserts it, and gives *armor* and *savor* according to both forms. The compilers of some dictionaries have chosen, as the safer course, to follow the example of Johnson; but most of the later ones, as well as most writers of the present day, retain the letter only in a few instances. Dr. Webster, with a strict regard to uniformity, omits it wholly. Mr. Worcester has adopted the same course, but gives those who are dissatisfied with it the means of ascertaining and applying the rules of others. His remarks upon the subject of orthography are just as well as valuable; and his vocabulary of words of various or doubtful orthography, taken in connexion with them, will go as far towards relieving the difficulties of the learner, as any exposition which could be easily devised.

The vocabulary of Greek and Latin proper names, which is appended to the dictionary, is founded on a plan similar to that

of Walker's Key to the pronunciation of such names, but is more complete and accurate. That of geographical names is still more valuable. Mr. Worcester, in preparing it, felt the very serious difficulties arising from the want of established usage in regard to a very large portion of the names, the disagreement of various authorities, and the uncertainty to what extent the English analogy should be followed, where it varies from the foreign in respect to the names of places in other countries. These difficulties render it impossible for any person to devise a system, that will not be open to objection. Mr. Worcester offers his own, as he observes, "with much diffidence, yet not without hope that, imperfect as it is, it may nevertheless be found of some use." Imperfect it undoubtedly is, and from the character of the subject, it is impossible that it should be otherwise; but it has evidently been prepared with great care and judgment; and will be found very convenient and useful, by all who have occasion to refer to it. It will not lead to entire accuracy of pronunciation, because no one can say, in reference to many of these names, what perfect accuracy is; but it will tend to remove much of the perplexity which almost every person must have felt, arising from his uncertainty respecting the pronunciation of words of almost hourly recurrence.

Without entering more at large into the consideration of the manner, in which this work is executed, we may say, that it gives evidence of the sound judgment and diligent research of its author, as well as of his philosophical spirit. The testimonials of its excellence are very numerous, and we doubt not that every one who may have occasion to examine or to use it, will concur in the opinion they express.

ART. XI. — *Travels of Reed and Matheson.*

1. *A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales.* By ANDREW REED, D. D., and JAMES MATHESON, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.
2. *Four Years in Great Britain.* By CALVIN COLTON. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1835.

LET any one take a journey through a part of his own country which is new to him, and when he returns, we can easily see that he gives us impressions, rather than opinions of the people among whom he has been. The act of forming an opinion implies deliberation and active exertion of mind upon the subject, and therefore an amount of trouble which few are inclined to take, when they can decide so easily and confidently without it. To receive passive impressions, — to take the first appearance as conclusive, — to let the eye glide carelessly over scenes and persons, is so much easier than bringing the mind to bear upon the subject, that most travellers, in the process of book-making, deal out these unformed impressions to their readers ; a convenient resort, since, if they were called upon for opinions, and the reasons on which they were founded, in most cases none would be forth-coming. The enlightened visiter of a foreign country, who wishes to make up his mind concerning the people and their institutions, and the manner in which they bear upon each other, endeavors to escape from the misleading influence of these impressions, which in general have little or nothing to do with the matters he wishes to investigate ; unless he does, his opinions, as he calls them, are accidents, and afford no means to his readers of forming a judgment concerning the country through which he has been.

If the worthy traveller on a small scale, to whom we alluded, should encounter some of those evils which beset all wayfarers, even within sight of their own steeple, — if he should meet with one or two surly landlords and coachmen, rough roads, springless carriages, together with a reasonable allowance of rainy days, these things would have an effect upon him somewhat out of proportion to their magnitude and importance. The Christian spirit of benevolence with which he went forth upon his pilgrimage will at once be seriously abated, and a

heavy handful will he be to the Samaritans on whose hospitality he is thrown. If they study his pleasure, he will complain that they torment him with their attentions; if, as he appears to desire, they leave him to his own thoughts, he will call it unpardonable neglect. His whole conversation among them will be a song of sorrow, depicting to his entertainers the misery and unworthiness of the place in which their lines are fallen, and he will be lost in astonishment to find, that the subject is not particularly welcome to their ears. If, on the contrary, he goes under happier auspices, — if the inns, the first object of his solicitude, are comfortable, the hosts civil, and the coachmen attentive to their duty, — if the elements of nature are favorable, — if the sun shines and the dust is laid, nothing can be more perfect than his philanthropy; he will be delighted with all that he sees and hears; the acquaintances which he forms will seem the most agreeable in the world; and he will wish, — self-denying indeed if he does not express the wish, — that his old friends would come to learn a lesson of courtesy and good manners from the new. So different are the impressions, which the same scenes and persons will give to the same individual at different times. Nor is the mistake to be severely visited; for we are strongly inclined to believe, that almost all wayfarers in the journey of life are under the same illusions; the wights who are unlucky in adventures, and unprosperous in business, and crossed in love, do not take views of existence so radiant as those who are born blest heirs of the "silver spoon."

If these accidental impressions mislead us in our own judgments concerning persons and places within a few miles of their own home, they may naturally be supposed to have still more effect on him who goes into a country where all is new. He must be constantly on his guard against the disposition to draw conclusions from slender premises, and to judge of one thing from others, which have no connexion with it except by accidental association. The English traveller must remember that he cannot travel and be at home at the same time, and that, if he wishes to enjoy the exciting pleasure of seeing foreign countries, he must give up for a time some of the comforts of his own. The inns and stage-coaches, where most of his observations are made, will be good or otherwise according to the amount of competition, and the condition in which he finds them will shew, not the civilization or barbarism, so much as

the wealth or poverty of the country. To supply accommodations to travellers, though an important thing, is not so pressing as some others. The question is, whether the country suits those who live in it, since their wants should be first consulted; and it might be shewn that a tolerable share of intelligence, good feeling and improvement can exist where the roads are not macadamized, and where dinner is not regarded with the seriousness and solemnity which so weighty a concern deserves. Those whom the traveller meets in his pilgrimage may be deficient in good breeding; in every country they will spit, scold and swear with licentious freedom; but the highway is not the best school for the formation of character or manners, and he might, peradventure, find better specimens of the graces, should he visit the fireside and the saloon. If he is talking about the facilities for travelling, these facts come within his design, and he does right to set them down; but if his object be to describe the institutions and character of the people, he must take some heed to the position from which his sketches are drawn.

So far from taking his hasty impressions as the result of a deliberate survey, the traveller should resolve to consider things apart from their bearing on his own convenience and pleasure. The extreme regard for self, which makes it the prominent object in every view, while it renders it impossible that he should see things as they are, forces him into the constant absurdity of describing himself and not the country. Captain Hall's book will give the reader a very clear idea of the manner in which the writer appeared, while he was travelling in this country, and if it were the professed object of the work to furnish his portrait, with the American scenery for the back-ground, no one could say that it was not well done. But much less light is thrown upon the other part of the subject, — the description of the country; instead of that we have Captain Hall's ideas of what republicans must inevitably be, and in all his journey he saw nothing which he could not have seen as well without leaving England. Captain Hamilton proposed to give an account of 'Manners in America,' and doubtless thought that he was doing it with success; but the result was that he gave quite another thing, — a view of his own manners while in America, which evidently were not at all times sufficiently gracious to secure the good offices of those upon whom the traveller's comfort depends. Mrs. Trollope fell into the same

error; undertaking to describe the domestic manners of the Americans, she gave, instead thereof, a view of her own domestic manners and habits during her sojourn here; a most interesting subject indeed, but not precisely the one to which the reader's attention was drawn. The good woman had some peculiarities, which were treated by her domestics and others with but little reverence; whereupon she inferred, somewhat hastily, that domestic order, decency and happiness were wholly unknown in this country. The biographer of Johnson, at the Shakspeare jubilee, with his name "Corsica Boswell" on his hat, was not more prominent in his own esteem on that occasion, than these tourists in their volumes; the naval hero, boisterous and exacting, with something savoring of the tar,—the captain, with misplaced and vain ambition, affecting the air of epicurean elegance and repose, — and the old lady, with her coarse and not always goodnatured waggery, are placed distinctly before the eye of the reader; while the vision of the country, which it is their professed object to describe, is by no means so bright.

Beside not suffering himself to eclipse the land through which he travels, the traveller must remember that he cannot in all cases enter into the feelings and habits of thought which prevail in it, and therefore cannot estimate the power of those sentiments, on which public institutions and their value so much depend. Captain Hall looked through this country in vain in search of loyalty, but found no longing for the sceptre and crown;—Mrs. Trollope was disappointed at not finding castles and relics of feudal times on the Alleghany Mountains. They found, on the contrary, a state of feeling quite at war with this traditional reverence, which seemed to them essential to the grace of life. Their inference was, that our nation could not subsist in prosperity and honor without this element of strength. Some travellers from our country, in visiting England, go to the opposite extreme, declaim vehemently against the prejudice, which sustains the honors of the few at the expense of the many, and marvel much at the existence of that loyalty; it seems to them to be an absurd and unreasonable sentiment, by which the humble are kept in voluntary subserviency to the high. But it might be well for each party to remember, that what may be proper and graceful in one nation, may be injurious and out of place in another. In England, where the land is covered with so many vestiges of other times,

and where there are so many avenues through which the mind is carried back to former ages, all of which have abounded in glorious examples of patriotism exhibited in the form of loyalty to chiefs and kings, it is but natural that these recollections should stir, as with the sound of a trumpet, even those who do not inherit the blind self-devotion of their fathers. Still, it may be, and no doubt often is, a voluntary homage rendered only because it is not exacted, and the republican, who thinks that it must necessarily be a slavish feeling, shews that he is not able to understand it. But the British conservative is equally narrow-minded, when he considers loyalty and its associate sentiments essential to refinement in a land which never saw minster, castle, nor crown. He ought to know that patriotism here may be quite as self-denying and exalted, though it manifests itself in different forms, clinging to the hope of the future instead of the memory of the past. Our facetious brethren of the London Quarterly have often made themselves merry with the assertion of the Americans, that the British do not understand our institutions; and yet nothing is more true, and they are themselves a living example of it; for they, like some poor religionist, who thinks that religion is nothing when divested of imposing forms, evidently believe that patriotism is a weak and powerless affection, which cannot sustain itself without forms, traditions and associations, borrowed from the past.

One other thing must be regarded by the traveller, who wishes to be relied on as a just and clear observer. When he goes to a foreign country, he must take care not to adopt the prejudices of the circle, in which chance, business, or taste may throw him. The English, when in a foreign land, are renowned for associating with each other; a practice which may be favorable to their social enjoyment, but is not equally propitious to the object with which men in general travel. To associate wholly with one class of men, and to suffer their views and feelings to influence his own, is but little if any better. It is quite edifying to look over the productions of some who have recorded their opinions of this country, particularly those who would long ago have been forgotten, had not Ebeling rescued them from the grasp of time. One Anbury, for example, who came to this country as a captain in the revolutionary war, and associated with his comrades and secret friends of their cause, gave it as the result of their collective wisdom that Mr. Washington, the chief of the American army, was a weak man

and quite unequal to his station. Similar oracles may be found in Priest, Barnaby, and others of that day. The French travellers, on the contrary, full of enthusiasm for every thing republican, saw every thing in the most attractive light, and enjoyed most the society of those who believed that the French revolution had opened the gates of mercy to mankind. The clerical travellers before us, were, from the nature of their commission, thrown chiefly into the society of one of our religious denominations, and their exclusive intercourse with them served to give not only very pleasant impressions of their own sect, but too much of that jealous suspicion, which one religious party is apt to feel for another. A traveller needs to guard himself on these points; when he hears charges and surmises, so confidently made by his associates, he is in danger of placing too much faith in them without making allowance for the inevitable errors of those who give up their minds to party.

We would give one piece of advice to travellers, though we have little expectation that any of that worthy fraternity will regard it. It is to go with a disposition to be pleased with what they see. There seems to be no good reason why, so long as the earth is wide enough to afford other fields of observation, a man should make his way through a land where he expects to find everything distasteful and revolting. The obvious alternative is before him, either to stay at home or to go to some other region where things are more to his mind; for certain it is, that if he sets out with the determination to find fault, he will meet with even more success than he desires. Captain Hall was more provoked than the occasion called for, with those who condoled with him touching the unfavorable weather, as if they thought it necessary to apologize for the incivility of the elements to him. This captious tone makes it clear to every reader of human nature, that he was affected with the trifles which he professed to disregard, and was angry with them for offering their sympathy, because it shewed that he betrayed his chagrin. Captain Hamilton was vexed with those who talked to him of Mr. Webster; and it requires no great discernment to perceive, that he would have been very charitable to those who talked to Mr. Webster of him. The truth is, that the gentlemen were not disposed to be pleased, and it is no easy matter to select subjects of conversation acceptable to those who are satisfied with nothing but themselves. It is quite instructive to compare with them the bearing of the

Duke of Saxe Weimar, who had probably been accustomed to as much respect and luxury as either of the gallant captains. Coming as he did, like a wise man, with a disposition to be pleased, every thing appeared to him in a favorable light. It is worth while to contemplate him, after having walked fifteen miles over a muddy road, attending a religious service at night in a little school-room lighted by two candles, and resting himself after his weariness by sitting on a pine log. Something might have been forgiven to human nature, but the only remark he makes upon it is, that the sermon, though a good one, appeared somewhat long! We do not say that the evident aversion to be pleased, which appears so plainly in the works of the English travellers, led them to misrepresentation; but Captain Hall, the proprietor of a camera lucida, should have remembered that much of the fidelity of a representation depends upon the color. The rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but it will not look so beautiful with any other hue; and though the outline may be perfect, still if he paints it black, there will be some reason to complain of the want of exactness in his imitation of nature.

One other caution should be given to this honorable company, whether they regard it or not; it is, not to consider their prerogative as travellers as giving them any right to make free with those who may have been subject to their visitations. We do not mean to apply this to English tourists only; Frenchmen in this country and Americans abroad have been guilty of the same offence against good feeling and good manners. This freedom admits of no excuse, except perhaps in the case of Mrs. Butler, who, looking upon "the world as a stage, and the men and women merely players," doubtless thought they would be greatly delighted to see their names in the play-bill. We never have been able to comprehend distinctly the right of reviewers to hold up authors to ridicule and scorn, nor do we believe that the great foreign authorities, which have acted upon this rule, have gained either credit or renown by the practice. The man, whoever he may be, who takes liberties with names, even in times of political excitement, though he may be sustained for a time or for life, by the malignant spirit of party, is despised by all honorable men; he may be feared, and he may mistake that fear for respect; but it is like the respect which we pay to certain animals, to which we readily give up the road, not because we dread their strength, but because

we would not willingly expose ourselves to those means of annoyance which they unquestionably possess. The rule of honor and conscience on this subject is now beginning, among travellers at least, to be better understood; they feel that it is better to be more scrupulous, even if they should be less entertaining; for it is no jest to bear the reputation of one who has abused the hospitality of others, and whom no man can safely admit within his doors.

We believe that the readers of such works are growing more and more convinced of the fact, that human nature, in all parallels of latitude, is substantially the same. There will no doubt be found prevailing traits of character, and still more decided differences of manners in various lands; but the well-known saying of Madame de Stael, that in all her researches among the human race she had found nothing but men and women, will describe the experience of those who have seen much of the various inhabitants of this lower world. They are, therefore, more slow to believe in those wholesale descriptions which dispose of men in masses, — a process of judgment, unknown to the tribunal of conscience as it is to courts of law. Had Captain Hamilton been equally enlightened on this subject, he would not have given the impression that the natives of New England subsisted by depredations on the less knowing inhabitants of the Southern States, — a grand geographical view, which represents Mason and Dixon's line as forming the boundary which divides the Union into two great classes of knaves and fools, — a view not particularly flattering to either section of the country. We doubt not, that, on severe examination, he might have found some few honest men in the Eastern States, and some at the South who have emerged from that primeval simplicity which makes them so easy a prey to imposture. On the whole, the most charitable view of mankind and of nations, is most likely to be the true one. The influence of spleen and sullenness, though it may make the tourist more pointed and forcible in his remarks, will not make him more accurate in his conclusions. The grumbler's place is at home; and though "love's shining circle" there be ever so willing to part with him, he has no right to inflict himself on the unoffending people of other countries, who are already provided with a sufficient number of native specimens of the race. If a painter feel no interest in the scene which he undertakes to represent, still more if he dislike it, he will do himself no honor

by the effort; he had better see it in sunshine or not at all. And the traveller in a foreign country, who thinks that all is barren, will do well to see if there is not something within himself, which gives the dark coloring to his view.

The former of the two works before us, was the result of a tour of observation made by two English divines, who lately visited this country. They were a deputation from a body of Congregational churches in England to the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in America, for the purpose of opening communications between them, and making each aware of the condition of the other. The principal objects of the travellers were to ascertain what means were used by the churches here to increase their numbers, what habits of thought and opinion prevailed among them, what dangers threatened their peace, and what heresies were most extensive and alarming. We shall not enlarge upon the subjects of this kind to which they have called our attention, farther than to say, that, had they solicited information from the sects on which they are most severe, they would have been quite as likely to know the truth, as by depending wholly on their opposers. They were sincerely devoted to the purposes of their mission, and therefore, when they speak of secular affairs, are apt to see them with a religious bearing, which is not the only aspect in which they should be regarded. Apart from their views on the subject of religious interests and parties, and slavery, a question which we have no inclination to touch, their book presents few matters of general interest. Some of their descriptions of nature are striking and happy. These seem much more carefully written than the rest of the book, which is often thrown together very negligently, and contains some serious errors.

They, or rather Dr. Reed, who is responsible for the first volume, resisted the temptation of describing the voyage; a piece of self-denial that deserves to be recorded; since he evidently delights in such painting, and succeeds in it better than in his other descriptions. On landing at New York, and making his way to the hotel, his first inquiry was for "single-bedded rooms;" he evidently had strong misgivings upon the subject; and happy was he to find that the luxury was not wholly unknown in America. It was not so easy, however, to secure a breakfast at uncanonical hours, and he was obliged to content himself with a biscuit eaten standing at the bar. He took the privation of that essential meal with great good humor, and

admitted that his appetite was out of season, since these hotels provided only for periodical hunger. Travellers are usually very serious on this subject, and the omission of this important item in domestic comfort has been known to affect their views of everything, not only in the tavern but the city. But Dr. Reed seems to have been disposed to regard all things with a favorable eye. The time of his arrival was not the happiest for observing the people; it was during a contested election, when great disturbances prevailed in many parts of the city; but though he saw all the signs of strong excitement, he was struck with the light-heartedness and good humor which prevailed, when all were so deeply interested. A great meeting was held at Castle-garden, where one speaker, a carman, contrived by dint of brevity to gain audience for his speech; the next orator was not so happy; the attention of the meeting was drawn away in various directions, and the whole result was to send forth a procession to salute Mr. Webster, who happened to be in the city. The author speaks as if he was surprised to see none of the fair sex abroad on this occasion; whether such attendance is customary in England, or whether he expected to find more freedom of the kind in this country than at home, he does not inform us.

As Congress was then in session, he determined to make the best of his way to Washington, to hear the eloquence of our Senate, and to see how public affairs were conducted. After being somewhat annoyed by the spitting of one of his companions in the stage, — a barbarous practice, which we have no inclination to defend, he reached the Federal city without adventure, and went forthwith to the capitol. It was one of those agreeable occasions when some one, who speaks not to the house but to his constituents, was delivering a sermon with his notes before him, not to his audience, for no one gave attention, but to the nation at large. Dr. Reed could not see the philosophy of this practice, nor why speeches, if meant for those not present, should be first inflicted on those for whom they are not intended. The truth seems to be, that in republican governments, the debates of public bodies are apt to be regarded by the people, not as necessary deliberation previous to the despatch of business, but as the real business of those bodies; and they would no more consent to restrict their representatives to the plain case in hand, than the subscribers of a newspaper would be satisfied without deaths, marriages, anecdotes and

accidents, with which its columns are sweetened. In every free nation, the public council naturally tends to the form of a Witenagemot, where the public feeling not only presses hard upon the debates, but actually takes part in the deliberations. If the people really wished their delegates to assemble for business alone, the proper remedy would soon be applied; but since this is not the case, public bodies, as in duty bound, submit to the pleasure of their sovereign, and serve it in word as well as deed.

The discussions of the Senate were more satisfactory than those of the House of Representatives; but Dr. Reed looked round in vain for a Washington, with a disappointment which reminds us of the French traveller at Monticello, Mr. Jefferson's seat, who remarked, that the Atlantic might easily be seen were it not for the distance, which renders it impossible. Such men as Washington are not to be seen every day; the world has not seen many such in all its history, and it is hardly reasonable to look for one in every public body, though, at the same time, had such an one been present, we hardly know by what discernment our traveller could have detected his greatness.

The circumstance which struck Dr. Reed as most illustrative of the character of the people, was the attendance of the President at church; when the service was ended, the Doctor expected to find some peculiar respect paid to his high official character. But he was not noticed at all, and like the rest of the assembly made the best of his way to the door. Compare with this Mr. Colton's account of the attendance at church of the royal family of England. Dignitaries of the church were despatched to the pew to arrange the *marking-strings* in the prayer-books, that the princely worshippers might not be left to the unassisted light of nature to find their places in the lessons of the day. When they entered the chapel, the audience rose, making a division of their homage between God and man, which Mr. Colton thought out of place on such an occasion. The sermon commenced with an apology of the preacher for his unfitness to address such an audience, — an unfitness which could not well be doubted after such a beginning. His majesty soon grew tired of the service, and leaned forward on his elbows, apparently engaged, not in devotion, but in counting the number of the audience. The most striking beauty of the whole performance seemed to Mr. Colton to be the prayer for "our two *famous* Universities of Oxford and

Cambridge." Without pretending to be wholly unprejudiced on the subject, we must say that the American practice seems quite as much in the spirit of the gospel as the other, and at least as likely to produce a devotional effect upon those assembled.

The account of Niagara is written with great spirit; we know of none among the numberless descriptions of that scene, which brings more vividly to the reader's mind the appearance of the place and the feelings which it inspires. When his attention is roused by some impressive object, Dr. Reed writes with energy; but in general his record of scenes and individuals is rather meagre, and leaves no traces on the reader's mind. It is quite refreshing to turn from accounts of muddy roads, weatherbeaten coaches, impudent coachmen and dirty inns, such as usually regale us in these American tours, to passages which shew that the traveller can retain some feeling of regard for the beautiful and grand, even where eggs are not eaten from the shell. Speaking of the forest of the new world, he says, "You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it, than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel it in solitariness, hour after hour and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any, before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean, that as there are no works of art to produce this effect, there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I should depreciate what they mean to extol; but I hope you will sympathize with me when I say, that I have met with nothing among the most venerable works of art, which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal." Such passages as this give us a much higher idea of the taste and talent of the writer, than anything else which his book contains.

In travelling through Ohio, Dr. Reed was disposed to confirm Mrs. Butler's observation, that bashfulness is wholly un-

known in the United States. He met in the stage-coach with a lady and her daughter; the mother was modest and intelligent, but not disposed to let conversation flag for want of her aid; and when evening came and the company were drowsy with weariness, she called upon her daughter to strike up "Home, sweet home." The daughter did not feel quite so much at home; but the mother, in no wise abashed, sang it herself without embarrassment or hesitation. Whether one portion of the human race are born with more reserve than others or not, we leave to physiologists to say. In this case the probability is that the lady was a veteran traveller, well accustomed to the sight of new faces. We question whether, in point of refinement, much is gained by standing upon ceremony in such places; the regular forms of introduction cannot well be maintained in companies so collected; and if the traveller must converse only with those whose names, circumstances and rank in life he knows, the ride will not be very exhilarating to a perfect stranger. It is not men of the world who entrench themselves in reserve on these occasions. It is those who feel that they cannot adapt themselves to those whom they do not know, and who, to avoid reproaching themselves with weakness, surround themselves with as great a show of dignity as possible, hoping, like a well known animal in Æsop's fable, to conceal their real character under the lion's skin. The manners, which place one most at ease with those among whom the wayfarer is thrown, are not only best for his purpose, they are best in themselves, unless he be self-indulgent and exacting, as travellers are too apt to be.

In Cincinnati, Dr. Reed saw the monument of another traveller, now called Trollope's folly, and perhaps, by an unconscious association, was led to the subject of domestics, which was so exciting to that worthy woman. As to the claim of domestics to eat at the same table with the family, Dr. Reed remarks that it does not prevail in the principal towns and cities, but only in agricultural regions, where all are in substance equal, and none therefore are disposed to submit to an artificial distinction which places others above them. It is true that the range of employment for females is so much extended, and so many means both of living and gaining money are open, that few are now willing to enter into service, compared with former years. But perhaps this change, inconvenient though it is, may be favorable in a political point of view. It reduces the

value of property, which, if it cannot command the services of others, loses one of its chief attractions, and thus it may do something to diminish the grasping desire of gain. By rendering it more difficult to procure hireling services, it throws families and connections into nearer dependence upon each other, and thus strengthens those ties, which are so much stronger among the poor than the rich, and which wealth tends to weaken and unbind. Dr. Reed comforts those who look upon this prospect with dismay, by reminding them of the times, "when, with real distinctions between master and man, the servants on our farms claimed their place in the common hall and at the common table; and we well may doubt, whether the interests or happiness of either party have been advanced since the alteration." He might have taken us back to the halls of the feudal barons, when one table served for all the household; we might take courage when we see that the state of things, which we anticipate with so much fear, was satisfactory to chiefs and nobles of past ages. As the differences of rank begin to be swept away by the growing republicanism of modern times, wealth creates its own artificial distinctions in their stead; these in their turn will give way to some other, and possibly the time may come, when superior ability and excellence shall form the only distinction between man and man.

Dr. Reed, like all other travellers in this country, descants a little upon the fondness for titles, in which they seem to consider us as exceptions to all the rest of the human race. They might find, however, on examination, that where titles can be had, they are exceedingly apt to be appropriated, and it might also appear that, in the United States, no such overwhelming majesty is attached to them, as to make those who bear them too highly exalted. Some of our more zealous republicans have taken this matter seriously to heart, and have endeavored to cure the evil, by doing away with our whole court register. To us the evil does not seem so very alarming; if a man should bear a title and rejoice in it, it seems a very harmless gratification; probably the better way would be to multiply them till they cease to confer any kind of distinction; meantime it does not seem to us to imply much enlargement to be overzealous for them, or against them.

One of the best descriptions in this book, is that of the scenery of the Alleghany Mountains, which, Dr. Reed says, present the traveller with a succession of pictures bright, smil-

ing, and friendly in their expression. Though there is much of the wild and solitary, the general character is that of elevated cheerfulness, which he ascribes to two causes. "First, that the forest is nowhere on a level; it runs along the sides of the mountains in galleries bathed in the light of heaven, and, while it towers above you on one side, always leaves the more distant prospect on the other side open to the eye. The second is, that at the feet of these majestic trees, the oak, pine, cedar, beech and tulip, you find such an astonishing supply of the finest shrubs and flowers. The laurel, the sumach, the dogwood, the rhododendron, the cranberry, the whortleberry and the strawberry; the rose, marigold and the campanula, with a thousand wild plants and flowers were all here, and gave a wonderful freshness and sweetness to the scene. It has all the grandeur of the forest, with all the beauty of the garden." But what affecting contrasts this world affords. After a delightful day passed in this scenery, he arrived at Lewisburg in the evening, and found, to his dismay, that the court was in session. This troubled him; and when he went into the bar-room, and saw two men sleeping in a large box, it was still more ominous of what was to come. He hastened to inquire for a *single-bedded room*, but instead thereof, was shown to a chamber containing five or six beds, each having one tenant, and liable to have more if necessary; but the landlord graciously promised that his bed should be sacred from all intrusion. After much ado, he procured an apartment with two beds, but, knowing the wiles of publicans, he turned the key on the inside, and secured a measure of rest till he was summoned to the coach at daybreak, a favorite hour of stage proprietors, since it accommodates themselves better and passengers less than any other hour of the twenty-four. Another day brought him to the White Sulphur Springs, where he tasted the waters, saw Mr. Clay, and joined the coach, too hastily to give any account either of the waters or of the statesman.

Our traveller was very desirous to attend a *camp-meeting*, and in Virginia an opportunity was afforded him. He describes the scene as wild and striking, but does not seem much impressed with its religious bearings; and we may remark in general, that though he evidently desires to be catholic and charitable, his sympathies are unconsciously limited very much to his own religious associations. The meeting was conducted with vigor, but with no very satisfactory results, till he was himself requested to officiate, which he consented to do. The effect

of his address was such, that after a hush of intense feeling, suddenly an universal wail broke forth from all the assembled multitude, who sunk at the same moment upon their knees. It is certainly very much to the credit of the worshippers, that in these days of party jealousy, they should have opened their hearts so readily to the voice of a stranger. Dr. Reed, after this instance of success, was evidently disposed to think better of camp-meetings, and the sect which accounts them one of the chief institutions of the gospel. Such times of satisfaction are apt to be propitious to the growth of charitable emotions.

Dr. Reed gives a flattering account of Boston, and like most other travellers, was impressed with its resemblance to a foreign city. Its literary institutions, its handsome dwellings, the cleanness of the streets, and the absence of poverty in its offensive forms, together with the fine scenery of the neighboring country, made it quite attractive to him. In speaking on the subject of the Common, he makes a remark well deserving attention, expressing his apprehension, lest the city authorities should destroy its beauty by long files of trees crossing it in all directions. We are inclined to regard the suggestion as a good one. Clumps of trees, irregularly thrown here and there upon it, would add much to its beauty, without abridging any part of the view which it commands.

This work is so devoted to religious information, that we cannot find much in it properly belonging to our province; and with its theology we do not interfere. The chief religious object was to convey information to the English churches concerning the means by which the American churches increase their numbers, and the differences of sentiment which prevail among those who adopt the same standard of faith. The delegates have given a very full statement of revivals, with the advantages and evils which attend them, and no man can charge them with attempting to influence others by an explicit statement of their own opinion, since, after reading carefully what they have written, we profess ourselves unable to discover in what direction their real convictions incline. So with respect to *New Divinity* and *New Measures*, it is impossible to tell whether they think that the church should hold religiously fast to its present standards, or should review them again in the light of the Scriptures, and remove the errors, if any such there be. Perhaps, however, it was their object to report

facts to those who sent them, and to leave all persons interested to judge for themselves. In their judgments of men and things they have fallen into errors, which might have been avoided by making their inquiries more impartial and extensive; their difficulty was that they cared too little for some things and had too strong prejudices against others, to solicit information in the right quarter. As an example of this indifference, our brethren of the American Quarterly have doubtless been edified to learn that their work is published under the auspices of Harvard College, and some of our sects have seen accounts that surprised them, of their own operations, character and numbers.

On some minor points, the travellers decide with more firmness than in those likely to be controverted. They are strong in the opinion, that public worship suffers much in this country from the practice of leaving the musical department in the hands of a chosen few. They think that it should be the business and the worship of the whole assembly, which will make it an expression of devotion instead of an effort of art. This is undoubtedly the true theory, but whether it can be reduced to practice or not, is another question. If all, whether they have ears and voices or not, whether they have learned to sing or not, should strike in and do their part, it is quite possible that the result might be a chaos of sounds, fatal to all music and devotion. If the audience, or any large proportion of them, are able to sing with tolerable correctness and discretion, it would be better that the music should be supplied by voluntary contributions; but until this is the case, the better way is, to have this part of worship conducted by those who have learned to engage in it, and yet are able to avoid art and affectation, and to sing with simplicity and proper feeling.

With respect to the *voluntary principle*, which is now so much debated in England, these travellers give their opinion in the most decided terms, as might be expected, against the necessity and advantage of a legal provision for the support of the clergy, and supply some information respecting the state of things in this country compared with that which exists in their own. Here, it is needless to debate the point; the voluntary principle is the only one by which religious institutions can be supported, and while its full results are not yet developed, it seems clear that the effect has not been to reduce the number of churches and clergy. Thus, New York, with its two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, has one hundred and thirty

two churches, while Liverpool, with almost the same population, has but fifty-seven. This same number of ministers, fifty-seven, are found in Boston with its sixty thousand souls. Cincinnati, a daughter of the forest, not half a century old, has, with a population of thirty thousand, twenty-two ministers, while Nottingham, with a population of fifty thousand, has but twenty-three. These divines shew, that while we hear so much of the religious desolation of the West, they can take the ten States last added to the Union, covering a territory nine times as large as England and Wales, and find in them a greater proportion of clergymen and churches than in Scotland. These States, containing a population exceeding three millions and a half, have three thousand seven hundred and one churches. The question in England, however, does not present itself exactly in the form to which such statements as this will apply. It may be possible to provide for religious institutions where they do not exist, and yet it may not be expedient to destroy the provision established by law. This is their concern, not ours. Were it to be tried here, it would be soon decided; and it would probably be found, that while many religious societies languished, and others could only be kept alive by periodical kindlings, the great cause of religion and morality would be safe in the hands of those most interested in its preservation.

On the whole, we must say that the travellers, whose work is before us, though strongly tinctured with some prejudices, which they are at no pains to conceal, have written in a friendly spirit, and their work will be well received. We do not believe that the truth will give offence, if told with the proper disposition; we are fully aware of many points of manners in which there is reason to take exception; and should a traveller come among us who is evidently disposed to do us justice, no offence would be given by the freedom of his remarks, if he avoided personality. The British reviewers marvel that their comments should occasion so much excitement in this "great country." The truth is, that the "great country" is very little affected by them in one way or another; but individuals in the country, who are in the habit of reading those reviews for instruction and pleasure, are annoyed, and not without reason, to find their country made the subject either of malignant censure or insolent praise. It may be true, that it is wiser not to be offended;

but, whether Americans are different from the rest of the human race or not, we do not undertake to say; it is certain that they are provoked with unreasonable pretension. When the author of a popular novel undertakes to pronounce sentence upon the theological attainments of our clergy, ludicrous as the affectation is, the spirit offends the reader, and so it is with the flippant female tourist, who gives judgment on that domestic life to which she never was admitted. If the author of a heavy article praises the stupid novel in which the traveller embodies his prejudices and impressions, and, in fact, in all such cases, the reader is vexed, and with reason good, to have it thrust before his eye. But the great country, so far from resenting these things or laying them deeply to heart, maintains a saintly composure; its Congress assembles and adjourns, its courts of justice try and decide, and all goes on as coolly as if the Quarterly Review had never existed. Meantime, the British traveller receives the same welcome as in former days, and finds the intelligent American looking with as much reverence as ever to the land of his fathers.

The second work on our list is that of an American, who has spent some years in England, and has returned to give a description of what he has heard and seen. He has the requisite capacity for making an agreeable and entertaining journal, but has been injudicious enough to depend upon other resources than his own. The descriptions of London, and various other details, can easily be had by those who want them; we want the traveller's observations, his feelings and adventures, if his object be to amuse, and if he aims higher, we expect to find his own independent speculations upon the things that pass under his view. Several of Mr. Colton's adventures are very well described, and though in some of them he gives too much prominence to his own doubts and fears, still, if the whole work had been written in the same manner, it would have made the descriptions natural and lifelike, and would have insured the work a greater popularity than it is likely to gain. He says, however, with much truth and reason, "that it is easier to tell what a book should be than to make it; what should be put in and what should be kept out, than to be an author who shall steer a course to the satisfaction of all."

One of the incidents related in his voyage to Europe is very pleasing, and gives a good idea of the excitement of imagination produced by a small matter in the midst of the lonely sea.

While the master of the packet was arranging his letters and packages, with his passengers round him, after the fashion of some of our post-offices in the far West, entertaining his company by reading to them odd superscriptions, he came to a seal which bore the word "Mizpah;" with the chapter and verse in which it is found. It was handed to Mr. Colton, as the one most likely to expound it; he went for his bible, and read the interpretation, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." "Beautiful! said one. Beautiful! responded another. A gem! said a third. A gem! all responded. And surely, the brightest, most precious gem of all, was, to find in such a place and circle, these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on the announcement of this sentiment of religion. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who, whether going to or from his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved and loved most dear? And who, with a wide and fitful ocean before him, tossing on its heaving bosom, would not feel his dependence, and looking backward or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that high Providence who sits enthroned in heaven and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer, 'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another.'"

Mr. Colton, in his survey of England, was very much surprised to see how slowly the beneficial influences of improvement reached the pursuits of the lower orders. While manufactures and all kinds of mechanical inventions are multiplied beyond example, agriculture remains stationary, as if it were a settled point that the mind of man could no longer be applied to it with advantage. Four or six lazy horses and two or three men, unite their energies to turn up a furrow, which in America would require one man with two horses and a light plough, as unlike the machine which bears the name in England, as a pilot-boat to a man-of-war. Where there is an old way, it seems to be admitted that the children must do as their fathers did before them; in the case of manufactures and quite modern inventions, they are left more free to choose for themselves. The rapidity with which some improvements spread, is illustrated by the circumstance, that Mr. Colton's description of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, at the time when he wrote it, would have been full of interest to his countrymen, because so few had ever seen one; now, railroads are common

among us, and probably not one in a hundred of his readers will see reason for his dwelling at length on so familiar a thing. The luxury of being overset in one of the cars, which he enjoyed, is not so common; but unless proper caution be observed, such adventures will be more frequent than we could desire. Beside the light thrown upon the subject of projectile forces, he gained some information on the more important point of the exactions practised upon travellers, which, it would seem, are not confined to America. The knavish agents of the railway took his fare to Birmingham, and when he arrived at Manchester, expecting to take the coach, he was assured that the opportunity was lost by reason of his being overset by the way. As he had thus forfeited all his rights by this misfortune, they could not in conscience aid him in reaching his destination unless he paid his fare again. The matter really sounds like an extract from the Quarterly Review, describing the state of manners and morals in America. The dinner too, is precisely such as the same authority would describe from its internal evidence, as a fine specimen of American selfishness and voracity. "All jumped down, and at the second jump were at the table, handling the knife and fork in earnest, — some with hats on, others off; notwithstanding, very civil, each offering to help his neighbor, or any one that wanted, — all which needed no apology, for before we were half satisfied we were summoned to leave the table or be left behind." With the exception of the "hats on," a thing not witnessed in this country, quite an American scene!

Mr. Colton gives an account of what he supposed to be a design to rob him, as he was passing over Waterloo bridge at night, which caused him no little trepidation, and also of his fears from sundry whispers, which alarmed him when he was in the Thames tunnel with one or two strangers of no promising appearance. These are not very uncommon occurrences; but they are well told, and give so lively an impression of the sensations of the writer under the circumstances, that they are worth volumes of topographical description. Another account of the beggars in London, and his adventures among them, is of the same character. In one or two instances, where there was something peculiar in the manner of the mendicant, Mr. Colton, after he had refused him, began to fancy that it was not a common applicant, but one driven to begging by peculiar circumstances of want and sorrow. No sooner had his imagination suggested

this idea, than his conscience took it up; or rather his conscience and imagination, by a most inconvenient union of their forces, sent him round in search of the very man whose petition he had just neglected; and when, after wandering through street after street, he gave up the chase, he reproached himself as if he had been guilty of a sin. The worthy mendicant would no doubt have been surprised and delighted to hear what an abiding impression he had made, even though he lost the benefit of so charitable an intention; it seldom happens to one of them to be so much in demand. But these passages, which are told with perfect honesty and unreserve, are to our taste the most attractive ones of the book; they are characteristic; they describe what many may have felt, but few would have had the openness to confess.

In one of Mr. Colton's chapters he gives an account of the *tongues*, an hallucination manufactured by the popular preacher Irving, who, unable to bear the loss of his fame, endeavored to gain the public attention by this startling imposture, and probably, like many other persons of the same description, became the victim of his own arts, passing by an easy and common transition from imposture to self-delusion. While Mr. Colton was in a church at Chelsea, he was startled by the change in the manner of the speaker, who, from a quiet and proper tone, broke out into a shrill and astounding cry. All started to their feet at once and gazed at the orator, who poured forth a torrent of inarticulate sounds, in a shrill scream at the top of his lungs, and soon produced the desired effect. Women and children cried with fear, men called out to know what the matter was, and high over all was distinctly heard the voice of the speaker, growing, if possible, more wild and alarming. But it appeared in the midst of the din that the preacher was not responsible for all, if any, of the uproar, for a well-dressed man was standing on one of the seats of the gallery with his arms extended, and he, it seems, was the author of the confusion. He was seized by some strong men, who retained their senses, and carried out, though not before some others were infected by his example. It is surprising that so many should attach weight to the effects produced by such measures; if a preacher were to halt suddenly in the midst of his discourse and raise the cry of fire, it would produce the same kind and degree of confusion; and yet, so much do men delight in being deceived, that should an impostor in the pulpit cause his audience to

faint and scream, many will ascribe it to supernatural interposition. The English, and, of course, the American character, afford precious materials for such men to work upon, and the result is, that many circles in each nation are kept in a state of perpetual excitement, by various impostures and delusions. Mr. Colton visited a woman, who was said to pass through certain evolutions every year on the anniversary of the day when she was healed of a dangerous disorder. When the clock strikes six on the 25th of March, she faints and recovers precisely at the end of twenty-four hours. Mr. Colton thought it a well-acted part; but the probability is, that in this as in most similar cases, she had deceived herself as well as others, and that the whole was the result of a happy mixture of art and imagination.

Mr. Colton has taken the needless pains to describe the organization of Parliament, and the rooms in which they assemble, while in all the twenty pages devoted to the subject, there is not one word which might not have been written without stirring from his study in this country. We have a natural desire to know the minutest particulars relating to public men; and there are those now in Parliament who would have given interest to the poorest description; but though our author does say something of Lord Brougham and one or two others, in a different part of his work, he is exceedingly sparing of these remarks on men either in public or private life. There is a substantial reason for not making free with private names and circumstances, which one learns in the course of hospitality, but in the case of distinguished men, no such reserve is called for; and it is hardly to be conceived, that a traveller should neglect the opportunity of seeing such persons, or that, having seen them, he should suppose that anything else which he could describe would possess an equal attraction.

On the subject of religion, the American clergyman betrays no hostility to any religious sect or party, and so far he has the advantage of his English brethren. He seems unpleasantly struck, as he well may be, at the state of things in what is called, — *lucus a non lucendo*, — the Christian world. He says, "The Church of Rome excommunicates all the world, and in turn, by all the world is excommunicated. The Church of England unchurches her legitimate daughter, the Episcopal church of the United States. The Kirk of Scotland does the same to the American Presbyterian Church, although the

same reasons cannot exist, unless we have shewn ourselves recreant in divorcing ourselves from the state. American Episcopalians cannot preach in England, nor American Presbyterians in the Kirk of Scotland. England unchurches Scotland, and Scotland unchurches England, and both shut out the United States. And in the United States, the same spirit is manifested under various names. Shame on us all, and on all the world." The state of things is certainly bad, but it is not, as the infidel would make it, a reproach to Christianity. Does Christianity recommend, cause, or create it? Is there any passage in the Scriptures, or is it their general spirit which leads to these divisions? Do men never differ and grow warm till they become Christians? It is evident enough that these things are the result of human passion, which religion would restrain if it could. And why does it not restrain them? For the very sufficient reason, that Christianity can have no more power than men will allow it. There is no compulsion in it, and men can, if they will, resist its influences and make themselves perpetual strangers to its power.

Some passages in this work give a strong impression of the vexatious disabilities to which Dissenters in England are subjected. The author speaks of passing churchyards, where the mourners are assembled round the grave, while the clergyman, who can only perform the ceremonies by stealth and evasion of the law, stands without the wall. Nothing can be more irritating and oppressive than these unnatural prohibitions, and if an establishment maintains that such restraints on other sects are essential to its existence, it furnishes argument enough to its opposers for breaking it down. Dissenters are taxed for all the expenses of the churchyard, and yet are denied the poor privilege of performing their funeral rites within it when they bury their dead. They cannot celebrate marriage among themselves; they are excluded from the privileges of the two great universities; in addition to supporting their own clergy, they are taxed for those of the establishment. Mr. Colton mentions, that while he was sitting one morning with a dissenting clergyman, who paid his church rates and all other parish expenses, beside making large sacrifices of his income to pay for the building of his own chapel, a letter came from the rector, soliciting a subscription from the said dissenting clergyman to defray the expense of a relief chapel. To be sure, he was not obliged to subscribe; but such applications, under the circumstances,

must be offensive and insulting. Such petty annoyances are not so easily borne as more serious evils, and it seems like suicide in the establishment to insist upon such trifles, when the attempt to sustain them threatens destruction to the whole system. The voluntary system may not present a very attractive prospect to those who have livings and hopes connected with the establishment, but they cannot be surprised if their dissenting brethren should be less in love with compulsion. Their reasoning probably would be, that, if the government requires such a sacrifice of the many to the few, it is high time that it gave place to something better.

Mr. Colton gives a pleasant anecdote, illustrative of the Christian intercourse between the clergymen of the establishment and their dissenting brethren. The rector of a parish within fifty miles of London, called to pay his respects to his professional brother, and was pleased with the appearance of his garden. The dissenter invited him to walk through it, and told him that one half of it was reserved for ornamental cultivation, while the other furnished vegetables to feed his thirteen children. He enlarged at the same time upon the advantages of such a piece of ground to a person of narrow income. The rector inquired how long it had been so profitable, and was answered "half a dozen years." The next day, the rector's steward sent in a bill of tithes on the said garden, of six pounds or nearly twenty-nine dollars a year, which, including the current year, amounted to about two hundred dollars, — a reasonable tax on a quarter of an acre of land. Had he resisted the exaction, the case would have been carried to the ecclesiastical courts, where the dissenter's chance of success in the controversy would have been as slender as could well be imagined. The result was that he with the thirteen children, though reduced to distress by the extortion, paid the assessment to his holy brother, a bachelor with a considerable income. A system, which allows such things, will certainly be called to struggle with a deep and dangerous current of the popular indignation. It does not seem clear to us, however, that important changes in it would be quite fatal to the cause of Christianity.

We have complained of Mr. Colton, for not giving us some personal descriptions of eminent men in England. In his second volume he introduces some of them, and despatches them in a summary manner. "Liverpool was a poor Sir Plau-

sible ; Castlereagh had not one notable quality, except a ruffianly hardihood ; Canning, with superior talents, had a large dash of the charlatan." There are some to whom he accords a more ceremonious introduction, — such as Earl Grey, to whom he gives nine pages, but of whom he says nothing which he might not have known without crossing the deep ; of his manner, his appearance, or the character of his eloquence, he says not a word, though these are the things which the reader desires most of all to know. When he comes to Lord Brougham, he introduces a long and pompous description of a scene between him and Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, — a passage which, on a former occasion, decorated the pages of our journal. Mr. Colton says that this description, taken from the European Magazine, contains some of the most masterly strokes ever drawn by the hand of man ; from internal evidence, we think it more probable that it was written by the hand of boy. Mr. Colton's own description is a hundred times better. He thinks that the phrenologists will find it hard to subdue the head of the late chancellor to a conformity with their science ; he first saw him without his official dress, on the occasion of distributing prizes to the students of the London University ; there his part was to be seen ; but in the House of Lords, where all restraint is taken off, he followed his nervous impulses, interrupted all the speakers at his pleasure, and exercised a sort of despotism, not founded in affection certainly, and somewhat hard for that dignified body to bear. It is difficult to account for the political course and the personal bearing of this extraordinary man. So far as we may judge from the reports of parliament, his manner is not consistent with good taste or feeling, and he seems to make himself feared for his bitterness full as much as his power. Whether it is this unguarded and ungovernable passion, or some circumstances not yet revealed, which have impaired his influence, it seems to have dwindled almost away. Must compassion for infirmity be always blended with our respect for greatness ?

Mr. Colton gives the best account we have seen of O'Connell, against whom he was strongly prejudiced by his reported speeches, which seem distinguished for nothing but virulence and invective, and it was not till he heard the agitator in Exeter Hall abusing the Americans as a slaveholding nation, that our traveller became conscious of his ability. He

describes O'Connell as wholly destitute of pathetic eloquence, but always strong and self-possessed ; with a wonderful compass and command of voice, and a manner most artificially formed for his purpose, but without the appearance of art. Mr. Colton thinks that he is a cultivated and accomplished man, but that his scurrility and buffoonery are meant for his countrymen at home, where he has an influence quite as profitable to himself as to them; but be it meant for whom it may, it is not the less offensive ; and so long as the mouth speaks from the abundance of the heart, we must believe it the expression of his real feeling. He is evidently succeeding in the purposes of his ambition, and gaining influence with the English people. Mr. Colton attended a public meeting, where, as soon as he appeared, the whole audience rose up out of respect to him, and saluted him with thunders of applause.

Mr. Colton was fortunate enough to be present in the House of Commons when Mr. Macauley delivered his speech on the Reform Bill, and has given us quite an animated account of the scene. One night had been already spent in the debate, and three hours of a second, without much interest, when, at eight o'clock, Mr. Colton saw a little man, with affected utterance and a hissing in his voice, and the audience congratulating each other as if something that deserved attention was to come. The house and side galleries began to fill, and in a little time the floor was crowded with far more than it would comfortably hold ; for the first time in the evening there was silence, and the traveller wondered what the attraction might be. The beginning was unpromising, and the elocution intolerable ; but the speaker soon began to rise above his disadvantages and to work upon his audience like a charm. The interest grew deeper and more intense as he went on, and when he closed, the whole house was breathless in admiration of his power. Mr. Croker followed him, and giving him due honor for his ability, ascribed the manifest effect of the speech to the talent of the orator and not to the goodness of the advocate or the cause. Mr. Stanley came forward to defend the bill which Mr. Croker had mangled and distorted ; but unluckily Mr. Colton enters into no details with respect to this debater, who is said to have no superior in his native land. Mr. Macauley made a remark which produced a great effect, that " through parliament or over parliament, the bill *would* be carried ;" and carried it is, but if there is any expectation that the supporters

of the measure will be contented with a nominal triumph, the views of an excited people must be misunderstood. They were in favor of a reform in parliament, because it would put it in their power to bring about certain changes; and when they have succeeded and gained the power to make those changes, is it to be supposed that they will forbear to make them? For a time they may breathe after their exertion, and their opposers may for a season take advantage of the listlessness which follows excitement; but the changes will be made sooner or later; for if one measure can be carried through parliament or over parliament, so, if necessary, can another; through the house in which the people are represented, and over the Lords if they resist it.

Mr. Colton had the opportunity of seeing, though very little to his satisfaction, English boxing matches, those amiable trials of strength which have been defended by certain statesmen, as the schools in which the British character is formed. When a quarrel takes place between two boys, large or small, old or young, a ring is immediately formed in which are seen grave men, husbands and fathers, encouraging the poor wretches to beat each other till no vestige of humanity is left in the face of either; and the spectacle is so pleasant and exhilirating, that biped brutes are pitted against each other without any cause of quarrel, while nobles and gentlemen, so called, are present to regale themselves with the sight of violence and blood. But there is one law for Rome, another for Athens; the same practice, which is civilization in England, is barbarism in our western states. The same moralists who are shocked to hear that two Mississippi boatmen, in a sudden passion, mangle and tear each other, are infinitely delighted with the same process in England. Surely there must be a little partiality in their application of the moral law, and a little hypocrisy in their lamentations over American barbarism.

Mr. Colton describes his presentation to the king, and the joys and sorrows of one who is crowded in that courtly mob. In the Queen's drawing room, he was most struck with the Duchess of Kent, who is an important personage at present, as the mother of the Princess Victoria. Her daughter was not with her on that occasion. He describes her as a woman of noble bearing, and most graceful and attractive manner. If her daughter should inherit her graces, and monarchy should last long enough for her to ascend the throne, she may enjoy

a vast popularity with the English people. In the case of their queens, they have gallantry enough to overlook a thousand faults, and to give to their virtues a thousand times as much credit as they deserve. Mr. Colton had not quite subdued his feelings and associations to the courtly standard; he was particularly struck with a lady stationed near the Queen, "whose paint laid on her cheeks reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago chief, whom I had often seen in America, as she came from making a toilet over the mirror surface of Fox River, with the aid of abundance of vermilion." His admiration of the scene is expressed in language rather guarded. He only remarks that with this exception, "all the persons in attendance on her majesty appeared in a very becoming manner."

But we are taking too much time with our remarks on works which are now in general circulation. England is now familiarly known to Americans, but all particulars respecting its great men, its objects of attraction, its public institutions and its domestic politics, are as interesting as if they were new. America is more known to the English than in former days; but much less so than it would have been, were it not for travellers and reviewers who have borne witness against it, partly false, but in some respects true; they have excited prejudice which it will be difficult to overcome, since the satirical charge has an advantage over the defence; it travels faster and finds a readier welcome. But the day of such travellers is passing by; it will be impossible much longer to misrepresent by discoloring or distortion. Those begin to come among us who are disposed to see things as they are; we shall not be irritated with their friendly censure; the free criticism of a friend is far more welcome than the insulting commendation of a foe.

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